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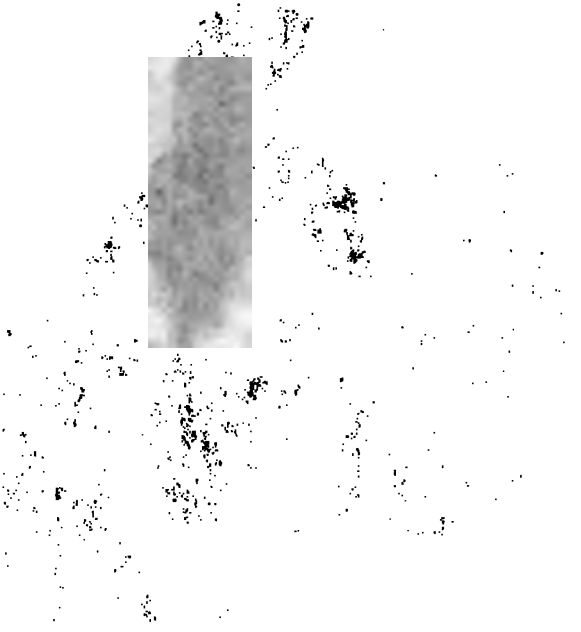

HISTORY

OF

THE GIRONDISTS;

OR,

Personal Memoirs of the Patriots

OF

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

FROM UNPUBLISHED SOURCES.

BY

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE,

Author of "Travels in the Holy Land," etc.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

TRANSLATED BY H. T. RYDE.

NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS.

1848.

Fr 1344.7

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HISTORY OF THE GIRONDISTS.

BOOK XVII.

I.

The Court trembled at the approach of the Marseillais. It had nothing left for its defense but the phantom of the constitution in the Assembly, and the sword of La Fayette on the frontiers. The constitutional orators—Vaublanc, Ramond, Girardin, and Becquet—struggled in eloquence, but not in influence, with the orators of the Gironde: letter by letter they defended the weak code which the nation had sworn: they showed, notwithstanding, in this crisis the most admirable and meritorious of all bravery—the bravery of despair. La Fayette, on his part, with generous intrepidity, defied the Jacobins in proclamations which he addressed to his army, and in letters which he wrote to the Assembly; but when a people is under arms, it listens, with a bad grace, to long phrases: a word, and then action—that is the eloquence of a general. La Fayette assumed the tone of a dictator, without having his power. Such a character is only recognized after a victory. Thus the bold denunciations of the Jacobins merely created occasional cheers in the Assembly, and the smiles of the Girondists; they were but warnings to that party who felt that it was necessary to advance the more rapidly, in order to outstrip La Fayette. The insurrection was resolved upon: Girondists, Jacobins, Cordeliers came to an understanding to render it, if not decisive, at least significative and terrible in its operations against the Court.

II.

Scarcely had the bands of Santerre and Danton returned to their faubourgs, than general indignation aroused the

feeling of the heart of Paris. The national guard, so pusillanimous the previous evening—the *bourgeoisie*, so indifferent—the Assembly itself, so passive or so guilty before the event, had but one cry against the attempts of the people, against the duplicity of Pétion, and the offenses committed against the majesty, liberty, and person of the constitutional sovereign. All day on the 21st, the courts, the garden, the vestibules of the Tuileries were filled with an excited and alarmed populace, which, by its attitude and its language, seemed desirous to avenge royalty for the outrages which it had been compelled to endure. They pointed out to each other, with horror, the evidences of insurrection on the gates, the entrances and windows of the chateau. They asked where would a democracy pause, which thus treated constituted authorities. They talked, with tears in their eyes, of the alarms of the children, the unparalleled devotion of Madame Elizabeth, the intrepid dignity of Louis XVI. This prince had never manifested, and never could manifest, greater magnanimity. The excess of insult had revealed in him the heroism of resignation. His courage had been heretofore doubted; now it had been proved. Yet his firmness was modest, and it may be said, timid, like his disposition. Extreme circumstances were requisite to lift him, as it were, beyond himself. The king, during his five hours of agony, had beheld, without turning pale, the pikes and sabers of forty thousand *fédérés* pass within a few inches of his breast. He had displayed, in this brief review of sedition, more energy, and ran more perils, than does a general in winning ten battles. This the people of Paris felt. For the first time they passed from esteem and compassion to admiration for the king. Voices rose from all sides demanding vengeance in his name.

III.

More than 20,000 citizens went spontaneously to the public offices to sign a petition, which demanded justice for these crimes. The administration of the department decided that there were grounds on which to pursue the authors of these disorders. The Assembly decreed that, in future, armed gatherings, under pretense of petitioning, should be dispersed by force. The Jacobins and Girondists united, trembled, and were silent, or confined them-

selves to rejoicing, in their secret meetings, at the degradation of the throne. Sensibility was extinguished, even in female breasts. The spirit of party hardened the heart of the wife and mother, even in presence of the punishment of an outraged wife and mother. "O that I had seen her protracted lamentation, and how deeply her pride must have suffered!" exclaimed Madame Roland, in reference to Marie Antoinette. This remark was a crime of politics against nature. Madame Roland bewailed it subsequently in bitter tears: she felt the cruelty of it on the day when ferocious women joyed over her own martyrdom, and clapped their hands before the cart which conveyed her to the scaffold.

Pétion published a justification of his behavior—a justification which only accused him the more. When he appeared at the Tuileries on the 21st, accompanied by several municipal officers, he was overwhelmed with contempt, reproaches, and threats.

The battalion of the Filles St. Thomas, consisting of men devoted to the constitution, loaded its arms in Pétion's presence. The unanimous voice of the citizens accused the mayor of Paris of having had the desire to commit crime, without daring to display such inclination. Sergent, who accompanied Pétion, was thrown down by a national guard, and indignantly trampled upon in the court-yard of the Tuileries. The Directory of Paris suspended the *Maire*. He made preparations for defense around the chateau against a fresh assemblage threatened for that evening. There was a talk of proclaiming martial law, of unfolding the red flag. The Assembly was excited in the evening by these reports. Gaudet declared that they were desirous of renewing the bloody day of the Champ-de-Mars against the people.

Pétion repaired in the evening to the Tuileries, and presented himself before the king to give him an account of the state of Paris. The queen darted a look of contempt at him. "Well, sir," asked the king, "is tranquillity re-established in the capital?" "Sire," replied Pétion, "the people have made their representations to you, and are now tranquil and satisfied." "You must own, sir, that yesterday's was a very shameful proceeding, and that the municipality has not done all it could and ought to have done?" "Sire, the municipality has done its duty." "That is for the decision of public opinion." "Say the

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whole nation. It does not fear the nation's judgment." "In what situation is Paris at this moment?" "Sire, all is calm." "That is not true." "Sire!" "Be silent!" "The magistrate of the people is not to be silent when he does his duty, and tells the truth." "Retire, sir!" "Sire, the municipality knows its duties, and does not want to be reminded of them in order to fulfill them."

When Pétion had retired, the queen, alarmed at the consequences of this dialogue, so stern on the one side, and so impertinent on the other, said to Rœderer, "Do you not think the king has been somewhat hasty? Do you not think this will injure him in public estimation?" "Madame," replied Rœderer, "no one will be astonished that the king should command silence to a man who speaks without listening." The king wrote to the Assembly, on the 22d, to complain of the excesses to which his residence had been subjected, and to place his complaint in their hands. He published a proclamation to the French people, in which he described the violence of the mob, the arms carried in his palace, the doors broken down by blows of axes, the cannon pointed against his family. "I am ignorant where they would stop," he said, in conclusion, with the calmness of resignation. "If they who desire to overthrow the monarchy have need of another crime, they can commit it!" The king and queen reviewed the national guard amid shouts of *Vive le roi* and *Vive la nation.* Some departments, indignant, sent in addresses of adhesion to the throne; other departments, addresses of adhesion to the Girondists. All presaged a more decisive struggle. The king had not yielded. The *émeute* had deceived the hope of those who desired to strike, and those who only sought to intimidate. The day of the 20th was too much for a menace, too little for an attempt.

IV.

This attempt had particularly roused the indignation of the army. The outrages to which the king had been subjected seemed as though directed against itself. When the sovereign authority is violated every officer trembles for his own. Besides, French honor was always the second soul of the army. The recitals of the 20th of June, which reached them from Paris, and were spread through the

camps, presented to the troops a lovely and unhappy queen, a devoted sister, innocent children, becoming for several hours the plaything of a cruel populace. The tears of these children and women fell on the hearts of the soldiery: they burned to avenge them, and demanded to be led against Paris.

La Fayette, then encamped under the guns of Maubeuge, was favorable to these displays of his army. The unpunished attempt of the 20th of June, announcing to him the triumph of the Jacobins and Girondists, at the same time told him of the complete annihilation of his own influence. For some days he generously dreamed of the part of General Monk. To support the king whom he had degraded appeared to him an attempt worthy alike of his position as chief of a party and his loyalty as a soldier. Certain of having with him the weak Luckner, whose principal body of troops was at Menin and Courtray, La Fayette sent to him Bureau de Puzy, to inform him of his resolution to march on Paris, to endeavor to gain over the national guard and the Assembly, in order to crush the Jacobins and the Girondists, and to confirm the constitution. Luckner received the communication with great consternation, but did not oppose his authority as general-in-chief to La Fayette's intentions. A soldier without tact, he did not understand that, by giving a tacit assent to La Fayette's demand, he became the accomplice of his own lieutenant. "The *sans-cullottes*," he said to Bureau de Puzy, "will cut off La Fayette's head. He must look to that—it is his affair."

La Fayette, having quitted his camp with only one confidential officer, reached Paris unexpectedly, alighted at his friend's M. de Rochefoucauld, and next day went to the bar of the Assembly. La Rochefoucauld during the night had warned the constitutionalists, the principal leaders of the national guard, and prepared certain manifestations in the tribunes. The entrance of La Fayette in the Assembly was saluted by loud but partial applauses, to which succeeded murmurs of astonishment and indignation from the Girondists. The general, accustomed to the tumults of popular assemblies, displayed a calm demeanor to his foes. Placed by the daring of his steps between the high national court of Orleans and triumph, this hour was the crisis of his power and of his life. A man more intrepid of heart than prompt at *coups-de-main*, he did not blench

for a moment. "Gentlemen," he said, "I ought first to assure you that my army does not run any risk by my presence here. I have been reproached with having written my letter of the 16th of June in the center of my camp; it was my duty to protest against any such imputation of cowardice, to quit the honorable rampart which the affection of the troops formed around me, and to present myself here alone. The violences of the 20th June have excited the indignation and alarms of all good citizens, and especially of the army. In mine the officers, subalterns, and soldiers are one. I have received from all bodies addresses full of devotion to the constitution—of hatred against factions. I have stopped these manifestations, and have undertaken alone to express the sentiments of all. I speak to you as a citizen. It is time to guaranty the constitution, to confirm the liberty of the National Assembly, that of the king and his dignity. I entreat the Assembly to ordain that the excesses of the 20th June shall be prosecuted as crimes of *lèze-nation*, to take efficacious measures to make constituted authorities respected, and especially yours and that of the king, and to give to the army the assurance that the constitution will receive no injury from within while brave Frenchmen are shedding their blood in order to defend the frontiers."

V.

This language, listened to with repressed rage by the Girondists, was applauded by the majority of the Assembly. Brissot and Robespierre saw the national guard and the army behind La Fayette. His popularity, though now a mere shadow, still protected him; but when the Jacobins and Girondists, a moment aghast, saw that this was but a threatening *coup-d'état*, and that there were neither plans nor bayonets behind this unarmed display, they again took courage. They allowed the general without soldiers to traverse the apartment triumphantly, and take his seat on the bench of the humblest petitioners; they even sounded his ascendency over the Assembly, to ascertain its solidity. "At the moment when I saw M. de La Fayette," said Guadet, ironically, "a very consoling idea crossed my mind: I said to myself, we have no more exterior enemies; so then the Austrians are conquered! The illusion did not last long; our enemies are still the same; our external

dangers have not changed, and yet M. de La Fayette is in Paris! He has constituted himself the organ of honest men and the army! These honest men, who are they? This army, how has it been able to deliberate? First let him show us his leave of absence."

There was loud applause from the Girondists. Ramond was desirous of replying to Guadet, and made an emphatic eulogy on La Fayette, "that eldest born of French liberty, the man who had sacrificed to the Revolution his nobility, his fortune, his life!"

"Are you delivering his funeral oration?" exclaimed Saladin to Ramond. Young Ducos declared that the freedom of discussion was restrained by the presence of a general. Isnard, Morveau, Ducos, Guadet grouped round the steps of the tribune. The word *infamous* was uttered. Vergniaud said that La Fayette had quitted his post in face of the enemy, and that it was to him, and not to a *maréchal-de-camp*, that the nation had confided the command of an army, and that it was requisite to know whether or no he had left it without leave. Guadet again urged his proposition. Gensonné demanded that the votes should be called over by name, and the result gave a trifling majority to La Fayette and his friends. His letter was sent to the commission of twelve.

And this was all the result obtained by La Fayette's decided step. A generous motive, an act of personal courage, a well-imagined address, a vote, and nothing more. Like the Girondists on the 20th of June, La Fayette had done too much, or not enough. To threaten without striking in politics is to expose one's self; it is to reveal the secret of one's weakness to those who have hitherto believed in our strength. If La Fayette had desired to make of his presence in Paris a *coup-d'état* and not a mere *coup-parlementaire;* had he made sure of a regiment—a few battalions of national guard; had he marched against the Jacobins, closed their club, and then gone to the Assembly, followed by the acclamations of the citizens; had he prepared with his friends a proposition by which the military dictatorship of Paris was to be given to him, with the responsibility of the constitution and the guardianship of the Assembly, he might have crushed faction, whereas he only irritated it.

VI.

The Assembly was still in deliberation when La Fayette quitted it, his only conquest being a few smiles and some clapping of hands. He went to the king, where the royal family was assembled. The king and queen received him with the gratitude due to his devotion, but with the feeling of the inutility of his courage. They even feared secretly that temerity without strength, evinced in his conduct, would excite another rising against the Court. La Fayette in this compromised more than his own life—his popularity—for the king; but the queen, at this juncture, sought for his safety much lower, and had found in factious subalterns other Mirabeaus ready to sell themselves. The gold of the civil list flowed into the clubs and the faubourgs. Danton with one hand guided the young men and the club of the Cordeliers, and with the other the secret plots of the Court. He made the one sufficiently afraid to purchase his connivance, and gave rein enough to the others that they should confide in his demagogueism. He deceived them both, and was pleased with himself at the twofold power he derived from his twofold want of integrity. Thence arose that appalling remark of Danton, resulting from his position—"I shall save the king or kill him!"

The queen informed Danton, in the night, that La Fayette proposed to review, by the king's side, the battalions of national guard commanded by Acloque, to address them and excite them to a reaction against the Girondists and the clubs. Pétion, instructed of this by Danton, countermanded the proposed review before daybreak. La Fayette passed the night in his own house, under an honorary detatchment of national guards. Next day he returned, dispirited, to the army. Still he was not discouraged in his idea of intimidating the Jacobins and strengthening the constitution and throne. What he could not do in Paris by his presence, he tried to do by correspondence. He addressed, before he went away, a letter full of salutary counsels and courageous instructions to the Assembly. He therein threatened the factions with all his energies. These *coups-d'état*, consisting of letters deposited in the tribune, failed, as a matter of course.

It is with his hand on his sword that a general should come to terms with factions; nothing is obtained from

them but by force. Vergniaud, Brissot, Gensonné, Guadet listened to the reading of this dictatorial correspondence with a disdainful smile.

VII.

La Fayette's journey to Paris was the only attempt at dictatorship which his whole career displayed. The motive was generous, the peril great, the means null. From this day La Fayette, after having failed in an open step, had recourse to other plans. To save the king, to secure his escape from this palace, where he had kept him prisoner for two years, became the general's sole idea. This plan, in conformity with La Fayette's whole life, was to maintain the balance between the people and the king, so as to support the one by the other, and raise liberty between parties. Mirabeau had long before penetrated this policy of his rival. "Mistrust La Fayette," he said to the queen, in his later conferences with that princess; "if he ever shall command the army, he would guard the king in his tent." La Fayette himself did not disguise his ambition for a protectorate under Louis XVI. At the very moment when he seemed devoted to the preservation of the king, he wrote thus to his confident, Lacolombe:—"In the matter of liberty I do not trust myself either to the king or any other person, and if he were to assume the sovereign (*trancher du souverain*), I would fight against him, as I did in '89."

He proposed to the king two different plans for the removal of himself and family from Paris to the center of his army. The first was to be put in execution on the anniversary of the fédération, the 14th of July. La Fayette was to come again to Paris with Luckner. The generals were to surround the king with a body of faithful troops. La Fayette was to harangue the battalions of national guards in the Champ-de-Mars, and to give the king his freedom by escorting him out of Paris. The second was to advance La Fayette's troops by a forced march, which should bring them within twenty leagues of Compiègne. La Fayette was to come on to Compiègne with two regiments of cavalry, on whom he could depend; entering Paris in the evening, he was to accompany the king to the Assembly. The king was to declare that, in conformity with the constitution, which allowed him to reside within

twenty leagues of the capital, he was going to Compiègne. Some detachments of cavalry prepared by the general, and stationed round the chamber, were to escort the king, and make his journey secure. On reaching Compiègne the king would be in security, with La Fayette's troops around him; there he would make his representations to the Assembly, and, free and unconstrained, could renew his oaths to the constitution. Louis XVI. would return to Paris, amid the acclamations of the people. These dreams of restoration, founded on a renewal of such opinions, were honorable, but chimerical. Mirabeau, Barnave, La Fayette resembled each other in their plans for monarchical restoration. Omnipotent in attack, they were powerless for defense; to destroy, they had the people with them; to reconstruct, they had but their own courage and good intentions.

VIII.

These plans were in turns discussed and rejected by the king. Placed in the center of danger, he felt all the impracticability of the remedy. He had no confidence in those repentances of ambition which only offered to him as the means of safety those same hands to which he owed his fall. To pass into the camp of La Fayette was but to change his slavery. "We know very well," said the friends of Louis XVI., "that La Fayette will save the king, but he will not save the monarchy."

The queen, whose pride was equaled by her courage, found that her deepest humiliation was to implore life from the pity of him who had so bitterly wounded her dearest sentiments. Of all the men of the time, she most hated La Fayette, for he had taught her the first fear of the Revolution. Unquestionably others menaced, but La Fayette humiliated her. She preferred danger to degrading herself, and refused every offer: besides, other relations with Danton gave her confidence. The moderation of the people on the 20th of June, in spite of certain brutal insults, had composed her mind as to the king's safety. She believed she held, through mysterious agents, clews to the conduct of the leading demagogues. She was deceived as to the majority of them. Thence the rumors afloat as to the corruption of Robespierre, Santerre, and even Marat. She had just sent to Danton 50,000 francs, in order by this

means to assure to the orator his influence over the people of the faubourgs. Madame Elisabeth herself relied entirely on Danton. She smiled complaisantly on this image of popular force, which she believed was bought for her brother. "We fear nothing," she said, in confidence, to the Marquise de Raigecourt, her confident; "Danton is with us." The queen replied to an aide-de-camp of La Fayette, who entreated her to take refuge in camp with the troops, "We are very grateful for the intentions of your general, but the best thing for us will be, to be shut up in a tower for three months."

The secret of leaving the Tuileries unresistingly on the 10th of August, and the conveying the royal family to the tower of the Temple has here its clew in the expression of Madame Elizabeth. Danton knew the thought of the queen, and the queen relied on Danton for the temporary imprisonment of the king. Protector for protector, she preferred Danton to La Fayette.

IX.

The Girondists themselves had at this crisis mysterious understandings with the Court. But if patriotism and the ambition of men of this party lent themselves to such relations, no venality stained them. Guadet, the orator most feared by the Court, received proposals which he indignantly rejected. The disinterested sentiment of the antique republican virtue raised the heart of these young men above such vile temptations. They might be seduced by fame, compassion—but never by gold.

Guadet, at twenty years of age, was already a political orator. His fierce opposition had made him for a long time refuse the title of advocate in the parliament of Bordeaux. Subsequently his eloquence made him celebrated there. His celebrity pointed him out to the popular party. The election snatched him from private life, and from the love of a young lady whom he had just married. The popular movement led him on to the national tribunal. His oratory, less splendid than that of Vergniaud, yet struck blows as terrible. As honest, but more harsh, he was less admired and more feared. The king, who knew Guadet's ascendency, was desirous of attaching him by his confidence, that snare for generous minds. The Girondists were still wavering between a constitutional monarchy and

a republic. Devoted to democracy, they were ready to serve it under the form which should the soonest assure to them its guidance.

Guadet consented to a secret interview at the Tuileries. Night concealed this step: a private door and stair-case conducted him to an apartment where the king and Marie Antoinette alone awaited him. The simple-heartedness and natural kindness of Louis XVI. triumphed at the first interview over the political prejudices of all upright men who approached him. He received Guadet as we hail a forlorn hope. He depicted to him the horrors of his position as king, and particularly as husband and father. The queen shed tears in the deputy's presence. The conversation was prolonged to a very late hour: advice was asked —given—and perhaps not followed. There was hearty good faith on both sides, but no constancy, no resolution. When Guadet was about to retire, the queen asked him if he would not like to see the dauphin; and, taking with her own hands a wax candle from the mantle-piece, conducted him to a small room where the young prince was sleeping. The beauty of his countenance, his calm slumbers in this troubled palace—the young mother, queen of France, covering herself, as it were, with the innocence of her son, as though to excite the commiseration of an enemy to royalty—affected Guadet. He moved aside with his hand the curling hair which overshadowed the dauphin's features, and kissed him on the forehead without awakening the boy. "Educate him for liberty, madame; it is the condition of his life!" said Guadet to the queen: and he wiped a tear from his eyes.

Thus nature ever prevails in the heart of man over the spirit of party. Strange spectacle, given to history by destiny, in that chamber where a child sleeps, and which a queen lights with her own hand. This man, who weeps as he kisses the brow of the young king, is one of those who, nine months afterward, deprived him of a crown, and handed over to the populace the life of his father! What an abyss is fate! What a night, futurity! What a scorn of fortune, Guadet's kiss! He departed thence as much moved as if he had foreseen this sinister snare beneath his feet. The man of feeling in him was afraid of the man of politics. Thus is man made—let him take heed to his life!

BOOK XVIII.

I.

Scarcely had La Fayette returned to his camp, than he wrote a third letter to the Assembly: a letter as weak and impotent as his measures, and the reading of it was heard with indifference. "I am astonished," said Isnard, "that the Assembly has not already sent this factious soldier to its bar at Orleans."

In the Jacobins the struggle between Robespierre and the Girondists seemed lulled for a moment, and they rivaled each other in insults to the Court and threats against La Fayette. The tumult of the 20th of June had not quenched this focus of hate. The inaction of the armies, the increasing perils on the frontiers, the equivocal attitude of La Fayette, the retreat of Luckner, whom they believed his accomplice, the union of the Parisian troops, increased the anger and alarm of the patriots. Robespierre continued to keep aloof from all these commotions, evidently unwilling to compromise himself with any of the violent parties, and absorbed in general considerations of the public weal. To watch, clear up, and denounce to the people all the dangers that beset them, was the only part to which he pretended. His popularity was great, but as calm and rational as the line he adopted.

The murmurings of the impatient frequently interrupted his long harangues in the tribune of the Jacobins. In his quiescent attitude he had to gulp cruel humiliations: his instinct, safely grounded on the variableness of opinion, seemed to reveal to Robespierre, by anticipation, that in this conflict of contrary and violent opinions ultimate empire would be to the most patient and unchanging. Danton made at the Cordeliers and Jacobins the fiercest propositions, and appeared to seek strength in the very ultraism of his motions against the Court. Thus he masked his understanding with the Chateau.

"I will undertake," he said, "to strike terror into this perverse Court, which only displays so much boldness because we have been too timid. The House of Austria has always worked mischief to France. Let us exact a law which shall compel the king to repudiate his wife and send

her back to Vienna, with all the ceremony, respect, and attention due to her."

It was to save the queen by the very hatred which she inspired.

Brissot, so long the friend of La Fayette, at length left him to the wrath of the Jacobins. "This man," he said, "has raised the mask; misled by a blind ambition, he seeks to elevate himself to a protectorate. His boldness will destroy him. What do I say? It *has* destroyed him. When Cromwell believed he could speak as a master to the British Parliament, he was surrounded by an army of fanatics, all fresh from victories. Where are La Fayette's laurels? —where his myrmidons? We will chastise his insolence, and I will prove his treason. Let us fear nothing but our own divisions. As for me," he added, turning to Robespierre, "I declare that I forget all that is past!" "And I," said Robespierre, touched for the moment, "I have felt that forgetfulness and union were also in my heart at the pleasure given to me to-day by the speech of Guadet to the Assembly, and the delight I this moment experience in hearing Brissot! Let us unite to accuse La Fayette."

II.

Energetic petitions, from the different sections of Paris, replied to this idea of Robespierre, Danton, and Brissot, and demanded that a terrible example should be made of La Fayette, and a law as to the danger of the country. La Fayette, by threatening the Revolution with his sword, had only awakened it with greater violence. "Strike a great blow," cried the patriot petitioners; "disband the staff of the national guard—that municipal feudality in which the spirit of La Fayette still lives and corrupts patriotism."

The people flocked anew to the public gardens. A mob assembled before La Fayette's house, and burned the tree of liberty which the officers had planted before his door in honor of their general. At every moment a fresh incursion of the faubourgs was apprehended. Pétion addressed the citizens in ambiguous proclamations, in which insinuations against the Court were mingled with the paternal admonitions of the magistrate. The king sanctioned the suspension of Pétion in his functions as *maire* of Paris. The factions were indignant that their accomplice should be taken from them.

Pétion's popularity became the rage, and the cry of Pétion or death was the reply to his suspension. The national guard and the *sans-culottes* fought in the Palais Royal. The *fédérés* of the department arrived by detachments, and re-enforced those of Paris. The addresses of the departments and cities, brought by the deputations of these *fédérés*, breathed the national anger. "King of the French, read and read again the letter of Roland! We come to punish all traitors! All France must be in Paris to drive out the enemies of the people! The rendezvous is beneath the walls of the palace. Let us march thither!" said the *fédérés* of Brest.

The minister of the interior demanded from the Assembly laws against these seditious meetings. The Assembly replied by sanctioning this turbulent gathering in Paris, and decreeing that the national guard and the *fédérés* who went thither should be lodged with the citizens. A camp at Soissons was decided on. The roads were thronged with men advancing to Paris. Luckner quitted Belgium without a blow. Cries of treason resounded throughout the empire. Strasbourg called for re-enforcements; and the Prince of Hesse, an expatriated revolutionist in the service of France, proposed to the Assembly to go and defend Strasbourg against the Austrians, and to carry his coffin before him upon the ramparts, in order to remind him of his duty, and have no other prospect than his death. Siéyès demanded that they should raise the standard of the country's peril in the eighty-three departments, "Death to the Assembly, death to the Revolution, death to liberty, if the guillotine of Orleans does not do justice to La Fayette!" This was the unanimous cry of the Jacobins.

III.

The Assembly responded to these cries of death by violent displays. At length one of those mighty voices which express the cry of a whole people, and give to public feeling the *éclat* and echo of genius, Vergniaud, in the sitting of the 3d of July, spoke, and rising the first time to the summit of his eloquence, demanded, like Siéyès, his inspirer and friend, that the danger of the country should be proclaimed.

Up to this time Vergniaud had been but fluent: on this day he became the voice of his country, and continued so

until the day when his voice was slaked in his blood. He was one of those men who have no gradual growth in an assembly. He had not been long in Paris. Obscure, unknown, unpretending, without any feeling of what his destiny was to be, he had lodged, with three of his colleagues of the south, in a poor chamber in the Rue de Jeûneurs, and afterward in a small street near the Tivoli gardens. He lived in very straightened circumstances, and with rigid economy. He did not think of fortune, scarcely of fame, but came to the post which duty assigned to him, alarmed in his patriotic simplicity at the mission imposed on him by Bordeaux.

No trace of a factious spirit, republican fanaticism, or hate against the king, was apparent in Vergniaud. He spoke of the queen with mildness, and of the king with pity. This young man, whose influence shook a throne, had scarcely the means of reposing his head in the empire he was destined to convulse to its center.

IV.

Educated at the college of the Jesuits by the benevolence of Turgot, then intendant of Limousin, Vergniaud had entered the seminary after his studies. He was about to join the priesthood; but, changing his mind, returned to his family. Solitary and melancholy, his imagination first expanded in poetry before it burst forth into eloquence. Sometimes shutting himself up in his chamber, and feigning that he was addressing a multitude, he made extempore speeches upon imaginary catastrophes. One day his brother-in-law, Alluaud, heard him through the door, and, having a presentiment of his fame, thereupon sent him to Bordeaux to study the practice of the laws.

The student was introduced to President Dupaty, a celebrated writer and eloquent debater, who conceived a vague idea of the young man's coming greatness, and Dupaty's anxiety for Vergniaud resembled the ancient patronage of Hortensius and Cicero.

Vergniaud soon justified these presages of his illustrious friend, and he learned from Dupaty the austere virtues of antiquity, as well as the majestic forms of the Roman forum.

The citizen was seen beneath the advocate; and he sold the small inheritance he derived from his mother to pay

the debts of his dead father, and reached Paris actually in indigence. His talent, unfortunately, indolent, liked to slumber and abandon itself to the *nonchalance* of his age and mind. Like the orientals, he knew no intermediate state between idleness and heroism. Action roused him, but left him quickly, and he fell back into the revery of talent.

Brissot, Gensonné, and Guadet introduced him to Madame Roland, who did not consider him virile and ambitious in proportion to his genius. He was not the man for every day, but of great occasions.

V.

Vergniaud was of middle height, robust, and squareset, like the statue of an orator. He would have been passed by the vulgar as a man of no mark or likelihood; but when the mind beamed in his countenance, like light over a bust, the *ensemble* of his features acquired, from the expression of his ideas, a splendor and beauty which none of his features possessed in detail. Vergniaud's hour was when he was speaking—the pedestal of his beauty was the tribune. When he left that, it vanished, and the orator again shrunk into the man.

VI.

Such was he who, on the 3rd of July, ascended the tribune of the National Assembly, and in an attitude of consternation and anger, collecting his thought, for a moment stood with his hands over his eyes before he spoke. The tremulousness of his voice at the first words he uttered, and the grave and deep tones of his voice, more profound than usual, his dejected look, the sad and concentrated energy of his physiognomy, indicated in him a struggle of desperate determination, and predisposed the Assembly for a state of emotion as great and sinister as the orator's countenance. It was one of those days when expectation is at its height.

"What," muttered Vergniaud, "is the strange situation in which the National Assembly finds itself. What fatality pursues us, and marks each day with events which, bringing disorder into our labors, cast us incessantly into the tumultuous agitation of disquietude, hopes, and pas-

sions? What a destiny is prepared for France by this terrible effervescence, in the bosom of which we should be tempted to doubt if the Revolution retrogrades or advances toward its term?"

In this style the orator recapitulated, with great eloquence and powerful effect, the position of the country, the state of the army, the condition of Paris, the progress and prospects of the Revolution; commenting bitterly on the vacillation and delays of the king, and the conspiring *émigrés* at Coblentz, and proposing an address to Louis XVI., proving that his neturality between his country and Coblentz was "treason toward France," he thus concluded:—

VII.

"I demand, moreover, that you should declare the country in danger. You will see at this cry of alarm every citizen will rally round you, the soil be covered by soldiers who will renew the prodigies which covered the people of antiquity with glory. Regenerated Frenchmen of '89, have ye yet fallen from your patriotism! Has not the day come to unite those who are in Rome and on Mount Aventine? Do ye expect that, weary with the turmoil of the Revolution, or corrupted by the habit of parading round a chateau, trifling men accustom themselves to speak of liberty without enthusiasm, and slavery without horror? What is preparing for us? Is it a military government they desire a re-establish? The Court is suspected of perfidious designs; it is said to talk of military movements, martial law, and the imagination is familiarized with the blood of the people. The palace of the king of the French is suddenly changed into a strong-hold. Yet where are its enemies? Against whom are these cannon and bayonets pointed? The friends of the constitution have been repulsed by the ministry. The reins of empire are floating loosely at the moment when to hold them we require as much vigor as patriotism. Discord is fomented in all directions. Fanaticism triumphs. The connivance of government augments the audacity of foreign powers, who send forth against us armies and fetters, and chill the sympathies of the people who make secret vows for the triumph of liberty. The cohorts of the enemy stagger; intrigue and perfidy multiply treasons. The legislative body opposes

to these plots rigorous but necessary decrees, and the king's hands rend them asunder. Call—it is time—call on all Frenchmen to save their country! Show them the gulf in all its depth; it is only by an extraordinary effort that they can clear it. It is you who should prepare them for it by an electric movement, which shall give a simultaneous impulse to the whole empire. Imitate the Spartans at Thermopylæ, or those venerable old men of the Roman senate who awaited on the threshold of their homes the death which savage conquerors brought to their country. No, you have no need to offer up vows for avengers to arise from your ashes. The day on which your blood shall redden the earth, tyranny, with its pride and its palaces, shall fade away forever before the national omnipotence and the indignation of the people."

VIII.

This oration, in which all the perils and all the calamities of the time were so artfully thrown upon the king, resounded throughout France like the tocsin of patriotism. Cogitated over at Madame Roland's, commented upon at the Jacobins, addressed to all popular societies of the kingdom, read at the sittings of all the clubs, it shook the whole nation, to the very depths of men's hearts, against the Court. The 10th of August was in these words: a nation which had addressed such suspicions and menaces to its king, could neither obey nor respect him any longer.

Brissot and Condorcet, the one in a speech, the other in a motion addressed to the king, developed, with less grandeur but with more hate, the same sentiments, envenoming the wound which Vergniaud had inflicted on royalty.

In the Jacobins, Robespierre drew up an address to the *fédérés;* but while he proclaimed the same dangers as Vergniaud, he indicated to the people that they would soon have other enemies to combat besides the Court. He sowed beforehand suspicion in men's minds, and had the first-fruits over the triumph of the Girondists.

"Hail to the spirits of eighty-three departments! Hail to the Marseillais! Hail to the powerful, invincible country (thus he wrote) which assembles her children around her in the days of her dangers and her fêtes! Let us open our houses to our brethren! Citizens, are you assembling merely for a vain ceremony of federation and superfluous

oaths? No, no! you hasten at the cry of the nation which summons you! Threatened externally, betrayed internally, our perfidious chiefs lead our armies into snares. Our generals respect the territory of the Austrian tyrant, and burn down the cities of our Belgian brethren. Another monster, La Fayette, has come to beard the National Assembly. Degraded, menaced, outraged, does it still exist! So many attempts have aroused the nation, and you hasten to its rescue. Those who have lulled the people will try to seduce you: avoid their caresses; fly from the tables where they drink moderatism and the forgetfulness of duty. Keep your suspicions in your hearts—the fatal hour is about to strike. Behold the altar of your country. Will it suffice to you that base idols come and place themselves between you and liberty, to usurp the worship which is its due. Let us make no oaths but to our country in the hands of the *Immortal King of Nature!* All reminds us in this Champ-de-Mars of the perjuries of our enemies. We can not there move over one spot of ground which is not stained with the innocent blood shed upon it! Purify this soil—avenge this blood—do not leave this ground until you have decided in your hearts as to the safety of the country!"

IX.

Camille Desmoulins and Chabot also denounced to the Jacobins the plans for the king's flight, and the intended arrival of La Fayette. "People," said Danton, in his turn, "you are abused; never come to terms with tyrants. Let a national petition as to the fate of the executive power be presented at the Champ-de-Mars by the sovereign nation." So saying, he left the chamber. Danton did not like long speeches. As he went out, he met a group of men, in great alarm, who pressed around him, and begged his advice on public affairs. "There they are," he said, pointing contemptuously to the door of the Jacobins: "a body of chatterers, always deliberating! Simpletons ye are," he continued, addressing the persons around him; "what is the use of so much talking, so many debates on the constitution, so many compromises with aristocracies and tyrants! Do as they do: you were beneath, place yourselves above; that is the whole secret of a revolution."

BOOK XIX.

I.

ALL betokened, as we may see in Robespierre's address, and the language of Danton, a meeting in the Champs-de-Mars, fixed for the 14th of July, to carry off royalty by storm, to make the Republic or the dictatorship burst forth amid the acclamation of the *fédérés*. "We of the faction are a million!" wrote Carra in his journal.

The whole nation, alarmed for its existence, without defenders on the frontiers, without internal government, without confidence in its generals, seeing the contentions of factions in the Assembly, and feeling itself betrayed by the Court, was in that state of emotion and anguish which consigns a people to the chance of events. Brittany was beginning to be roused, in the name of religion, under the king's flag. This popular insurrection only sought leaders in the nobility. The war of La Vendée, destined to become soon so very terrible, was from the first day a war of conscience rather than one of opinion. Emigration was arming for the king and the aristocracy, La Vendée for God.

A simple cultivator, Alain Redeler, on the 8th of July, on leaving mass in the parish of Fouestan, appointed the peasants to meet him, armed, the next day, near the small chapel of the Landes of Kerbader. At the appointed hour four hundred men had assembled. It was a very different meeting from the tumultuous mobs of Paris, and testified, by the attitude it assumed, the deep energy of its thought. Religious emblems, mingled with weapons; prayer consecrated the insurrection; the tocsin sounded from belfry to belfry. The rural population in a body answered the appeal of the bells, as though it were the voice of God himself. But no disorders sullied this rising: the people were content with the position they had assumed, and demanded nothing beyond the freedom of their altars. The national guard, troops of the line, and artillery advanced from all points of the department: the shock was desperate—the victory doubtful. Yet the insurrection seemed to be suppressed, while it only brooded in silence in Brittany, in order to break out subsequently. It was the first spark of the great civil war.

II.

It burst forth simultaneously, but with less obstinacy, at another point of the kingdom. A gentleman named Dusaillant, and a priest, the Abbé de la Bastide, assembled, in the name of the Comte d'Artois, three thousand peasants in the Vivarais on the Rhone.

Dusaillant seized on the Gothic and battlemented Chateau of Jalès, fortified it, and made it the head-quarters of the revolt, compelling all who joined the rising to take an oath of fidelity to the king and the old religion. The insurrection, which seemed isolated in this inaccessible country, had an understanding with Lyons, and promised that city re-enforcements and communications from the south whenever Lyons would attempt its counter-revolution. On crossing the Rhone, at the foot of Mount Pilate, the army of Jalès found itself close on Piedmont and the Lower Alps. Stretching out into Bas-Languedoc, it touched the Pyrenees and Spain. Dusaillant had admirably concentrated the nucleus of civil war. The heart of the country, the course of the Rhine, the control of southern France, would have been his had he been successful.

III.

This the Assembly clearly saw. The patriots were stirring at Lyons, Nismes, Valence, and all the towns of the south. An army of the national guards advanced with artillery; the Chateau de Bannes, the gorges which covered the camp, were valiantly defended, heroically carried. A desperate struggle took place under the walls of the Chateau de Jalès, the strong-hold of the rebellion. Gentlemen, peasants, and priests sustained the several attacks of troops with intrepidity; even females distributed ammunition, loaded arms, and attended to the wounded. At night the insurgents forsook the chateau riddled with balls, and the walls of which tottered over their defenders. They dispersed among the gorges of the Ardéche, leaving many dead bodies (some of women) behind them. The leader, Dusaillant, having left his horse and arms, and assumed the disguise of a priest, was recognized and arrested by a veteran, to whom he offered sixty louis to allow him to escape. They were refused, and Dusaillant was massacred

by the people on entering into the city, where the troops were leading him to be tried. The Abbé de la Bastide had a similar fate.

IV.

These facts set all Paris in consternation, and urged the patriotic fervor to delirium. They wanted an excuse for insurrection, and determined on creating it even at the sacrifice of life.

There were at this moment in Paris two men fanatically devoted to their party—Chabot and Grangeneuve: the latter a Girondist, a man of little reflection, but determined and fixed, only seeking to serve the human race as an obscure soldier, rightly estimating the mediocrity of his intellect, which allowed him but the power of being useful to his country by dying for her.

Chabot, son of the cook at the college of Rodez, educated by the hand of charity, had assumed the robe of a Capucin, and was long known by the humblest mendicity and most repulsive meanness of his begging order. Among these Diogenes of Christianity the fickle and exaggerated spirit of the first contagion of revolutionary ideas had reached him in his dark and dismal cell. The fever of liberty and of social reformation had seized on his comprehension, and he had shaken off his faith and his frock. The noise of his conversion to the new creed, his resentment against the altars of his youth, the burning and wild enthusiasm of his popular preaching, had made him a man of note among the people, and carried him into the Constituent Assembly. Concealed behind Robespierre and Pétion, he foresaw beyond the constitution of '91 the necessary fall of the monarchy, and openly sought such result. The Danton of the church, he was one of those men who disdain all circumlocution, who disclose themselves to their enemies, and believe that open and declared hatred is the best policy against institutions which they seek to destroy. Chabot and Grangeneuve were of the council-chambers of Charenton.

V.

One evening they left together one of these conferences, downcast and discouraged by the hesitations and temporiz-

ing of the conspirators. Grangeneuve was walking with his eyes cast to the ground, and in silence. "What are you thinking of?" inquired Chabot. "I was thinking," replied the Girondist, "that these delays enervate the Revolution and the country. I think that if the people give any time to royalty they are lost. I think there is but the assigned hour to revolutions, and that they who allow it to escape will never recover it, and will owe an account hereafter to God and posterity. Well, Chabot, the people will never rise of themselves—they require some moving power; how is this to be given to them? I have reflected, and at last I think I have discovered the means; but shall I find a man equally capable of the necessary firmness and secrecy to aid me?" "Speak," said Chabot: "I am capable of any thing to destroy what I hate." "Then," continued Grangeneuve, "blood intoxicates the people: there is always pure blood in the cradle of all great revolutions, from that of Lucretia to that of William Tell and Sydney. For statesmen revolutions are a theory, but to the people they are a vengeance; yet to drive them to vengeance we must show them a victim. Since the Court refuses us this consolation, we must ourselves immolate it to the cause—a victim must appear to fall beneath the blows of the aristocracy, and it must be some man whom the Court shall be supposed to have sacrificed, be one of its known enemies, and a member of the Assembly, so that the attempt against the national representative may be added in the act to the assassination of a citizen. This assassination must be committed at the very doors of the Chateau, that it may bring the vengeance down as near as possible. But who shall be this citizen? Myself! I am weak in works, my life is useless to liberty, my death will be of advantage to it, my dead body will be the standard of insurrection and victory to the people!"

Chabot listened to Grangeneuve with admiration. "It is the genius of patriotism that inspires you," he said, "and if two victims are requisite, I will be the second." "You shall be more than that," replied Grangeneuve; "you shall be, not the assassin, for I implore you to put me to death—but my murderer. This very night I will walk alone and unarmed in the most lonely and darkest spot near the Louvre; place there two devoted patriots armed with daggers; let us agree on a signal; they shall then stab me, and I will fall without a cry. They will fly—my

body will be found next day. You shall accuse the Court, and the vengeance of the people will do the rest."

Chabot, as fanatic and as decided as Grangeneuve to calumniate the king by the death of a patriot, swore to his friend that he would commit this odious deceit of vengeance. The rendezvous of the assassination was fixed, the hour appointed, the signal agreed upon. Grangeneuve returned home, made his will, prepared for death, and went at the concerted moment. After walking there for two hours, he saw some men approach, whom he mistook for the appointed assassins. He made the signal agreed on, and awaited the blow. None was struck. Chabot had hesitated to complete it, either from want of resolution or instruments. The victim had not failed to the sacrifice, it was only the murderer.

VI.

During these examples of the force of hatred a man tried to effect a reconciliation of parties. This was Lamourette, former grand vicar of the Bishop of Arras, and at the time constitutional bishop of Lyons. Sincerely pious, the Revolution, in passing over his soul, had assumed something of the charity of Christianity. He was venerated in the Assembly for the rarest virtue in the struggle of ideas—moderation. He obtained in one day the fruit of the esteem entertained for him. Brissot was about to ascend the tribune; Lamourette preceded him, obtained from the president leave to speak on a point of order, and then said, "Of all the measures proposed for stopping the divisions which tear us to pieces, one is forgotten which of itself would suffice to restore order to the empire and safety to the nation. It is the union of all its children in one thought, the combination of all the members of this Assembly, an irresistible example which would infallibly reconcile all citizens. And what is there to oppose this? It is only virtue and crime that are irreconcilable. Honest men have the common ground of patriotism and honor on which they can always meet. What separates us? Jealousies—suspicions of one another. Let us choke these in a patriotic embrace, and in an unanimous oath. Let us crush by our common execration the republic and the two chambers."

VII.

At these words the whole Assembly rose, the oath was uttered from all lips, cries of enthusiasm resounded throughout the hall, telling the people that the speech of an honest man had quenched divisions, confounded parties, and brought men together. Members of factions the most opposed quitted their places, and went to embrace their enemies. The right and left no longer existed. Ramond, Vergniaud, Chabot, Vaublanc, Gensonné, Basire, Condorcet, and Pastoret; Jacobins, and Girondists, constitutionalists and republicans, all mingled, were all united, and all was effaced in fraternal unity. These hearts, weary of sedition, reposed a moment from their hatreds. They sent a message to the king, that he might enjoy the concord of his people. The king hastened to them, and was received with enthusiasm. For a moment he gave way to the most delicious hopes. "I am but one with you," he said in a voice troubled by tears: "our union will save France." And he went to his palace attended by the benedictions of the people, believing he had conquered France. He embraced the queen, her sister, and children, and would fain have embraced the whole nation. As a mark of confidence, he threw open the gates of the Tuileries, which had been closed since the 20th of June. The crowd hastened thither, and beset with expressions of affection those windows they had so recently besieged, and the royal family hoped once again for happy days—alas! the first they had enjoyed for so many years did not even endure till the evening.

The decree respecting Pétion came on for discussion the same evening, and all repressed dissensions arose. The people clamored, "Give us back Pétion! La Rochefoucauld to Orleans!" and the cries reached the king's ears. At the Jacobins there was a most turbulent sitting. "They embraced in the Assembly," said Billaut-Varennes. "It is the kiss of Judas—the kiss of Charles IX. when he extended his hand to Coligny. Do not the enemy advance on the frontier? Is not La Fayette still a traitor?"

VIII.

Such was the state of things at the moment when the day of the Federation approached. The queen contem-

plated it with alarm, and every thing revealed the sinister plots that menaced on this anniversary. Revolutionary France, on sending the *fédérés* of Brest and Marseilles, had sent all her men of action to Paris. The royal family lived in continual apprehension of assassination. All their hope was in the foreign troops, which promised them deliverance in a month; and they counted step by step the arrival of the Duke of Brunswick at Paris. The day of deliverance was marked already by the finger of the queen on the calendar in her apartments, and they had only to live till then; and yet she feared on the king's behalf poison, the dagger, and the balls of assassins.

Watched in the most secret apartments by sentinels of the national guard, who were placed at all the doors, more as jailers than defenders, the royal family only partook in appearance of the dishes served on the table of the Tuileries, and had their food brought to them in private by hands to which they could confide. The queen made the king wear a breast-plate made of silk fifteen times doubled, and proof against dirk or bullet. The king said to the queen, "They will not assassinate me, but put me to death as king in open daylight."

IX.

The queen had the same belief, and gave way to despair; but at times hope still prevailed, but quailed again before her fears for the king's energy at moments of crisis. "He is no coward," she said; "on the contrary, he is calm in the presence of danger; but his courage is in his heart, and does not come forth—his timidity represses it."

X.

Madame Elizabeth was the depositary of the confidences of the king and queen, and received the caresses of the children. Her mind, more resigned than the queen's, more tender than the king's, made her life one great and continued sacrifice. Like her brother, she found no consolation but at the foot of the altar, and there she prostrated herself daily with the utmost resignation. The chapel of the Chateau was the refuge in which the royal family sheltered themselves against all the anguish they felt; but even there the hatred of their

enemies pursued them. One of the last Sundays in July, some soldiers of the national guard, who filled the gallery by which the king went to hear mass, cried, "No king, down with the veto!" The king, accustomed to these outrages, heard these cries, and saw the accompanying gesticulations without astonishment. Scarcely, however, had the royal family knelt down in their pew than the musicians of the chapel played the revolutionary airs of the *Marseillaise* and *Ca Ira*. The very choristers, selecting psalms which threatened the anger of God on the pride of kings, sung them vociferously, as if threats and terror had gone forth from the very sanctuary in which the condemned family had sought for consolation and strength.

The king was more touched by these outrages than were the other members of the royal family. "It seemed," he said, as he left the chapel, "as though God himself had turned against him." The princesses put their books up to their eyes to conceal their tears. The queen and her children could no longer go out for their rides, or take the air at their windows; for whenever they did, they were saluted with cries from the Terrace des Feuillants of "*Marie Antoinette's life.*" Hawkers sold infamous pictures, in which the queen was represented as *Messalina*, and the king as *Vitellius*. Bursts of laughter from the populace responded to the obscene gestures made by these men in front of the windows of the Chateau. The interior of the apartments were not free from insult and danger. One night a valet de chambre, who kept watch near the door of the queen's apartments, encountered and struggled with an assassin, who glided in in the dark. Marie Antoinette sprung from her bed at the noise, exclaiming, "What a situation—outrages by day, and murders at night!"

XI.

Every moment fresh outrages broke out in the faubourgs, creating continual alarms.

It was at this moment that the king collected and concealed the papers subsequently discoverd in the iron chest. We know that this prince, rather a man than a king, recreated himself from the cares of the throne by handicraft labor, and excelled as a locksmith. In order to be-

come perfect in his art, he had for ten years admitted into familiarity a locksmith named Gamain. The king and the mechanic were friends, like men who pass hours together, and whose intimacy leads to interchange of thoughts. Louis XVI. had entire confidence in the fidelity of his working companion. He confided to him the charge of forming, in the thickest portion of the wall of an obscure corridor close to his apartment, an opening, covered with an iron door, skillfully concealed by panels. There the king stowed away his most secret political papers, and his correspondence with Mirabeau, Barnave, and the Girondists. He confided in Gamain's good faith as safe and silent as the wall to which he intrusted his secrets. Gamain was a traitor, and denounced more than his king—his companion, his friend.

XII.

On the day of the Federation, the king, accompanied by the queen and their children, went to the Champ-de-Mars, escorted by the wavering troops. An immense crowd surrounded the altar of the country. Cries of "Vive Pétion" insulted the king's ears as he approached. The queen trembled for her husband's life, as he walked on the left hand of the president of the Assembly through the crowd in his way to the altar. Immeasurably anxious, she followed him with her eyes, thinking, at every moment, that she should see him murdered by some of the thousands of bayonets or pikes among which he was passing—every instant was to her an age of anguish. The king then took the civic oath, and the deputies around him requested him to set on fire with his own hand an expiatory trophy, combining all the symbols of feudality, in order to reduce it to ashes. The dignity of the king was aroused against the part they sought to impose on him, and he refused, saying that feudality was destroyed in France better by the constitution than by fire. The deputies Gensonné, Jean Debry, Garreau, and Antonelle then lighted the pile amid the shoutings of the multitude. The king rejoined the queen, and returned to the palace through the silent throng. The dangers of this day over, he saw others still more terrible—he had only gained a day.

XIII.

Next day, one of the leading agitators of '89, the first proposer of the States-General, Duval d'Eprémesnil, who had become hateful to the nation because he only desired a revolution which should be profitable to parliaments, and when they were assailed, had taken part with the Court, was met on the Terrace des Feuillants by groups of people, who insulted him, and pointed him out to the fury of the Marseillais. Cut down by saber blows, he fell at his assassins' feet, and was dragged by them, all bleeding, by the hairs of his head, into the kennel of the Rue St. Honoré, toward a common sewer, where they were about to fling him, when some national guards rescued the dying man from the hands of his murderers, and conveyed him to the guard-house of the Palais Royal. The mob, thirsting for his blood, besieged the doors of the guard-room. Pétion, being told, hastened thither, entered the guard-house, and, with his arms crossed over his breast, contemplated D'Eprémesnil for a long time, and then fainted at this ill-omened change of popular opinion. When the Maire of Paris recovered his senses, the unfortunate D'Eprémesnil raised himself, with much pain and difficulty, from the camp-bed on which he lay, and said to Pétion, "I too, sir, was the idol of the people, and you see what it has done to me! May there be a different destiny in store for you!"

Pétion made no reply; tne tears flowed down his cheeks, for he felt at that moment all the anticipation of the inconstancy and ingratitude of the people.

Other murders, as sudden and unprovoked, succeeded.

The national guard did not use any great exertions to repress these assassinations: it felt its moral force forsake it on the approach of the Marseillais. Placed between the excesses of the people and the treason imputed to the Court, by acting against the one, it feared the imputation of protecting the other. Its situation was as false as that of the king himself, placed between the nation and strangers. The Court felt its isolation, and secretly recruited defenders for the crisis, which it contemplated without great alarm. The Swiss, a mercenary but faithful troop; the constitutional guard, recently disbanded, but whose officers and subalterns, paid secretly, were retained in Paris in case

of emergency; five or six hundred gentlemen, called from their provinces by their chivalrous devotion to the monarchy, were residing in various hotels near the Tuileries, wearing weapons concealed under their clothes, having each a password and an admission card, which opened to them the Chateau on public and other days; companies of men of the people, and old soldiers on the civil list, commanded by M. d'Augremont, to the number of five or six hundred men; besides the great number of servants in the Chateau, battalions of the national guard of the quarters devoted to the king, a body of *gensdarmerie* on horseback, consisted of picked soldiers; and finally, ten thousand troops of the line in garrison, in Paris—all this force, united in the name of the constitution around the Tuileries on the day of any struggle, presented to the Court firm support, and the perspective of a victory, on which the king relied for the restoration of his authority; and the Court impatiently awaited the contest, for which it thought itself prepared.

XIV.

On the other hand, the Girondists and Jacobins once more united, and in the utmost consternation at the reaction of opinion which the failure of the 20th of June had produced in Paris and the provinces, were preparing for a final attack. Although not agreeing, even in the first principles, as to the nature of the government they would give to France after the triumph of the people, they required this victory, and conspired together in order to overthrow the common enemy. The arrival of the Marseillais in Paris was to be the signal and means of action to both parties. These excited and furious men, who were to be the nucleus of a vast insurrection, formed a band of fifteen hundred men, the concentrated spirit of demagogic rage flowing from the extremities of the empire, in order to give strength to the heart. They came on, led by subaltern chiefs; their real leaders had reached Paris before them. They were the young Marseillais, Barbaroux and Rebecqui.

We know Barbaroux. Rebecqui, his fellow-countryman and friend, had been one of the early agitators of the country in '89, at the time when Mirabeau's election to the

Constituted Assembly had put Aix and Marseilles in commotion. Resolved to push the Revolution to its extremity, and even surpass it, if possible, Rebecqui, who had been active in all the disturbances of the time, first became associated with the Girondists, and had returned to Marseilles, where, under the instructions of Barbaroux, he had recruited that column of Marseillais required by the conspirators of Paris, in order to electrify France and complete their designs.

The two Marseillais went at night to the small apartment of the Rolands, in the Rue St. Jacques, when Madame Roland, the soul of her husband's actions, and the inspiration of her friends, was present at the interview, and raised its tone to the elevation and resolution of her own thoughts. "Liberty is lost," said Roland, "if we give the Court time. La Fayette has revealed to Paris, by his dictatorial presence, the secret of the treachery meditated by the army of the north. The army of the center has neither counsel, devotion, nor general. In six weeks the Austrians will be in Paris."

Thus, they resolved to urge forward the battalions from Marseilles, to execute the decree of the camp near Paris, and to prevent, by a decisive insurrection, the plots of the Court. Pétion was to preserve an assumed neutrality; Carra also informed Pétion that they should place him in his position as maire, giving him a guard, which should appear to compel him to remain quiet at the moment of the insurrection. Madame Roland was the soul; Pétion the means; Barbaroux, Danton, and Santerre, the ringleaders of the movement.

The conspirators sought, the same day, a general capable of giving a military direction to these undisciplined forces, and to create an army of the people against an army of the Court. They cast their eyes on Montesquiou, general of the army of the Alps, who was at that moment in Paris. Roland and his friends had no faith in his opinions, but believed in his ambition. They had a conference with him at Barbaroux's, and revealed to him their plans, to which Montesquiou listened without astonishment or repugnance, but did not come to any decision. They left him without any quarrel, resolving not to give to the people any other plans than its own fury, nor any general but fortune.

XV.

Next day, the 29th of July, the Marseillais arrived at Charenton. Barbaroux, Bourdon de l'Oise, Merlin, Santerre went to meet them, accompanied by some of their active satellites from the faubourgs, and a fraternal banquet united the Marseillais leaders and the conspirators of Paris. The chiefs found their army, and the army its chiefs. The hour of action could not now be long delayed. After the banquet, the leaders retired, at dusk, to a lone house in the village. Santerre, Danton, Fabre d'Eglantine, Panis, Huguenin, Gonchon, Marat, Alexandre, Camille Desmoulins, Varlet, Lenfant, Barbaroux, and some others were there assembled. It was in this house that the eves of all the days of the Revolution were passed. There the time was appointed—there the pass-word given.

It was past midnight when the ringleaders reached this solitary house by different paths, their heads still excited by patriotic hymns and the fumes of wine. By one of those strange coincidences which sometimes appear to associate great crises in nature with great crises in empires, a storm burst over Paris. A close and dense heat had rendered respiration difficult during the day. Thick clouds, striped toward the evening with lowering lines, had, as it were, swallowed up the sun in a suspended ocean. About ten o'clock the electrical matter disengaged itself in a thousand flashes, like luminous palpitations of the sky. The winds, imprisoned behind this curtain of clouds, disengaged themselves with a rush like a flood of water, bending the crops, breaking the branches of trees, carrying the tiles from the roofs. Rain and hail sounded on the earth, as if they had been violently pelted from on high. Houses were closed, streets emptied instantaneously. The lightning, which glared incessantly for eight consecutive hours, killed a great number of the men and women who bring provisions to Paris during the night. Sentries were found killed, and their watch-boxes burned to a cinder. Iron gates, bent by the wind or the lightning, were rent from the walls to which they were fastened by their hinges, and carried to incredible distances.

XVI.

It was in the very midst of this hurricane that the conspirators of Charenton deliberated on the overthrow of the throne. Danton, Huguenin, Alexandre, Gonchon, Camille Desmoulins, being in close connection with the various quarters of Paris, answered for the insurrectional inclinations of the people.

Santerre promised that 40,000 men of the faubourgs would go the next day to fraternize with the Phocean *fédérés*. It was agreed to place the Marseillais in the center of this formidable column, and then let them defile along from the faubourgs to the quays. By order of Pétion, their accomplice, a train of artillery, weakly guarded, was to be placed on the route of the Marseillais, so as to be carried forward by them. A thousand insurgents were to be detached from the main column, as that was advancing toward the Louvre, and surrounded by the Hôtel-de-Ville, to paralyze Pétion, and favor the arrival of the new commissioners of sections, who would come to depose the municipality, and, by installing a new one, give, as it were, a legal character to the movement. Four hundred men were to go and arrest the directory of the department. The arsenal, corn-market, Invalides, hotels of the ministers, bridges of the Seine were to be occupied by various divisions; while the army of the people, divided into three bodies, was to advance upon the Tuileries. It was to encamp in the Carrousel and the garden, with its cannon, provisions, and tents, fortifying its position by ditches, barricades, and hastily-formed redoubts, thus cutting off every communication between the Chateau and its defenders without, if it had any. The feeble guard of Swiss of the Tuileries could not hope to contend against an overwhelming army, provided with artillery. They did not intend to attack the other Swiss regiments in their barracks, but would merely command them to remain passive until the public will was manifested. They did not propose to make any forcible entry into the palace, but only to blockade loyalty in its last asylum; and, in imitation of the Roman people, when they retreated to Mons Aventinus, they would send a *plebiscitum* to the Assembly, to signify to it that the people encamped around the Tuileries would not lay down their arms until after the national representatives had provided

against the dangers of the country, and assured liberty. No disorder, no violence, no pillage should be unpunished; no blood should flow. The dethroning was to be completed with those imposing demonstrations of force which, by discouraging all resistance, would take away the pretext and occasion for any excesses. It was to be an act of the will of the people, great, pure, and irresistible as itself.

Such was the plan of the Girondists, written in pencil by Barbaroux, copied by Fournier l'Americain, one of the Marseillais leaders, and adopted by Danton and Santerre.

XVII.

The conspirators swore mutually to execute all this next day, and that each might be enabled reciprocally to defend himself against any charge of traitorous conduct, they agreed to watch each other. Each Marseillais leader took with him one of the Parisian chiefs; each ringleader of Paris had a Marseillais officer as his companion. They forbore to anticipate the decision of the National Assembly, for fear of any dissensions at a moment when unanimity was absolutely requisite.

The cry of the dethronement of the king was universal among the patriots; it was already loudly called for in the clubs, the sections, and the petitions to the Assembly.

Roland, Vergniaud, Gensonné, Guadet, Barbaroux himself, although undecided and hesitating in presence of the republic, preferred a republic, with all its chances of anarchy, to the domination of a prince such as the Duc d'Orléans. Thus, change of dynasty, regency, dictatorship—nothing was decided on by the conspirators. This was the invariable rule of the Girondists—go continually on without deciding whither; and it was this system of chance which made of these men the instruments of revolution, but never allowed them to become its rulers.

XVIII.

This plan failed, in consequence of the impossibility of making, during the remainder of the night, the necessary arrangements for the collection of the insurgents. Barbaroux accused Santerre of the delay, as desiring rather the agitation of his faubourg, than the overthrow of the government. Pétion himself was not prepared; for the confusion

of arrangements, advices, and measures he made and gave left every body in doubt as to the real intentions of the *maire* of Paris, and this suspended all. Neither Paris nor the faubourgs stirred. The Marseillais began their march, merely accompanied by the leaders, who had fraternized with them on the previous evening. Two hundred of the national guard, and about fifty of the *fédérés*, not in uniform, armed with knives and pikes, were only present at their entry into Paris. The very scum of the faubourgs and the Palais Royal, children, women, and idlers, formed the line in the Place de la Bastille, and in the streets they traversed on their way to the *maire*, when Pétion harangued them. They were ordered to go into quarters in the Chaussé d'Antin, and they went. In the evening there was a riot at a feast prepared in the Champs Elysées by Santerre and some national guard, when a quarrel ensued with some royalists; blood was shed, and it required all Pétion's influence to re-establish order. Several of the national guard were killed, particularly an agent de change, named Duhamel, who, having fired his pistols, was stabbed instantly by the bayonet of a Marseillais.

During the tumult the royalists had found an asylum by the turning-bridge, into the garden of the Tuileries, and the wounded being taken to the guard-house of the chateau, the king, queen, and ladies of the Court, and gentlemen collected together by the sounds of danger, descended to the guard-house, where, with their own hands, they dressed the wounds of their defenders, expressing their regard for the national guard, and their indignation against the Marseillais; and that evening the feelings of the *bourgeoisie* was that of indignation against the Marseillais. At the sitting of the Assembly next day, a number of petitions were presented urging their being sent away. These were scouted from the tribunes. Merlin moved the order of the day. Thus the Girondist deputies eluded, with contempt, the application to send away the Marseillais, and scoffed at these preludes of violence.

The Court, intimidated by these symptoms, endeavored to acquire the chiefs of this troop by corruption, which they believed had purchased Danton for them. But however easily intrigue may be bought, it is not so with fanaticism; and this plan failed.

Marat sent an inflammatory letter to Barbaroux, to be printed and circulated among his soldiers.

XIX.

Another step was made in Robespierre's name, and, unknown to him, to rally the Marseillais to his cause. Panis and Freron (two of Robespierre's confidents) sent for Rebecqui and Barbaroux to the Hôtel-de-Ville, under pretense of giving the Marseillais battalions a barrack nearer to the center of the movements of the Revolution, near the Cordeliers. This offer was accepted: next day Barbaroux allowed himself to be taken to Robespierre's. He was struck with astonishment on entering the abode of the cold and austere philosopher. Robespierre did not allow himself to go beyond general reflections as to the progress of the Revolution, the imminence of an approaching crisis, and the necessity of having a chief—of investing some popular man with control. "We want neither a dictator nor king," said Rebecqui; and they departed. Panis, who accompanied the young Marseillais, said, "You have not understood properly: it is only a momentary and insurrectional authority to direct and save the people, and not a dictatorship. Robespierre is this man of the people!"

Except this conversation, caused by his friends, unknown to himself, nothing proves, at this moment, any premature ambition of dictatorship in Robespierre, nor any participation in the 10th of August. The republic was to him a protracted perspective at an almost ideal distance.

BOOK XX.

I.

The ferment increased every hour. Every where was heard that sullen murmuring which predicts alike the catastrophes of empires and of nature. La Fayette, it was said, was about to march on Paris. Old Luckner had avowed this to Guadet; though when warned of this confession, he wished to retract it. The *fédérés* assembled in Paris refused to quit it. Dumouriez had received the

perfidious order to raise his camp, and thus open to the Austrians access to the capital, and, like a patriot, he disobeyed it.

Preparations of attack and defense were made secretly at the chateau. The private apartments of the king were filled by nobles and returned emigrants. The staff of the national guard conspired with the Court. The Carrousel and the garden of the Tuileries were a camp; the chateau a fortress, ready to vomit its fires and bullets on Paris. Between the terrace and the garden the only barrier was a tricolor ribbon, with this threatening inscription: "Tyrant, our anger is restrained by a ribbon—thy crown hangs by a thread."

The sections of Paris, those legal clubs, attempted to display some unity, in order to become more imposing and more dreaded by the Assembly and the Court. Pétion organized at the Hôtel-de-Ville a system of correspondence with the sections; and there was drawn up in their names an address to the army, which was nothing more nor less than a provocation to massacre their generals: and similar addresses stirred up the minds of the people in the sections, while the press spread abroad an incendiary oration pronounced at the section of the Luxembourg; and Danton, at the section of the Théâtre Français trampled under foot that aristocratic distinction between active and passive citizens, calling on masters or men to take up arms for their common country.

II.

More logical than La Fayette, Danton did not place the limit of riches in the place of the limit of birth among the citizens: he effaced all. This appeal to right and numbers bid fair to beat down the bayonets of the national guard beneath the pikes of the *fédérés*. The volunteers who enlisted for the frontier increased, and took place in due form in front of the Hôtel-de-Ville, and seditious addresses inflamed the minds of the recruits. In the Jacobins and Cordeliers there were also menacing harangues.

Isnard, in a violent and incoherent discourse, mingled with the king's name the words outrage, accusations, ignominy, death! Pétion, with cool hatred, read at the bar, with all the authority of his magistracy, the address of the Commune of Paris; which was an act of accusation against

the king, and concluded with these words, "We demand his dethronement (*déchéance*)." Guadet, on the 5th of August, read addresses similarly worded from the departments, which concluded, like that of Pétion, with the "*déchéance*" of the king. Vaublanc spoke manfully against these unconstitutional addresses, and the insults and menaces which emanated from the tribunes and the petitioners, which exercised an unjust oppression over the liberty of the representatives of the nation. Condorcet justified the terms of the address of the Commune of Paris as to the forfeiture, and, like Danton, appealed to the people against the rich. The *fédérés* announced their determination to watch the Chateau of the Tuileries until the Assembly should pronounce the decree of the king's dethronement.

III.

Still the Court was on the watch. The ministers passed nights with the king, with certain municipal officers present, in order to be ready at any moment to give a legal character to resistance. Rumors of the king's flight circulated among the people. The minister denied it in an official letter, and attested that the king had not quitted the palace during the night in question, to which the municipal officers could also depose.

On the 6th the news of the massacre of four government officials at Toulon again threw consternation into the Assembly; it became a question whether La Fayette should not be brought to trial, and the extraordinary commission nominated for this resolved on the accusation. Vaublanc defended him manfully, concluding by saying, "Cromwell founded a club of agitators; La Fayette abhors and would put down agitation. Cromwell brought his king to the scaffold; La Fayette defends constitutional royalty." Brissot, so often accused at the Jacobins of being the accomplice of La Fayette, sought to complete his popularity with Robespierre and his friends by sacrificing La Fayette to these suspicions, and thundered out his accusations against him. "I accuse him," he exclaimed, "I, who was his friend."

The decree was rejected by a large majority.

On quitting the Chamber, Vaublanc, insulted by the people, was compelled to take refuge in the guard-house.

Girardin and Dumolard were subjected to similar treatment, and when these facts were detailed next day in the Assembly they roused the indignation of the constitutionalists, the smiles of the Girondists, and the shouts of the tribunes.

On the same day twelve armed men presented themselves at Vaublanc's, forced his door, and, seeking in vain for him, declared, as they went away, that if this orator ascended the tribune again they would murder him as he quitted it. Vaublanc, however, did enter it the same evening for the purpose of denouncing these attempts at intimidation. "I defy," he said, "all violence that shall seek to make me violate my oath to the constitution."

Grangeneuve and Isnard justified Pétion from his inability, and accused the aristocrats of being instigators of this excess. Pétion himself justified the *mairie*, and accused the department. The Assembly came to no conclusion.

IV.

During this indecision, calculated on by the municipality and the Girondists, a secret directory, known to Pétion, and which he confessed had long previously concerted the plan of the insurrection of the 10th of August, was acting in the shade.

There was in Paris a general committee of the *fédérés*, composed of forty-three chiefs, who assembled at the Jacobins, which was the head-quarters of this camp of the Revolution. This confederacy was directed by five of its leading members: Vaugeois, high vicar of the Bishop of Blois; Debessé, a *fédéré* of La Drôme; Guillaume, professor at Caen; Simon, a journalist of Strasbourg; and Galissot de Langres. They united with themselves, as colleagues, the ringleaders of Paris. The Girondist journalist, Carra, Fournier l'Americain, Westermann, Kieulin, Santerre, Alexandre, Lazouski, a Pole, nationalized by his republican fanaticism; Antoine de Metz, formerly a member of the Constituent Assembly; Lagrey and Garin, electors of 1789.

V.

The first meeting of this directory took place in a small *cabaret* of the Rue Saint Antoine, at the *Soleil d'Or*, near

the Bastille, on the night of Thursday, 26th July. Gorsas, editor of the *Courrier de Versailles*, came thither at two o'clock in the morning to administer an oath to die or conquer. Fournier l'Americain brought a flag with the inscription, "*Martial law of the sovereign people.*" Carra took thence to Santerre's 500 copies of a placard, with these words, "*Death to those who fire on the ranks of the people.*"

VI.

The second meeting was on the 4th of August, at the *Cadran Bleu*, on the Boulevard of the Bastille. Camille Desmoulins, the agent and pen of Danton, was present. They then went to the apartment of Antoine, an ex-constituent in the Rue St. Honoré, opposite the Church of the Assumption, where Robespierre lived. There Carra wrote with his own hand the final instructions of the insurrection, the march of the columns, and the attack of the chateau. Simon de Strasburg copied and forwarded at midnight duplicates to Santerre and Alexandre, the two commandants of the faubourgs. The insurrection, finally arranged, was then adjourned to the 10th, and on the preceding night the members of the Directory divided themselves into three insurrectional nuclei, and went at the same hour to three different points—Fournier l'Americain and Alexandre to the faubourg Saint Marceau, Westermann, Santerre, and two others to the faubourg Saint Antoine; Carra and Garin to the barrack of the Marseillais, and into the apartment of the commandant himself, where they deliberated under the eyes of his troops. Meetings of royalists to take measures for the safety of the king took place during the same night, and at a very short distance from these assemblings. A messenger of one of the counter-revolutionary committees, having important papers, mistook the door, and entered the house where the republicans were conspiring. The error was recognized on opening the dispatches. Carra proposed to put the emissary to death in order to preserve the secret of the republican conspiracy which chance had thus revealed; but an isolated crime was useless at a moment when the tocsin was about to betray the conspiracy of an entire people.

The tocsin now sounded in many of the belfries of distant quarters of Paris.

VII.

During the night, and at this moment, and at a very short distance from the domicil of Danton, the sounds of the tocsin conveyed terror and death to the ears of the women who were watching, praying, and weeping over the dangers of their husband—brother—children.

The queen and Madame Elizabeth listened from the upper balconies of the Tuileries to the coming and retreating noises in the streets of Paris, and their hearts were pained or joyed as this symptom of the agitation of the capital brought them, from the distance, hope or consternation. At midnight the bells began to give out the signal for the gatherings. The Swiss placed themselves in line of battle like walls of men. The noise of bells lessened, and the spies said that the malcontents were slow in assembling, and that the tocsin had not the anticipated effect *(ne rendait pas)*. The queen and Madame Elizabeth went to repose themselves, with their clothes on, in a small apartment that looked on the court-yards of the chateau.

The king shut himself up in his apartment with his confessor, the Abbé Hebert, to purify his soul and offer up his blood. The two princesses could not sleep. They talked in under tones, and at every moment went to the windows. A gun was fired, and they hastened to the king. It was but a false alarm: one short night separated the royal family from the eventful day. This evening and night were employed in military preparations against the assault which was the next day anticipated.

VIII.

The Chateau of the Tuileries, rather the house of luxury and ceremony than the actual abode of royalty, had none of those defenses with which military and feudal dynasties had formerly fortified their residences. Extending its unprotected wings along the quay of the Seine on the one hand, and on the other in the midst of the most thronged streets of Paris, with large and high windows, through which the people could look into the very apartments, this exposed palace, with galleries, long rooms, theater, chapel, statues, pictures, museums, much more resembled a French drawing-room than a royal fortress.

An extensive garden, fully planted and refreshed by *jets d'eau*, extended the entire length of the palace; a whole army could encamp there. Two long terraces flanked this garden in its length, one on the banks of the river, and reserved for the royal family, where Louis XVI. had constructed a rustic pavilion and planted a small garden for the exercise and instruction of the dauphin; the other terrace, called the Feuillants, ran along the other side, from the Pavillon Marsan to the terrace of the orangery, which described a semicircle at the extremity of the garden, and descended by a flight of steps to the turning-bridge.

IX.

The turning-bridge was the entrance to the garden of the Tuileries from the side of the Champs Elysées. It revolved over a deep fosse, and was defended by a guard. The terrace of the Feuillants was intersected by two flights of steps; some distance from the Pavillon Marsan one of these steps led to a coffee-house, which formerly opened into the garden itself, but now closed. It was called the *Café Hottot.* It was the rendezvous of the orators of the people, whom the vicinity of the National Assembly attracted there. The other stairs led to the garden of the Assembly.

On the side of the Carrousel were four courts separated from each other, and from the Carrousel itself, by low offices, and by walls against which were guard-houses, inclosing the chateau. They communicated with each other by doors. The first of these courts, on the side of the river, was the avenue to the Pavillon Marsan, and was called the "Cour des Princes." The second was the "Cour Royale," in front of the center of the chateau, and leading to the grand stair-case. The third was the "Cour des Suisses," where these troops have their barrack. The fourth was the "Cour de Marsan." The Pavillon de Flore, united by a door on the first floor, connected the Tuileries to the long gallery of the Louvre, which extended along the banks of the Seine from this pavilion to the Colonnade. This gallery was intended to be the museum of France, and to contain *chefs d'œuvre* of antique and modern sculpture and painting, which ages transmit as evidences of their civilization and the intellectual patrimony

of genius. Contemplating an invasion of the mob, who might scale the Louvre, they had cut away the interflooring of this gallery at the distance of sixty paces from the Tuileries. The breaking away the communication rendered a successful attack by the first story wholly impossible. A guard of thirty Swiss watched night and day in the space comprised between this cutting and the Pavillon de Flore.

Such was the disposition of the place where the king was doomed to receive the battle of the people. Inclosed in this palace, there was neither arsenal, ramparts, freedom of motion, nor retreat: the Tuileries were only constructed to reign or to die in.

X.

The near approach of this attack was agreed upon by all parties. Pétion for several days went constantly to the chateau to confer with the ministers and the king himself, as to the means of defending the palace and the constitution. In the night of the 9th he went to the Assembly, and announced that the tocsin would sound at midnight. He gave, with his own hand, to M. de Mandat, an order to double the posts, and to repel force by force.

M. de Mandat, one of the three chiefs of brigades who in turn commanded the national guard, was by this charged with the general command of the Tuileries. A man of courage, he had but few resources, and was more ready to die than to command properly. The king had the fullest confidence in his devotion. On Thursday, the 9th, Mandat gave orders to sixteen battalions, selected from the national guard, to hold themselves in readiness. At six in the evening all the posts of the chateau were tripled. Two days previous, the regiment of Swiss guard, amounting to 900 men, arrived, commanded by M. de Maillardoz. They were lodged in the Hôtel de Brionne and the stables of the Cour Marsan. At eleven o'clock they were under arms. They were placed as advanced guards at all the openings.

XI.

Thirty of the national guard were placed, with the Swiss, in the Cour Royale, at the foot of the grand stair-case, and

received from Mandat the order to repel force by force, just as Pétion had given a similar order to the commandant-general. Paris was wholly without troops of the line. Generals Wittenkoff and Boissieu, who commanded the seventeenth military division, in which Paris is comprised, had under them only the foot and horse *gendarmerie*. The foot *gendarmerie* was stationed in the barracks, with the exception of 150 men placed in the Hôtel de Toulouse, to protect the royal treasury in case of need. Thirty men of the foot *gendarmerie* of the suburbs of Paris were posted at the foot of the king's stair-case in the Cour des Princes. The mounted *gendarmerie* comprised 600 horsemen commanded by Messieurs de Rulhière and de Verdière. At eleven o'clock P. M. they drew up in line in the court-yard of the Louvre. A weak squadron of mounted *gendarmerie* arrived in the night, and took up a position in the Carrousel. Three pieces of artillery were placed in the Cour Royale, before the principal entrance, one in the Cour des Suisses, two in the Cour des Princes, one in the Cour Marsan, two at the turning-bridge, one at the end of the Pont Royale, one at the door of the Manège—in all, twelve pieces of cannon. The artillerymen were volunteers of the national guard, proud of their superiority in arms, and not easily controlled.

When the national guard had all arrived, they formed no more than a body of 2000 men. The Swiss officers fraternized with the officers of these detachments as they arrived, and declared that, full of deference for the nation, their soldiers would follow the example of the national guard, and *do neither more nor less than the citizens of Paris*. The Swiss were assembled there, where their flag was. The red uniforms of these 800 men, seated or lying down on the landing-places and the steps, seemed already to turn the Princes' stair-case into a torrent of blood.

XII.

Except those Swiss commanded by Bachmann, D'Affry, and D'Erlach, intrepid soldiers, the other troops—scattered about in the gardens and court-yards—*gendarmerie*, artillery, national guard, presented neither numbers, unity, nor devotion. The volunteer did not know his officer; the officer could not rely on his soldier. No person had confidence in any one. Courage was as single as opinion. The *esprit de corps*—the soul of soldiers—was wanting: it was

replaced by the spirit of party. But opinions, instead of being the strength, are the dissolution of armies. Each had his opinion, and sought to make it prevail, and controversies became quarrels.

Confusion reigned in the court-yards, gardens, and posts; orders and counter-orders crossed and neutralized each other. As each fresh battalion arrived, the feeling of the national guard underwent a change. Those of the quarters of the center arrived first, consisting of the rich *bourgeoisie* of Paris, having feelings similar to those of La Fayette, whose pretorians they had been for three years. Conquerors at the Champ-de-Mars, at Vincennes, and in twenty *émeutes*, they despised the people, and desired to avenge the constitution and the king, so bitterly outraged on the 20th of June. The battalions of the Faubourg St. Germain, and the other corps, were inspired with wholly different feelings, and came to the Tuileries amid shouts of *Vive Pétion! Vive la nation!* and cries of *Vive le roi!* hailed them in return from the faithful battalions in the chateau.

XIII.

The men of the 20th of June, the idle and vagabond *fédérés* in Paris, the Marseillais, whom the voice of Danton had not yet called to the Cordeliers, were assembled round the gates, on the side of the garden, the Palais Royal, and the court-yards. They hailed the battalions of pikes with shouts of joy. "We are your brothers, and there's the enemy," they said, pointing to the windows of the king. "Bring us his head, and the heads of his wife and children, as rallying signals, at the end of your pikes;" and signs of intelligence and shouts of laughter replied to these imprecations.

The gates which separated the Cour Royale from the Tuileries were not closed, and the crowd threatened every moment to enter. Two Swiss were placed on each side of this door to prevent persons from entering. A Marseillais coming from the crowd, with a drawn sword in his hand, "Wretches," he said to the Swiss, lifting his weapon, "this is the last time you will mount guard; a few hours more and we shall exterminate you."

XIV.

In the interior of the chateau the forces were neither more congruous nor more imposing: there was more resolution, but not more unity. The battalions of the national guard were placed, without any regularity, to the amount of 800 men. Madame Elizabeth occupied the Pavillon de Flore: the queen resided on the ground-floor, and her apartments communicated with those of the king. He, fond of a simple life, employed like one of the people, had constructed places for his pursuits, where he delighted to retire and give himself up to study or his labors as a lock-maker, surrounded by his maps, books, and-working tools, believing that destiny forgot him because he forgot destiny.

XV.

The whole of this part of the palace, as well as the gallery of the *Carracci*, the council-chamber, guard-rooms, theater, and chapel, had been made armories, filled with piled weapons, military posts, and groups of armed men. Every minute Mandat, the commandant, and his aides-de-camp passed from the gardens to the king, from the king to the posts. The ministers, generals, M. de Boissieu, M. de Lachesnaye, second in command under M. de Mandat; D'Ermigny, commandant of the *gendarmerie;* Carl and Guinguerlo, his lieutenants; Rœderer; the members of the department of Paris; two municipal officers, Leroux and Borie; and Pétion himself, were continually moving about from one apartment to the other.

XVI.

While these troops gathered round the king, there were others who came, but who had no better claim to enter the chateau than their courage. These were the officers of the constitutional guard, who, though recently disbanded, still preserved their weapons and remembered their oath. Some young royalists, André Chénier, Champcenetz, Suleau, Richer-Serizy, all royalist writers, who left the pen for the sword. There were also some faithful servants and others, making altogether two hundred gentlemen of Paris

or the provinces, most of them brave officers who had recently quitted their regiments, and who desired neither to compromise their caste in marching against their emigrant brothers, nor betray the nation by emigrating.

This devotion had only the reward of approving consciences. Among these chevaliers were the old and intrepid Marshal de Mailly, in his eightieth year, Messrs. d'Hervilly, de Pont-Labbé, de Vioménil, de Casteja, de Villers, de Lamartine, de Virieu, du Vigier, de Clermont-d'Amboise, de Bouves, d'Autichamp, d'Halonville, de Maillé, de Puységur—all soldiers of different rank and standing, commanding, under the Marshal de Mailly, corps of these select soldiers.

XVII.

These corps were divided into two companies, and their commanders had hoped to find arms ready in the chateau; but this precaution had been neglected, and thus the greater portion had only pistols and swords. They passed these men in review before the king and queen, and a few words from the latter so electrified them that they drew their swords and presented arms by a common and enthusiastic impulse. The mass of national guards scattered through the apartments affected to discover a conspiracy in these marks of fidelity, and many of them passed over to the mob.

Every thing announced defection, while nothing bespoke enthusiasm in this body. They awaited fate when they should have directed it. The king prayed instead of acting.

XVIII.

More Christian than king, he was shut up for many hours with his confessor, employed in seeking resignation in those last moments which the most desperate catastrophes still leave to great minds to enable them to grasp fortune yet once again. Four or five thousand combatants in a strong position, having for a field of battle the palaces of kings, with bayonets fixed, cannon loaded, two bodies of cavalry, a king at their head, an intrepid queen, innocent children in the midst of them, an undecided Assembly at their door, the law and the constitution at their side, opin-

ion at least divided in the nation—all these might possibly have repulsed the confused and disorganized masses brought by insurrection slowly around the chateau—have broken down the masses of the people—crushed the Marseillais, so hateful to Paris—have swept the faubourgs, rallied the indecisive legions of the civic force by the attraction of victory—have imposed on the Assembly still hesitating—have acquired power once more—appealed to Luckner and La Fayette—effected a junction with the troops at Compiègne—placed the king in the center of the army between the foreign powers and the people, and have delayed for some time coalition and the Revolution. But for this a hero was needed, and the monarchy had only a victim.

BOOK XXI.

I.

During the long hours of the night, and those that followed the dawn of day, the queen and Madame Elizabeth went continually to and fro, from the apartment of the king to that of the royal children, and from thence to the council-hall, where the ministers were sitting. They crossed the rooms filled with their defenders, concealing their tears, and inspiring, by their apparent serenity, by their smiles and their words, the confidence that they had not wholly lost. The presence of these two princesses, wandering at head of night in the palace filled with armed men—the one a queen and a mother, trembling at once for her husband and her children, the other a devoted sister, trembling for the life of a brother, each insensible to her own danger, was the most eloquent appeal to the compassion, the generosity, and the courage of the defenders of the chateau. Marie Antoinette, who has been represented in the pamphlets of her enemies as a crowned fury, carrying her rage to madness and her dejection to tears—now declaring she would be nailed to the walls of the palace, now offering a pistol to the king, and counseling him to commit suicide—was a prey neither to these outbreaks of rage nor this despondency. She was, with dignity and truth, alike free from affected heroism and timid dejection, that which

her sex, her rank, and her quality of queen, wife, and mother called on her to be, at a moment when all the different sentiments awakened by the duties of these several duties, displayed themselves in her language and bearing. Fully equal to all her tenderness, her greatness, and her misfortunes—her mind, her features, her words and her actions faithfully reflected all the phases and transitions from a throne to captivity, which she underwent during those long hours. She was a woman, a wife, a mother, and a queen, wounded or threatened in her tenderest feelings. She feared, she hoped, she despaired, and she reassured herself successively, while she yet hoped without excess, and was discouraged without being prostrated. She wept, not from weakness, but from affection; she mourned, but over her children; she veiled her anguish and her grief beneath the respect she owed to herself, to royalty, to the blood of her mother, Maria Theresa, and to the people by whom she was surrounded. After having wept at the cradle of her son and daughter, at the feet of the king, and in the arms of her sister and her friend, she wiped away the traces of her tears from her cheeks, and reappeared serious, yet calm; touched, yet firm; possessing a sensitive heart, yet mastering its impulses. Such was Marie Antoinette during the four-and-twenty hours replete with so many crises that must have overpowered any but herself. She was, like all her sex, a woman, inspired more by nature than policy; better calculated to bear peril and misfortune with heroism than to guide and advise the king! her place was rather in action than in the council-chamber.

II.

The king had summoned Rœderer, the procureur syndic of the department of Paris. Pétion was not at the chateau; he however arrived, gave the king a report of the state of Paris, and refused powder to the commandant-general Mandat, who complained that his troops had but three rounds of ball-cartridge. Under pretense of the extreme heat of the room, Pétion quitted it, followed by Rœderer; and they both descended to the garden, where Pétion was surrounded by municipal officers and young national guards, who were laughing and joking near him. This group of magistrates and national guards sauntered quietly along the terrace that bordered the water, convers-

ing on indifferent subjects as though they had just quitted a ball-room. At the end of the terrace they heard the drums beat the *rappel;* they returned, and amid the silence of the night, distinctly heard the tocsin of the faubourgs. Pétion, who affected a stoical indifference, suffered Rœderer to appear alone before the king, while he remained on the terrace, as he feared for his life.

Although the night was not dark, the chateau cast its shadow far into the garden, and lighted lamps had been placed on the balustrades that bordered the terrace. Several grenadiers of the battalion des Filles Saint Thomas stationed on the terrace, and who abhorred Pétion as the secret instigator of the insurrection, extinguished the lamps and surrounded the mayor, as though to make an hostage of him. Pétion understood the meaning of this movement; he heard their muttered threats and saw their gestures. "He shall answer with his head for the events of this night," said a grenadier to his comrades. Concealing his apprehensions beneath a firm countenance, Pétion seated himself on the edge of the terrace, amid the municipal officers, and passed part of the night in calm conversation with them. It was openly said at the chateau and in the ranks of the loyalists, that, since Pétion had dared to brave their vengeance, he should be detained, and himself exposed to those blows dealt at his instigation against the monarchy. A municipal officer named Mouchet, seeing Pétion in this perilous situation, and warned by a sign from the mayor, hastened to the National Assembly, and spoke to several members: "If you do not instantly summon the mayor of Paris to the bar of this Assembly, he will be assassinated."

Louis XVI., engaged in prayer, and his heart far more full of pardon than vengeance, did not dream of an assassination; the Assembly, however, affected to credit the existence of criminal intentions, and summoned the mayor to appear at the bar. Two ushers of the chambers, preceded by guards and torch-bearers, came to inform Pétion of the decree that freed him. At the same instant the minister of justice sent to request Pétion to come to the king. "If I mount that stair-case," replied he, "I shall never descend alive." Pétion then proceeded to the Assembly, and thence to the Hôtel-de-Ville, where he was detained by his accomplices at Charenton, and did not reappear at the chateau.

III.

It was past midnight; every window in the Tuileries was opened, and crowded by those eager to listen to the tocsin, while they named successively the quarter, the church, and the tower, whence this summons of revolt pealed forth.

In the city, the citizens quitted their houses at the sound, and stood at their doors ready to follow the torrent whithersoever it should lead them. The sections, insurrectionally convoked since ten o'clock, had deliberated with almost closed doors, and each had dispatched a *commissaire* to the Hôtel-de-Ville to replace the council of the Commune by an insurrectional committee. The unanimous and preconcerted instructions of these commissaries was to adopt all measures necessary to secure public safety and the conquest of liberty. These deputies, who had met without opposition at the Hôtel-de-Ville to the number of a hundred and ninety-two members, formed themselves into a municipality, retaining among them Pétion, Danton, and Manuel, chose for their president Huguenin, of the faubourg St. Antoine, the orator of the petition of the 20th of June; and for secretary, Tallien, a young patriot of five-and-twenty, the editor of a paper called "*L'Ami des Citoyens.*" This municipality became, from eleven o'clock, the committee that directed the movements of the people, and the progress of the Revolution. Pétion, detained under a feigned arrest to save the dignity of the law, took no further share in the acts of the night.

IV.

The commandant-general, Mandat, who always answered to the people for the king, and to the king for the people, completed that disposition of the troops on the strength of the orders which Pétion, as mayor of Paris, had signed. Mandat sent five hundred men with cannon to the Hôtel-de-Ville to guard the passages of the Arcade St. Jean, by which the column of the faubourg St. Antoine would debouche. He also stationed a battalion with two guns at the Pont-Neuf, to hold the bridge against the Marseillais, to drive them back into the Faubourg St. Germain, and thence to the Port Royal, where the guns in the Pavillon

de Flore would play upon them. Nothing was wanting in these dispositions but troops to carry them out. Scarcely had Mandat issued these orders when a decree of the municipality summoned him to the Hôtel-de-Ville, to inform them of the state of the chateau, and what measures he had adopted to preserve tranquillity in Paris.

On the receipt of this order, Mandat hesitated between his presentiment of danger and his legal duty. *Legally*, the municipality had the control of the national guard, and could summon its commandant before them. Mandat was, moreover, ignorant that this municipality, violently changed by the sections, was now merely an insurrectional committee. He consulted Rœderer, who, like himself, unconscious of the change that had taken place at the Hôtel-de-Ville, advised him to obey. Mandat, as though from some mysterious warning, sought for pretexts to delay his going thither; at last, however, he resolved to set out, and his son, a boy of twelve years, insisted upon accompanying him. Mandat mounted his horse, and, attended only by his son and one aide-de-camp, he proceeded along the quays to the Hôtel-de-Ville. As he mounted the steps, he was struck with the aspect of the stern and unknown visages that surrounded him, and too late he comprehended that he had to account to conspirators for the measures he had taken to prevent the success of the conspiracy. "By whose order," said Huguenin, "did you double the guard of the chateau?" "By order of Pétion," replied the unfortunate Mandat. "Produce this order." "I have left it at the Tuileries." "When was it given?" "Three days ago; I will produce it." "Why did you order the cannon to be advanced?" "Because when the battalion marches, it is always followed by the guns." "Does not the national guard forcibly detain Pétion?" "That is untrue; the national guards were full of respect and deference for the mayor of Paris; I myself saluted him as he left." In the midst of these interrogatories a letter was laid on the table of the council-general from Mandat to the officer commanding the troops posted at the Hôtel-de-Ville. It was ordered to be read. Mandat ordered the battalion of the Hôtel-de-Ville to dissipate the mob that marched on the chateau, by taking it in the flank and rear. This letter was his death-warrant. The president ordered his committal to the Abbaye; and the president, as he issued this order,

explained its meaning by a horizontal gesture of his hand. A pistol-ball struck down the unhappy officer on the steps of the Hôtel-de-Ville; and he was finished by pike and saber thrusts; his son, who was waiting on the steps, in vain endeavored to protect his father's body, and the lifeless corpse of Mandat, cast into the Seine, bore away with it all trace of the order of Pétion.

V.

The news of the death of Mandat, brought to the Tuileries by his aide-de-camp, filled the queen with consternation, and the national guard with irresolution. Lachesnaye, a chief de battalion, assumed the command. But the occupation of the Hôtel-de-Ville by the sections, a revolutionary municipality, and the chief command being in the hands of Santerre, crushed his moral power; and the fate of Mandat seemed to presage his own. The two advanced posts of the Hôtel-de-Ville and the Pont Neuf were forced; the Faubourg St. Antoine, to the number of fourteen thousand men, debouched by the Arcade Saint Jean; the Marseillais and the Faubourg Saint Marceau, to the number of six thousand, crossed the Pont Neuf; an enormous throng of spectators swelled this army of the people, and increased it to nearly a hundred thousand men.

The procureur of the department, Rœderer, learning the death of Mandat, and the installation of an insurrectional council, wrote to the council of the department to meet at the chateau to concert measures against the new municipality, or to ratify its orders. The department, without possessing any other empire over the people than the law, which was broken in its hands, sent two commissioners, Messrs. Levieillard and De Fauconpret, to consult with the king and Rœderer. Rœderer and the two members of the department went together into a small room looking on to the garden, and adjoining the king's apartment. Rœderer prayed the king to sign an order authorizing the council of the department to remove from the apartment in which they usually met. "My ministers are not there," replied Louis XVI.; "I will sign the order when they return." It was not yet light in the apartments; and a second after, a carriage was heard to drive out of the court, and, on opening the blinds, it was dis-

covered to be the carriage of Pétion returning home empty. The day now began to break.

Madame Elizabeth approached the window, and gazed out; the sky was red, as if from the reflection of a conflagration. "Sister," said she to the queen, "come and see the sun rise." The queen rose, sighed, and, for the last time, beheld the sun through windows that had no bars to them.

At three o'clock the king again retired into his chamber, leaving the queen, Madame Elizabeth, the ministers, and Rœderer, in the council-chamber; and it is believed that, worn out by fatigue and emotion, and reassured by the intelligence he had just received, he sought to recruit in sleep that force of which he would stand in need at daybreak. The queen and her sister were surrounded by the Princesse de Lamballe, the Princesse de Tarentè-Latremouille, Mesdames de Laroche-Aymon, and de Ginestous, de Tourzel, governess of the royal children, de Makay, de Bouzy, and de Villefort, the under governesses—ladies of the Court, who were raised in one night, by the dangers and reverses of their sovereign, to that perfect forgetfulness of self which is the natural heroism of woman.

VI.

The queen, Madame Elizabeth, all these ladies, these magistrates, and soldiers, sat on the benches or stools in the council-chamber. The queen and princesses frequently conversed with Rœderer, who displayed, during the whole of this night, as on the 20th of June, the characteristics of a great and constitutional citizen: the queen looked on him as an austere yet loyal counselor, the king as a last friend.

Toward four o'clock the king quitted his bedchamber, and reappeared in the council. It was evident, from the disordered state of his dress, that he had lain down for a short time. His hair, powdered and curled on one side, was without powder and flattened on the other; his pallid features, swelled eyes, and trembling lips, plainly showed that he had been weeping; but the same serenity was visible on his brow, and the same smile of goodness played around his mouth. It was not in the power of human events to leave a trace of resentment in the heart or on the features of this prince: his friends only loved, and his en-

emies only vilipended, his goodness, which was at once his virtue and his defect.

Marie Antoinette demanded of Rœderer what was best to be done in circumstances such as those which now declared themselves. Rœderer did not (in order to enlighten the queen as to her real position) conceal any thing, however painful, from her; and he suggested, for the first time, the idea of placing the king and his family under the protection of the nation, by conducting them to the National Assembly, and thus rendering them as inviolable and sacred as the constitution itself.

Such was Rœderer's advice. Marie Antoinette blushed as she listened to him; and it was evident that her queenly pride struggled with her tenderness as a wife and mother. M. Dubouchage, minister for naval affairs, a loyal gentleman and intrepid seaman, came to her assistance. "Thus, monsieur," said he to Rœderer, "you propose to conduct the king to his enemy." "The Assembly is less inimical than you imagine," replied the procureur of the department, "since at the last monarchical vote four hundred of its members against two hundred voted for La Fayette: besides, of two dangers, I choose the less; and I propose the only chance of safety fate has left the king."

VII.

The queen, with an accent of irritated resolution, as though she sought to reassure herself by the sound of her voice—"Monsieur," said she, "we have troops here: it is time that we should learn who will carry the day, the king or the faction." Rœderer proposed to send for the commandant-general who had succeeded the unfortunate Mandat; this was Lachesnaye. On his arrival, he was asked whether the means of defense were sufficient, and if he had taken measures to arrest the progress of the columns that were marching upon the dwelling of the king. Lachesnaye replied in the affirmative, and added that the Carrousel was guarded; then addressing the queen in a tone of reproach, "Madam," said he, "it is my duty to inform you, that the apartments are full of strangers, who surround the king, and whose presence offends the national guard." "The national guard has no need to be offended," returned the queen; "they are all trusty men." The attitude and the language of Marie Antoinette con-

vinced Rœderer that the inhabitants of the chateau had resolved upon battle, and that they wished for a victory to intimidate the Assembly; and he insinuated that the king should at least write to the legislative body and demand its assistance. M. Dubouchage again combated this proposal. "If this idea is worth nothing," replied Rœderer, "let two ministers proceed to the Assembly, and demand that commissioners be sent to the chateau."

This plan was adopted, MM. de Joly and Champion set out for the Assembly.

The Assembly was calmly deliberating on the emancipation of the blacks when the two ministers arrived. M. de Joly, the minister of justice, described the perilous situation of all at the chateau, the need of immediate measures to guard against it, and the desire of the king that they should send a deputation of the representatives of the nation to aid his efforts to preserve the constitution, and protect by their presence the lives of his family. The Assembly passed disdainfully to the order of the day. It was by no means numerous, and wore the appearance of a political body who expect a mighty downfall, and who await the event from a distance.

VIII.

MM. de Joly and Champion left the Assembly. Rœderer and the ministers had remained in conference in the small apartment adjoining that of the king. The members of the department arrived and informed the ministers of the formation of the new municipality; that cartridges had been distributed among the Marseillais, and that both they and the battalion of the Cordeliers were by this time marching on the chateau. The law, dethroned every where, had now no other refuge than the Tuileries: they urged the king to seek refuge at the Assembly. "No," replied M. Dubouchage, who had just heard the imprecations poured forth against the king by the battalions of pikes: "There is no other hope of safety for him but here—he must die or triumph."

The members of the department, headed by Rœderer, resolved to go themselves to the legislative body, to inform them of their situation, the advice they had given the king, and extort from the Assembly a decree which would save all. These members of the department met close to the

Assembly the two ministers who were leaving it. "What are you going to do?" said the minister of justice. "We have just entreated the Assembly to summon the king: the members scarcely deigned to listen to us; they are not sufficiently numerous to pass any measures; there are not sixty present." The discouraged members of the department returned to the chateau with the ministers. At the foot of the grand stair-case the artillerymen, who with their guns were stationed in the vestibule, stopped them. "Gentlemen," said they, with visible anxiety on their countenances, "Shall we be forced to fire on our brothers?" "You are only here," replied Rœderer, "to guard the king's palace, and prevent its being entered by force; those who fire on you will no longer be your brothers."

These words having appeared to satisfy the artillerymen, Rœderer and his colleagues were requested to repeat them in the courts, where the same scruples prevailed among the national guards. Rœderer and his colleagues traversed the vestibule, and entered the Cour Royale, which presented a formidable aspect of defense. On the right was ranged a battalion of grenadiers of the national guard, that extended from the windows of the chateau to the walls of the Carrousel. On the left, and facing the civic battalion, was a battalion of the Swiss guards; and these two bodies of troops, by their cross fire, would annihilate the columns of the people that attempted to penetrate into the Court from the Carrousel. Between these two hedges of bayonets, five pieces of cannon, pointed against the Carrousel, were ranged before the great gate of the Tuileries, and would have swept away their assailants on this side, as the five guns in the garden opened on them on the other. Such dispositions rendered the other courts impregnable. The deputation advanced to the battalion of the national guard, and Rœderer, placing himself in the center, addressed them in firm and moderate terms befitting the organ of the law:—"No attack, a steady countenance, and firmly on the defensive."

IX.

The battalion displayed neither enthusiasm nor hesitation. The procureur syndic went into the center of the crowd to address the artillerymen, who immediately retreated out of hearing, as if to avoid an appeal, which they

had predetermined not to obey. One of them, however, a man of martial exterior and resolute demeanor, went up to the magistrate and said, "But if they fire on us, shall you be there?" "I shall be there," replied Rœderer; "and not behind the cannon, but before them; so that if any one should perish to-day, we shall perish first in defense of the laws!" "We shall all be there," exclaimed the members of the department at once. At these words an artilleryman drew the charge of his gun, and scattered the powder on the ground, and, treading on the lighted match, extinguished it. The people applauded the artilleryman from the top of the walls of the Carrousel.

After some vain attempts to address the other soldiers, during which the door was being continually struck by the persons without, and amid loud noises of the multitude, as it increased, the members of the department retired, and the hour of the *dénoûment* was advancing.

X.

The queen, seeing that this *dénoûment* would come with day, and that it would be one of blood, and unwilling that the assault of the chateau, and the daggers of the Marseillais should surprise the children in their beds, had them awakened, dressed, and brought to her at five o'clock in the morning. The king and queen embraced them most tenderly, as we cling to those whom we fear will be snatched from us. The dauphin was full of mirth, and as happy as his age. The unusual hour of rising, the military preparations in the apartments, gardens, and courts, amused him —the glitter of the arms masked their deadly purposes. His sister, older and more reflective, saw the destiny before her in the eyes of her mother and the prayers of her aunt. The presence of these lovely children between the two princesses, excited the national guard posted in the rooms, and roused even to enthusiasm the volunteers stationed in the gallery of the Caraccis.

But to extend this moral electricity to the masses, we should have its first strong impulses within ourselves: heroes only can communicate heroism; and Louis XVI. had neither in his language nor his soul that which could influence a multitude. It sought in him a king, it only found him the father of a family. The very appearance of the man was prejudicial to his *prestige* as a king. He had not

in his person either the grace of youth that attracts, nor the majesty of old age which calls forth men's sympathies. Nothing martial revealed in him the chief to his soldiers or the father to his people. Instead of wearing a uniform and mounting his charger, he was on foot, in a violet-colored suit (the mourning color of kings), without boots or spurs, with silk stockings, buckles in his shoes, a cocked hat under his arm, his hair curled and powdered on the previous evening, and which had not been again arranged after the short and disturbed slumbers of the night. His look, intimidated not by the danger, but what was each moment told to him, was vague, indecisive, and wandering; his lips wore the smile, gracious but unmeaning, which had marked his royal life; his step heavy, but uncertain, balanced his body from one foot to the other, as in the ceremonious receptions of the Court. His whole person wanted decision; he waited for every thing, suggested nothing. His sole *prestige* was in his degradation.

XI.

Still, the mere presence of the king, summoned from his rest by insurrection; of the queen and her sister, dressed in mourning; of the children, all seeking defense in the fidelity of the soldiery, had, in itself, an eloquence which needed no words. The king stammered forth a few indistinct syllables, and they were interrupted by the shouts from without, or the clang of arms as the posts presented to the king. The queen, who followed the king step by step, gave emphasis to his language by her noble appearance, by the proud, yet gracious, carriage of her head, and her dignified look. She would fain have inspired him, but only allowed her reddened cheek and acute emotions to speak for her those feelings of the queen, the wife, and the mother, whose expression her sex compelled her to repress. It was evident that she was most deeply affected, but that courage and indignation dried her tears almost before they flowed. Her breathing was short, strong, and, as it were, impeded; her bosom heaved distressedly. Her features, haggard and pale from sleeplessness, but acted upon by her mind, and inspired by her courage; her eyes, which darted lightning at all who gazed upon her; her look, which penetrated, implored dared at the same time, just as she encountered

cold looks or friendly greetings; the anxiety with which she sought, in various countenances, the impression made by the king's words; her elevated, tremulous lip; her aquiline nose, with the nostrils expanded by emotion; the attitude of her head, elevated by danger; her dignified step; her arms hanging listless by her side; her proud carriage; the remains, still most beautiful, of that loveliness which began to pale under the finger of time, as did her fortune beneath her sufferings; the recollection of the adoration she had inspired in these very apartments, where she now vainly implored a few arms to defend her; the rays of the morning's sun penetrating into her apartments, and playing in her hair, like a crown wavering over her brow; the various arms, the crowd, the clamors, the silence in the midst of which she advanced—all impressed upon her person the majesty of courage, dignity, sorrow, which in the eyes of the spectators equaled the solemnity of the scene and the importance of the moment. It was the Niobe of monarchy —the statue of royalty dethroned, but which had not suffered soil or degradation in its fall. Never did she reign more than on this day!

XII.

She was a queen in spite of the people, in despite of destiny. Her appearance affected all. The Swiss guard, *gendarmerie*, grenadiers, volunteers, gentlemen, citizens, people—all, and every where, they were worked upon by the same enthusiasm. Every look, every gesture, every word, promised a thousand lives for her life. Some begged to kiss her hand, others prayed her to touch only their arms, others threw their cloaks beneath her feet and those of the dauphin and Madame Royale; while a few, more familiar, lifted up the boy in their arms above their heads —a living banner for which they swore to die.

At this the queen, highly excited, seized two pistols from the belt of M. d'Affry, commandant of the Swiss, and presenting them to the king, said, "Now is the moment to save yourself, or to perish with glory in the midst of your friends!" The king returned the pistols to M. d'Affry; he felt that the sight of those arms would make him unpopular, and that his best defense, in the sight of the citizens, was his inviolability and the law.

XIII.

The king advanced to the Cour Royale, followed by Messrs. de Boissieu and de Menou, *marechaux de camp* at the chateau; Messrs. de Maillardoz and de Bachmann, superior officers of the Swiss; M. de Lejard, formerly minister of war; M. de Dubouchage, minister of marine, and the Prince de Poix; Noailles, formerly captain of the *gardes du corps*. The noise of the beating of drums; the voices of the officers, as they ordered the soldiers to present arms; the shouts of the body of royalists, as they collected at the doors, the windows, and balconies, and raised their hats in the air with cries of *Vive le roi!*—had some effect on the battalions under arms, and they uttered a few final cries of fidelity. The queen, Madame Elizabeth, the women, and servants who surrounded them, wept for joy, on observing these tokens of attachment; but their satisfaction was brief. Two doubtful battalions entered the court-yards during the review. Silent and sullen, they contrasted with the devoted battalions, and the artillerymen, until then neuter, immediately fraternized with them. M. de Boissieu judged it prudent to remove these battalions, and assigned them a place farther away from the palace, near the banks of the Seine. They defiled before the king with cries of *Vive la nation!*

From the court-yards the king passed into the garden. The royalist battalions of the Quartier de Petits Pères and Filles Saint Thomas, drawn up in battle-array on the two sides of the grand entrance on the terrace of the chateau, overwhelmed him with their enthusiasm and their oaths. Grenadiers surrounded him, begging him to review their comrades, posted at the end of the garden, at the turning-bridge, in order to confirm, by his presence, this post, so important for defense. The king resolved on the attempt, in spite of the representations of some persons of his suite, who feared he might be assailed in his way by the battalions of pikes who were stationed near the terrace at the water's edge.

The small royalist party traversed the garden without molestation. The grenadiers of the turning-bridge showed themselves full of resolution and energy; but two feelings divided the national guard, as it did France. Scarcely had the king quitted the turning-bridge to return to the

chateau, than battalions of pikes began to vociferate their insults and menaces against the Court, and their clamors reached to the apartments of the Tuileries. "Grand Dieu," exclaimed the queen, "it is the king they are hooting—we are lost!"

The king entered, pale, exhausted, and bathed in perspiration, despair in his soul, and shame upon his brow. During his return, he had been overwhelmed with agony and degradation. He had seen brandished, at a distance, against his person, those pikes, sabers, and bayonets collected for his defense. Clenched fists, threatening gestures, foul language, savage demeanor of ruffians trying to descend from the terrace into the garden to attack his guard, and with difficulty restrained by their comrades—all these had accompanied him to the very door, and his small escort had been scarcely able to save his life.

XIV.

It was seven o'clock, and the tocsin had not ceased during the whole of the night. The streets were crowded with dense masses of the people, awaiting the battalions from the different *quartiers*. The two points whence all directions proceeded were, the one the Hôtel-de-Ville, with Santerre and Westermann; and the other, the ancient building of the Cordeliers, where the club of that name was, and where the Marseillais were in barracks.

The Cordeliers, with their club and barrack, were in the Quartier St. Marceau, and were to the left bank of the Seine what the Hôtel-de-Ville was to the Faubourg St. Antoine and to the right bank—the heart and arm of the insurrection. At midnight, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Fabre d'Eglantine, Carra, Rebecqui, Barbaroux, and the principal ringleaders of the club held a permanent sitting. Danton, the orator of the Cordeliers and the statesman of the people, had opened the hall to the Marseillais. "To arms," he said to them; "you hear the tocsin, that voice of the people which calls you to the succor of your brothers of Paris. You have hastened from the extremity of the empire to defend the head of the nation, menaced in the capital by the conspiracies of despotism! Let this tocsin sound the last hour of kings, and the first hour of vengeance and the liberty of the people! To arms, and *Ca Ira!*"

Danton had scarcely uttered these words than the air of *Ca Ira* shook the very vaults of the Cordeliers. Some of the leaders had passed the night in arranging the Marseillais, getting them under arms, and placing round their battalions the *fédérés* of Brest; and thus formed a positive revolutionary encampment in the court-yards and buildings of the Cordeliers. The artillerymen of Brest and Marseilles were lying down with their matches lighted, close to their guns. Danton, meanwhile, had retired, uncertain still of the probable success; and while he was supposed to be occupied in framing, at mysterious councils, the secret threads of conspiracy, he had returned to his abode and laid down with his clothes on to sleep for a few moments, while his wife watched and wept beside his couch. After having conceived the plan and given it impulse, he had surrendered the further progress of it to men of blows and action, and the fate of his schemes to the cowardice or energy of the people. It was not timidity; it was a profound theory of revolutions. Danton possessed the philosophy of tempests: he was well aware that once formed, it is impossible to direct them, and that there are in convulsions of people, as in those of battle, chances for which a man can do nothing more than lie down and sleep, awaiting them.

BOOK XXII.

I.

Scarcely had Santerre concerted the final arrangements at the Hôtel-de-Ville with the new commissaries of the sections than he set out for the quay, giving to the Marseillais the Pont Neuf, as the point of junction for the two columns. A man on a small black horse preceded them. On reaching the gates of the Carrousel he assumed the command by the mere right of his uniform, and the authority of Danton. The multitude obeyed him from the lack of direction and unity which renders the masses powerless at the moment of danger. He made his troops defile in good order, drew them up in line on the Carrousel, placed his cannon in the center, extending the two wings so as to watch

and control the wavering battalions, who seemed to await the result before they declared themselves. These arrangements made, with the glance and coolness of a consummate general, he moved forward slowly on his horse to the door of the Cour Royale, accompanied by a body of the *fédérés* of Brest and Marseilles, struck at the gate with the pommel of his sword, and demanded, in a tone of command, that they should open to the people.

The man was Westermann, a young banished Prussian. He had been in the French service a few years before the Revolution, and the vacancies left in the armies by emigration had given him his commission. Intelligent, daring, and brave, he had instinctively anticipated the civil war, and that military advancement which revolutions bear in their bosoms for fortunate soldiers. Coming to Paris about the 10th of August, he had espoused the cause of the people, resolving to die or rise to fame in their defense. Danton had found, appreciated, and enrolled him. Santerre, although commander-in-chief, had recognized the superiority of the young German, and left to him the command of the avant-garde, and the chances of this expedition.

Westermann, finding that the Swiss and national grenadiers refused to open the doors, ordered five pieces of cannon to be advanced, and threatened to burst them open. The doors were of wood, and so decayed as to be incapable of any resistance.

Borie and Leroux, the municipal officers, Rœderer, and the other departmental members, witnesses of the hesitation of the troops, and struck with the imminence of the danger, hastily returned to the chateau. "Sire," said Rœderer, entering the closet of the king (who was there with his family,) his hands resting on his knees in the attitude of a man who is waiting and listening, "the department desires to speak to your majesty, with no witnesses but your own family." On a signal from the king, all retired except the ministers. "Sire," continued the magistrate, "you have not five minutes to lose; neither the number nor the feelings of the men assembled here to defend you can guaranty your life, and the lives of your family. The artillerymen have drawn the charges of their guns. The defection is general in the garden and in the courtyards; the Carrousel is occupied by the Marseillais. There is no safety for you but in the bosom of the Assembly. This is the opinion of the department, the only legitimate

power which has at this moment the responsibility of your life and the constitution." "But," said the king, "I have not remarked any numbers on the Carrousel." "Sire," replied Rœderer, "there are twelve pieces of cannon, and the vast army of the faubourgs advances on the heels of the Marseillais." The queen, turning to Rœderer, said, "Sir, we have still some forces left." "Madame," was the reply, all Paris is on the march." Then resuming his advice to the king, with a still stronger tone, he added, "Sire, time presses: it is no longer an entreaty that we address to you; we have but one resource left; we ask your permission to use violence toward you, and to conduct you forcibly to the Assembly."

The king lifted up his head, looked Rœderer fixedly in the face for a few seconds, in order to read in his eyes whether his entreaties revealed his safety or a snare; then, turning toward the queen, and interrogating her with a rapid glance, she said, "Let us go;" and he instantly rose. Rœderer advised the king not to be attended by any persons of the Court, and to have no escort but the department, and a double line of national grenadiers. The ministers demanded not to be separated from the head of the executive power. The queen entreated the same favor for the Princesse de Lamballe and Madame de Tourzal, the *gouvernante* of her children. The department consented, and Rœderer, then advancing to the door of the king's closet, and elevating his voice, exclaimed to the crowd of spectators, "The king and his family are going to the Assembly alone, and with no other attendants than the department and ministers—clear the way."

II.

The news of the king's departure spread in moment throughout the palace. The last hour of the monarchy could not have sounded more solemnly and sinistrously in the ears of his defenders. Respect alone restrained the indignation and grief of the Swiss guard, and the gentlemen whose courage and blood were thus rejected. Tears of shame rose to their eyes; some of them tore the cross of Saint Louis from their breasts, and snapped their swords into two pieces. The guard arrived, and the cortège passed along silently, amid countenances full of consternation. Eyes dared not meet eyes. At the moment when

they were quitting the peristyle, and just crossing the threshold, the king addressed the procureur syndic, who was in advance of him, saying, "What is to become of our friends who remain there?" Rœderer assured the prince as to their safety, saying there would be no opposition to any and all going out without arms or uniform—an assertion involuntarily false, as the hour and death were but too soon to demonstrate. At the moment, as they descended from the vestibule to be garden, Louis XVI. had, as it were, a last warning of his destiny, a lingering remorse at his voluntary abdication. He turned toward the courts, looked over the heads of those who followed him, paused in his advance, and said to the members of the department, "I do not see any very large gathering in the Carrousel." Rœderer repeated his former assertions, to which the king listened seemingly incredulous, then made the last step over the threshold, like a man wearied of opposing, and who yields from lassitude and fatality rather than from conviction.

III.

The king crossed the garden unopposed, between two files of bayonets, which advanced beside him; the departmental and municipal officers being in advance; the queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the children coming in the rear. The vast space from one terrace to the other was entirely free.

The president of the department left the *cortège* here, to inform the Assembly of the arrival of the king, and the motives of his retreat. The slowness of his advance enabled a deputation of the Assembly to come out and meet him. "Sire," said the head of the deputation, "the Assembly, anxious to insure your safety, offers to you and your family an asylum in its bosom." The representatives then mingled in the procession and surrounded the king.

The advance of the lines across the garden, visible from the café and out of the windows of the Manège, the approach of the king known among the crowd gathered about the Assembly, had suddenly collected the mob on the point of the terrace of the Feuillants, which it was necessary to cross in order to pass from the garden into the hall of the Assembly. On reaching the foot of the stair-case, a large assemblage of men and women, shrieking and gesticulating with fury, refused to allow the royal

family to advance. "No, no, no, they shall not come to deceive the nation again! There must be an end of this! they are the cause of all our misfortunes! Down with the *veto!* down with the Austrian woman! Abdication or death!" Insulting gestures and threats accompanied this language. The deputies declared that an order of the Assembly summoned the king and the royal family to them; the mob gave way, and the king thus had his progress to the Assembly opened to him. At this place some of the guard of the legislative body received him and marched beside him. "Sire," said one of these men, with a southern accent, "don't be afraid; the people are just, but they will not be deceived for a long time together Be a good citizen, sire, and send the priests and your wife away from your palace!" The king answered him without any symptom of anger. The mob choked the narrow and dark entrance, and for a moment the queen and the children were separated from the king. At this moment a *sapeur*, who had but recently uttered violent invectives against the queen, suddenly softened by the anguish she manifested, took in his arms the child she was leading, and raising him above the crowd, made way with his elbows, and entering the chamber close behind the king, placed the prince royal on the table of the Assembly, amid the applause of all present.

IV.

The king, his family, and the two ministers went toward the seats appropriated to the ministry, and took their place beside Vergniaud, who presided. The king said, "I have come hither to prevent a great crime: I thought I could not be safer than with you." "You may rely, sire," replied Vergniaud, "on the firmness of the National Assembly: its members have sworn to die in supporting the rights of the people and the constituted authority." The king took his seat: there were but few members of the Assembly present; a mournful silence pervaded the hall, every countenance was saddened; looks, respectful and sympathizing, were involuntarily directed toward the king, the queen, Madame Elizabeth, the young princess, already in the bud of youth, and on the child who held her hand, and whose brows she was wiping.

Hatred fell dead before the feeling excited by the sud-

den vicissitudes which had snatched this monarch, this father, these children, these women from their home, without any assurance that the should return to it!

V.

The discussion began, when a member rising, observed that the constitution forbade any deliberations in the presence of the king. "True," said Louis XVI., bowing his head. It was then agreed that the royal family should be placed in the seats reserved for the reporters, called the *Tribune du Logographe.*

This box, about ten feet square, behind the president, was on a level with the highest seats in the Assembly, and only separated from the hall itself by an iron grating secured in the wall. Hither the king was conducted, and the young secretaries who took notes of the debates made all the room they could for the family of Louis XVI. The king sat in the front of the box; the queen in a corner, where her face was concealed by an angle of the building; Maame Elizabeth, the children, and the governess, on a bench placed against the wall; at the back of the box, the two ministers, some officers of the king's household, the Duc de Choiseul, Carl, the commandant of the horse *gendarmerie*, M. de Sainte Croix, M. Dubouchage, the Prince de Poix, Messrs. de Vioménil, de Montmorin, d'Hervilly, de Briges, the last of the courtiers, stood near the door. A body of grenadiers of the *garde* of the Assembly, with some superior officers of the king's escort, filled the passage and prevented the free circulation of air. The heat was exceedingly oppressive, and the perspiration dripped from the brows of Louis XVI. and the children. The Assembly became fuller at every instant, and the interior of this narrow place was like a furnace. The stir in the Assembly, the motions of the orators, the petitions of the sectionaries, the noisy conversations of the deputies created disturbance within, while the people without were tumultuously demanding entrance. The assassins having begun their work of blood in the court-yards of the Manège, the shrieks of the victims, supplications, blows which gave death, bodies that fell, and other noises, were distinctly heard.

Scarcely was the king in this asylum than an increase of uproar from without created an alarm lest the doors should

be driven in, and the mob find entrance and sacrifice the king, who had no retreat in this dungeon. Vergniaud gave orders to remove the iron grating which separated the box from the chamber, so that Louis XVI. might take refuge among them in the center of the deputies, if the people rushed in by the passages. In the absence of workmen and tools, some of the nearest deputies, aided by M. de Choiseul, the Prince de Poix, the ministers, and the king himself—accustomed to the rough work of lock-making—united their efforts, and tore the iron grating away from its fastenings. By this precaution there was still one rampart left for the king against the steel of the populace. Still, as he was, the majesty of royalty was exposed to its enemies in the hall. The conversations of which he was the object continually assailed his ears. The king and queen saw and understood every thing. At once spectators and victims, they were present for fourteen hours, during which they underwent unspeakable degradation.

The king was calm, serene, and as unconcerned in appearance as though a mere spectator of a drama in which another was the actor. His robust temperament made him sensible of the appetites of the body, and the actual want of nourishment, even during the strongest affections of the mind. Nothing suspended the powerful action of his system; the pressure on his feelings actually sharpened the requirements of his frame. He was hungry at his usual hour, and they brought to him bread, wine, and cold viands; he ate, and drank, and cut up his victuals as calmly as if he had been refreshing after a day's hunting on horseback in the woods at Versailles. In him the physical overpowered the mental.

The queen, who was acquainted with the popular calumnies which were afloat respecting the king's eating and drinking, suffered dreadfully at seeing him thus eating at such a moment. She refused to taste any thing, and the royal family followed her example. She did not speak; but her lips were closed, her dry and burning eyes, her cheeks inflamed with the redness of anger and humiliation, her dejected mien—yet firm in its melancholy, her arms dropped on her knees, her whole aspect was that of a heroine disarmed—unable any longer to fight, but still contending courageously against misfortune.

The young princess wept, and the heat dried her tears upon her cheeks. The dauphin looked in the hall, and in-

quired of his father the names of certain deputies, and Louis XVI. answered him with composure. He spoke to some as they passed before his box; while certain of them bowed with respect, others turned their heads and affected not to see him. One person only behaved with brutality; and that was the painter David, who was recognized by the king as he looked at him from the entrance. Louis asked him if he should soon have completed his portrait. "I will never for the future paint the portrait of a tyrant," replied David, "until his head lies before me on the scaffold." The king looked down and was silent at this brutal insult. David mistook his moment. A dethroned king is but a man: a bold word before tyranny becomes cowardice in the presence of a reverse of fortune.

VI.

While the hall was filled, and in this agitated but inactive state of expectation, the people, unrestrained by any armed force in the Rue St. Honoré, had penetrated to the very threshold of the Assembly, clamoring loudly for twenty-two prisoners, royalists, arrested during the night in the Champs Elysées by the national guard. These prisoners were accused of having formed a portion of the secret patrole of the palace; and their uniform, arms, and card of admission to the Tuileries found on their persons, proved in fact that they were national guards, volunteers devoted to the king. As they had been arrested, they were placed in the guard-house of the Cour des Feuillants. At eight o'clock they led thither a young man about thirty years of age, in the costume of the national guard. His proud and manly countenance, his martial appearance, and the name of Suleau, hated by the people, had attracted attention to him.

It was Suleau, one of those young royalist writers who, like André Chénier, Roucher, Mallet-Dupan, Serizy, and many others who embraced the cause of the monarchy when it had been abandoned by all the world, and mistook their generous feelings for the conviction of their minds. The populace hated Suleau, as every tyranny hates its Tacitus. In vain did the young writer produce an order of the municipal commissioners that summoned him to the chateau, he was cast into the same dungeon as the rest. His name had worked upon and irritated the crowd that loudly

demanded his head. A commissioner, mounted on a table, harangued the crowd, and sought to delay the crime by promising justice. Théroigne de Méricourt, dressed in a riding-habit and brandishing a naked saber in her hand, hurled the commissioner from the table and assumed his place. By her language she aroused the people's thirst for blood, and caused commissioners of every section to be appointed by acclamation, who ascended with her to the committee of the section, to snatch the victims from the slow forms of the law.

The president of the section, Bonjour, head clerk in the bureau of the minister for naval affairs, and who was himself ambitious of the ministry, forbade the national guard to resist the will of the people. Two hundred armed men obeyed this order, and surrendered the prisoners; eleven escaped by a back window, eleven still remained in the corps de garde; they were summoned, one after the other, into the court-yard, to be immolated. A few national guards, more humane or less cowardly, wished, in spite of the orders of Bonjour, to rescue these unhappy men. "No," cried Suleau, "let me meet them; I see that to-day the people must have blood—perhaps that of one victim may suffice. I will pay for all!" He was about to leap out of the window, but they held him.

VII.

The Abbé Bougon, a dramatic writer, was seized the first. Endowed with prodigious strength, the abbé struggled with the energy of despair, and killed several of his assailants, but was at last overpowered by numbers, and hewn to pieces.

M. de Solminiac, one of the gardes du roi, was the second, and then two others. Those who awaited their fate in the corps de garde heard the cries and struggles of their friends, and suffered tenfold agony. Suleau was then summoned: he had been deprived of his bear-skin cap, his saber and bayonet, but his arms were free. A woman pointed him out to Théroigne de Méricourt, who did not know him personally, but who hated him by report, and burned to avenge herself for the derision to which his writings upheld her. Théroigne seized him by the collar. Suleau, however, disengaged himself, and wrested a saber from one of his assailants, and had well-nigh cut his way

through them, when he was thrown down, disarmed, and, pierced by twenty swords, expired at the feet of Théroigne. His head was cut off and borne in triumph about the Rue St. Honoré. Such was the first blood shed on this day, and which only served to render the people more greedy of it.

VIII.

The departure of the king had left the chateau in doubt and hesitation. A tacit truce seemed to exist between the defenders and the assailants of the palace. The field of battle was removed from the Tuileries to the Assembly, and it was there that the monarchy was doomed to rise or fall. The conquest or defense of an empty palace would only cause a useless effusion of blood, and this the advanced guards of both sides comprehended. The Marshal de Mailly, to whom the king had intrusted the command of the troops of the chateau, had orders to repel by force all attempts to violate the royal domicil.

Two vague hopes yet remained to the king and queen during these earlier events of the day. The first, that the Assembly, touched by the humiliation of royalty, proud to offer it an asylum, would possess sufficient generosity and sufficient influence over the people to bring back the king in triumph to his palace, and avenge, in his person, the executive power. The second, that the people and the Marseillais would be defeated in their attack on the chateau by the Swiss and the national guard; and that this victory, gained at the Tuileries, would free the king from the power of the Assembly.

IX.

The chateau, deprived of a portion of its military, and of all moral force, by the absence of the king and his escort, more resembled, at this moment, a public thoroughfare than the head-quarters: no one gave or received orders; all was left to chance. The forces diminished; two hundred Swiss, with M. Bachmann and the staff, and three hundred of the national guards, had followed the king to the Assembly, and awaited his orders at the doors of the Manège. The Tuileries were now only defended by seven hundred Swiss, two hundred half-armed gentlemen, and about a hundred national guards, scattered at a multitude of posts, and in

the courts and gardens a few disbanded battalions and artillerymen, ready to turn their pieces against the chateau. But the intrepid bearing of the Swiss, and the very aspect of the walls of the chateau, so often described to them as the center of all conspiracies, and the strong-hold of despotism, struck terror into the hearts of the populace, and delayed the onset.

X.

At ten minutes past nine the gates of the Cour Royale were burst in without any attempt being made by the national guard to defend them, and a few groups of people entered the court-yard, but without approaching the chateau. They watched from a distance, conversing in language free from menace, as though they awaited, by common consent, the decision of the Assembly respecting the king. The columns of the Faubourg Saint Antoine had not yet arrived at the Carrousel; but as soon as the head of the column debouched on the place from the quay, Westermann ordered the Marseillais to follow him, and entering the court with a pistol in his hand, formed his troop into military array before the chateau. The artillerymen instantly passed over to Westermann, and turned against the Tuileries the six pieces of cannon on each side of the court; while the people hailed this manœuver with loud applause, embraced the artillerymen, and shouted, "Down with the Swiss; they must surrender their arms to the people!" But the Swiss listened to these cries, and saw these gestures unmoved; discipline and honor seemed to have taught them to disregard aught else. Their sentinels paced up and down with the same measured pace with which they would have mounted their guard in the silent and deserted courts of Versailles; and each time the soldier on guard appeared in the court-yard, the terrified crowd shrunk back toward the Marseillais, and again advanced when the sentinel disappeared beneath the arch of the vestibule. At last, however, the people took courage, and fifty men from the faubourgs and *fédérés* advanced to the foot of the grand stair-case. On this the Swiss retreated to the landing and the steps separated from the peristyle by a wooden barricade, leaving only a single sentinel on the outside, with orders not to fire, no matter what insults were offered to him. This forbearance of the Swiss encouraged the assail-

ants, and several men, armed with long poles terminated by iron hooks, seized the soldier by his uniform, or belt, drew him toward them by force, disarmed, and captured him. Five times did the Swiss replace their sentinel, and five times did the populace thus make them prisoners. The loud acclamations of the conquerors, and the sight of the five Swiss disarmed, encouraged the crowd, who rushed *en masse* into the hall. There some of the most ferocious beat out the brains of the unhappy Swiss before the eyes of their comrades. A shot was fired at this moment in the court, or from the windows—some say by a Swiss soldier, others by the Marseillais. This shot was the signal for the combat.

XI.

At this report Captain Turler and M. de Castelberg, the commanding officers of the Swiss, ranged their soldiers behind their banner; some on the steps of the stair-case and the landing of the chapel overlooking those steps, and the rest on the double stair leading from the landing of the chapel to the guard-room—a formidable position, which permitted five divisions to cross their fire and sweep the vestibule. The people were unable to retire from the pressure of those without; and at the first volley the hall was filled with dead and wounded. A soldier took aim at a man of enormous size and stature, who had himself massacred four of the disarmed sentinels, and the murderer fell dead on the bodies of his victims. The crowd retreated in disorder to the Carrousel, and were fired upon from the windows; the cannon on the Carrousel replied, but the balls were badly aimed, and only struck the roof. The Cour Royale was instantly evacuated, and remained strewn with pikes, muskets, and grenadiers' caps, while the fugitives dropped from the walls and sheltered themselves behind the sentry-boxes of the horse-soldiers. Some threw themselves on the ground and feigned death, and the artillerymen left their pieces and were borne along with the flying masses.

At this sight the Swiss descended in a body from the grand stair-case, and divided themselves into two columns: one of which, under the command of M. de Salis, marched out by the door of the garden to carry the three pieces of artillery at the gate of the Manège and bring them to the

Tuileries; the other, amounting to a hundred and twenty men, and some national guards, commanded by Captain Turler, debouched by the Cour Royale, and passed over the bodies of their slaughtered comrades. At the sight of the soldiers the court was instantly evacuated, and they seized upon the three guns and dragged them under the archway, but they were, unfortunately, destitute of ammunition or matches.

Captain Turler, perceiving that the court was cleared, marched into the Carrousel by the Porte Royale, formed his troop into square, and poured a tremendous fire into the columns of the people. The populace, the *fédérés*, and the Marseillais retreated to the quays and streets, and spread a panic among those in the rear, as far as the Hôtel-de-Ville and the boulevards. While these two columns cleared the Carrousel, eight Swiss, a hundred gentlemen volunteers, and thirty national guards formed themselves spontaneously into a column in another wing of the chateau, descended the stairs of the Pavillon de Flore, and hastened to the assistance of their comrades. While crossing the Cour des Princes, guided by the noise of the *fusillade* in the Cour Royale, a volley of grape was poured into them from the Prince's Gate, which thinned their ranks fearfully, and swept the apartments of the queen. Although reduced to a hundred and fifty men, this column charged up to the cannon, carried them at the point of the bayonet, entered the Carrousel, silenced the fire of the Marseillais, and returned to the Tuileries by the Porte Royale. The two corps carried off the cannon, and, bearing their wounded with them, re-entered the chateau.

The Swiss removed the dead bodies to make room for their wounded, whom they laid on chairs and benches, while the steps and floor streamed with blood. M. de Salis also brought back through the garden the two pieces of cannon which he had taken at the gate of the Manège. The soldiers, exposed going and returning to the cross fire of the battalions of national guards posted on the terrace near the river side, and that of the Feuillants, had left thirty of their number, out of a hundred, dead or dying; yet they had not replied by a single shot to this unexpected attack on the part of the national guard. Discipline had overcome every other feeling: their duty was to die for their king, and they fell without drawing a trigger against a French uniform.

If at the moment that the sudden sortie of the Swiss had cleared the Tuileries and Carrousel, these foreign soldiers had been seconded by a few cavalry detachments, the insurgents, cut off and driven back on every side, would have abandoned the field of battle to the defenders of the king. The nine hundred *gensdarmes* stationed since the previous evening in the court of the Louvre, the Place du Palais Royal, the Champs Elysées, and at the entrance of the Pont Royal, were more than sufficient to disperse and overthrow these disordered and half-armed masses. But this body, on which most reliance was placed by the chateau, deserted the cause and refused to obey its officers. Already, since the arrival of the Marseillais at the Carrousel, the five hundred *gensdarmes* in the court of the Louvre displayed all the signs of insubordination. They replied to the addresses of the crowd by waving their caps in the air, and shouting *Vive la nation!* At the first cannon-shot they hastily remounted their horses, imagining that they were cooped up there to be massacred. The Marshal de Mailly sent them orders to file by squadrons through the gate of the Colonnade, to cut off the army of Santerre by charging on the quay, and then to divide themselves into two bodies, one of which would drive the people back on the Faubourg Saint Antoine, and the other toward the Champ Elysées. There another squadron, posted in the Place Louis XV., with cannon, would charge them, and drive them into the river.

M. de Rulhières, who commanded the *gendarmerie*, having assembled his officers to inform them of this order, was told that their soldiers would abandon them; and to preserve an appearance of control and prevent glaring insubordination, it was necessary to withdraw them from the field of battle to some other point. "Cowards!" exclaimed one of the officers, "if you only wish to run, go to the Champs Elysées; there is space enough there!" At this moment, when their minds were as yet undecided, the crowd, driven out of the Carrousel by the fire of the Swiss, rushed into the court of the Louvre, and, mingling with the ranks, exclaimed, "They are massacring our brothers!" At these cries the *gensdarmes* quitted the line, dashed by twos and threes through the gate leading to the Rue du du Coq, and galloped furiously along the streets adjoining the Palais Royal.

XIII.

The Swiss were victorious. The courts empty, the guns recaptured, and silence prevailed around the Tuileries. The Swiss reloaded and fell into the ranks at the orders of their officers; but alas! this useless victory was but one of those intervals that inevitable catastrophes grant their victims, not to conquer but to breathe.

XIV.

The cannon of the Marseillais, the volleying musketry of the Swiss, as they resounded along the vaulted roof of the Manège, had variously affected those the fate of whose ideas, throne, and life was being decided by this unseen contest but a few paces distant.

The roar of the cannon and the sound of the musketry seemed to increase and draw nearer; the window panes rattled as though struck by the balls, and one general cry burst from the Assembly. The members listened to the noise, and glanced indignantly at the king, while an expression of anger and solemn intrepidity appeared on their features. Vergniaud, stern, silent, and calm as patriotism itself, covered his head as a sign of mourning. At this gesture, that seemed to interpret the feelings of a whole people, the deputies rose, as if by an electric movement, and cried *Vive la nation!* The king then rose, and informed the Assembly that he had sent orders to the Swiss to cease firing and retire to their barracks. M. d'Hervilly went to carry this order to the chateau, while the deputies reseated themselves, and awaited for some minutes in silence the effect of the king's commands.

Suddenly two volleys of musketry were heard proceeding from the battalions of national guards, who fired upon the column of M. de Salis. Several voices exclaimed that the Swiss were at the doors, and were about to massacre the representatives of the nation. Hasty steps, accompanied by the rattle of arms, were heard in the corridor; several armed men endeavored to enter, but were repulsed by the more intrepid deputies. The Assembly believed that they were about to fall victims to the vengeance of the Swiss; but no unworthy fear disgraced the nation about to perish in their person. "Now is the time to prove our-

selves worthy of the people by perishing at the post they have assigned us," said Vergniaud. At these words all the deputies reseated themselves. "Let us all at this fatal hour swear to live or die free." At these words the whole Assembly rose; and this example was followed by the tribunes. "And we also," cried they, "swear to die with you."

XV.

The Swiss who had occasioned this movement were the officers of the escort of the king, who were seeking a refuge in order to avoid the fire of the battalions of the Terrace des Feuillants. They were admitted to the Cour du Manège and disarmed, by the king's orders.

During this scene, M. d'Hervilly reached the chateau, amid a fire of balls, at the moment when the column of M. de Salis returned with the guns. "Gentlemen," he called to them from the top of the terrace of the garden, as far as his voice could be heard, "*the king commands you all to surrender to the National Assembly;*" and then added of himself, and with a thought for the advantage of the king, "*with your cannon.*" At this order Captain Turler collected about 200 of his soldiers, wheeled one of the guns from the vestibule into the garden, attempted in vain to load it, and then marched toward the Assembly, without the other posts at the outside of the place being informed of this retreat in time to follow them. This column, fired at and wounded as it went by the national guards, arrived in this order, and with diminished numbers, at the door of the Manège, was brought into the Assembly, and there grounded arms. The Marseillais, informed of the retreat of a portion of the Swiss, and beholding the defection of the *gendarmerie*, advanced a second time, and the masses of the faubourgs Saint Marceau and Saint Antoine thronged the court-yards. Westermann and Santerre, sword in hand, pointed out to them the grand stair-case, and urged them to the attack, singing *Ca Ira.* The sight of their dead comrades lying in the Carrousel made them thirst for vengeance, and they looked on the Swiss as merely paid assassins. They swore that the pavement and the palais should be inundated with their blood, and they plunged, like a torrent of bayonets and pikes, beneath the lofty roof of the peristyle. Other columns entered the garden by the

gate of the Pont Royal and the Manège, and remained in crowds under the walls. Six pieces of cannon, brought from the Hôtel-de-Ville, and placed at the angles of the Rue Saint Nicaise, the Rue des Orties, and the Rue de l'Echelle, sent forth their balls and bullets against the chateau. The feeble detachments in the apartments rallied in disorder at the post nearest to them. Eighty men collected on the steps of the grand stair-case, and there firing two rounds, laid 400 Marseillais prostrate in the vestibule.

The carcasses of the slain served as steps for the others to escalade the position. The Swiss retreated slowly from step to step, leaving a rank of their men at every stair. The fire diminished with their numbers, but they all fired to the last gasp: the last shot was marked by the death of the last man.

Eighty dead bodies were heaped on the stair-case. From this moment the fight was nothing but a massacre. The Marseillais, the Brestois, the *fédérés*, the people crowded into the apartments. The few Swiss whom they found were killed in cold blood: some still tried to defend themselves, which only added to the rage of their murderers and the horror of their punishment. The majority threw down their arms at the feet of the people, went on their knees, stretched forth their heads for the blow, or demanded mercy; they seized them by the legs and arms, and flung them, still alive, from the windows. A band of seventeen had taken refuge in the sacristy of the chapel. They were discovered. In vain did the condition of their weapons, which they displayed to the people, prove that they had not fired during the day. They were disarmed, stripped, and their throats were cut amid shouts of *Vive la nation!* Not a man escaped.

XVI.

They who were in the Pavillon de Flore at the moment of attack, and in the apartments of the queen, were joined by 200 gentlemen, and some national guards, under the command of the Marshal de Mailly, forming a body of about 500 fighting men, who attempted to obey the king's order by evacuating the chateau in military form and going to him in the Assembly. The outlet in the court-yard was filled by the populace, and the cannonade was briskly kept up: the way by the garden was still practica-

ble, although under the fire of the battalions of the faubourgs, who occupied the Pont Royal, and the water's edge. In this direction the column advanced; but the queen's gate, by which access was obtained to the garden, was closed, and it resisted the most desperate efforts to force it; at length, an aperture was formed by which they could pass singly, and by this narrow hole the five hundred individuals must pass under the fire of the two battalions. Still they did not hesitate, for the cries of their comrades massacred in the rear, made them prefer a speedy and mortal ball to a slow and brutal assassination. The seven first who passed were shot down; the others advanced over their bodies, and hastened toward the garden. The red coats of the Swiss marked them out for the fire of the battalions, and this saved the gentlemen: the bullets selected the foreigner, and thus the Frenchman was spared. Every Swiss was killed or made prisoner. All who escaped, headed by M. de Choiseul, who led them gallantly on, entered, sword in hand, into the Assembly, in order to put themselves under the protection of the nation.

XVII.

The other remnant of the column which escaped from the chateau hoped to make its way by the turning-bridge. They arrived there under cover of the trees, whose bark was cut to pieces by the balls. A fire of grape from the bridge cut down sixty Swiss and fifteen gentlemen and others, wounded severely, escaped by the great alley; among these were Messrs. de Virieu, de Lamartine, and de Vioménil. Some afterward uniting, were made prisoners, sent to the prisons of Paris, and massacred on the 2d of September: others were cut down by the *gendarmerie;* and a few found refuge in cellars in the Rue Saint Florentin and at the hotel of the Venetian ambassador, Pisani, who braved death to save all the lives he could.

The few who escaped did so by chance.

XVIII.

One of the Swiss detachments, about thirty in number, headed by a page of the queen, threw themselves into the

court-yard of the hotel of the Marine. The page in vain represented to his companions that, thus hemmed in, they must all be killed. They were obstinate, and resolved on confiding themselves to the generosity of the people. Eight *fédérés* presented themselves at the gate, and the Swiss, going out one by one, threw down their muskets, believing their foes softened by this surrender of the conquered to the conquerors. "Cowards!" exclaimed one of the *fédérés* "you only surrender from fear; yet shall you not have quarter;" and as he spoke, he stabbed one Swiss with his pike, and shot another with a pistol; then cutting off their heads, they bore them in triumph on their sabers' points.

At this sight the Swiss were roused to the energy of despair; and, cheered by the young page, they picked up their muskets and fired a volley at the *fédérés*, killing seven out of the eight. Other *fédérés*, coming up with a piece of cannon, fired on them, and twenty-three out of the twenty-seven soldiers fell under the murderous discharge. The few others and the page sought refuge in a cellar of the hotel, and remained covered by a heap of sand until nightfall; then the porter of the hotel brought them food and clothing, and, cutting off their hair and mustaches, they thus escaped. Sixty others, who retreated in good order, were taken by the *gendarmerie*, and conveyed to the Hôtel-de-Ville. On reaching the Place de Grève, their escort massacred them to the last man, amid the acclamations of the people, and beneath the eyes of the Council of the Commune.

Thirty men, under the command of M. Forestier de Saint-Venant, a very young Swiss officer, were hemmed in on all sides in the Place Louis XV. With death staring them in the face, they determined to have vengeance, and thrice did they charge the post of *gendarmerie* and artillery on the Place Louis XV. at the bayonet's point, and thrice did they carry it. Three separate reinforcements arrive and surround this gallant band, who fall one by one, gradually stricken down by the deadly fire poured in upon them. Reduced to ten in number, they force a passage, and, gaining the Champs Elysées, fought from tree to tree, until every man fell dead. Saint-Venant alone was left, and unwounded; and, when about to climb over a garden wall, a *gendarme* on horseback leaped over the fosse which separated the walk from the horse-road, and killed him by a ball in the loins.

XIX.

While the remnants of the military forces of the chateau were dispersed or perished thus, the pitiless populace rushed into the apartments, over the carcasses of the Marseillais and Swiss, seeking there to assuage their thirst for vengeance. Gentlemen, pages, priests, librarians, valets-de-chambre, servants of the king, grooms of the chamber—all they found in the palace—were looked upon as the accomplices of royalty. The very walls incited them to revenge, and death itself was hardly deemed a sufficing expiation. None attempted any defense, and the whole was a scene of assassination.

The armed scoundrels of the faubourgs, with pike or knife in hand, spread throughout the apartments by the stair-cases and passages of the vast chateau, bursting open doors, breaking the furniture, ripping up the floors, flinging articles of beauty and value out of the windows—breaking for mischief, mutilating from hatred—not desirous of plunder, but of destruction. The people, even in their ferocity, scorned any thing but their enemies; they desired not gold, but blood, and displayed their hands stained with gore, but empty. Some common robbers, detected in the act of pilfering, were hung on the very instant, with an inscription pointing out their infamy.

XX.

The queen's ladies and the other female attendants; the Princesse de Tarente; Mesdames de Laroche-Aymon, de Ginestous, young Pauline de Tourzel, daughter of the gouvernante of the children of France, were at first assembled in the queen's apartments. The discharge of cannon in the Carrousel, the influx of the people, the defense of the Swiss, the momentary victory followed by the more desperate assault, cries, silence, the flight of victims pursued over their heads in the gallery of the Carracis, the fall of bodies flung from the balconies into the court-yards, the fierce shoutings of the multitude beneath their windows, seemed to suspend their very respiration during the period of three hours of such mortal terror.

Two grooms of the chamber, Messrs. Sallas and Marchais, who might have escaped, died in obedience to their

oath. "This is our post," they said to the Marseillais; "we will fall on the threshold we have sworn to defend." The groom of the queen's chamber, Diet, remained alone (generous sentinel!) at the entrance of the door to the women's apartments, and fell defending it. His dead body lying across the door-sill, still served as a rampart for these females. The Princesse de Tarente, who heard this last faithful guardian fall, went herself to open the door to the Marseillais. Their leader, struck by the courage and dignity of this lady in the presence of death, restrained his troop for a moment. The princess, taking by the hand the young and lovely Pauline de Tourzel, who had been confided to her by her mother, said to the Marseillais, "Strike me, but protect the honor and life of this young creature. She is a sacred trust, whom I have sworn to render to her mother; send her child to her, and take my blood."

The Marseillais, softened, respected and saved these women, confiding them to men of the people, who led them by stealth along the river, and they joined their families in safety.

XXI.

The pursuit of victims who sought to escape death lasted for three hours. Cellars, kitchens, subterranean passages, even the roofs of houses, dripped with gore. Some Swiss, who had concealed themselves in the stables, under heaps of forage, were stifled by the smoke or burned alive. The populace would have made an immense pile of the Tuileries; the out-houses were fired; and bonfires, formed of furniture, pictures, collections, books, were burning on the Carrousel. The deputations of the Assembly and the Commune with much difficulty preserved the Louvre and the Tuileries.

XXII.

Scarcely was the struggle concluded than Westermann, covered with blood and powder, came to Danton's, to receive the congratulations of his triumph, accompanied by some of the heroes of the day. Danton embraced them. Brune, Robert, Camille Desmoulins, Marat, Fabre d'Eglantine, went one after the other to embrace their leader, and seek fresh instructions for the evening. The women wept

with joy at seeing their husbands conquerors, whom they had believed killed by the cannon of the Swiss. Danton appeared absorbed in thought, and, as it were, astonished and repentant at the victory: he hesitated as to the course he should pursue; but he was one of those men who do not long hesitate, but leave events to decide. His fortune rose with the hour: next day he was minister

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BOOK XXIII.

I.

Let us return to the Assembly. Not knowing whether to take the part of the Revolution or the Constitution, it submitted in silence to all the acts committed without, and seemed as though its permanent sitting was solely to confirm what the people did; while the people, in the respect it pretended to pay the Assembly, merely gave its orders. Real power was already at the Hôtel-de-Ville, in the commissaries of the Commune. This the people perceived, and lent it strength.

Robespierre, who always reserved not his person, but his fortunes, and had concealed himself alike from friends and foes during the conspiracy and the combat, appeared during the day at the council of the Commune, where he was cheered by his disciples, Huguenin, Sergent, Panis, as the statesman of the crisis and the organizer of the victory.

Danton, after embracing his wife and children, came to the Cordeliers to receive the applauses of the conspirators of Charenton, and to convey to his accomplices the attitude, tone, and wish of the moment.

Even Marat left his cave, and, at the shouts of victory, rushed into the street at the head of a group of his fanatics and a column of the *fédérés* of Brest. He walked in Paris with a drawn saber in his hand and a crown of laurel on his brow. He had himself proclaimed commissary of his section in the name of his rags, his dungeons, and his furious invectives. He went with his satellites to the royal printing-house, seized the presses, and had them conveyed to his own abode, as a spoil due to his genius.

Tallien Collot d'Herbois, Billaut-Varennes, Camille

Desmoulins, all the leaders of Jacobins and Cordeliers, all the agitators, all the heads, all the voices, all the hands of the people, hurried to the Commune, and converted the municipal council into a provisional government of the nation. To these men were added Fabre d'Eglantine, Osselin, Fréron, Desforgues, Lenfant, Chénier, Legendre. This provisional council was the germ of the Convention. It assumed its part, and did not receive it. It acted dictatorially.

II.

There were only 300 members of the Assembly there present on the 10th of August. The members of the right and the constitutional party, foreseeing that they must sanction the will of the people or perish, had kept away from the sitting; the Jacobins and Girondists only were there. Still the benches unrepresented by members were filled with strangers, petitioners, members of clubs, working-men, who, sitting indiscriminately with the deputies, presented to the eye the image of the confusion of the people and their representatives, talking, gesticulating, consulting, rising with the members as if acted upon by a public peril, which identified the Assembly and the spectators. In an event of importance which interests the whole of society, no one considers, every one acts.

As soon as the people were masters of the chateau, the cries of victory penetrated from without by all the inlets of the Chamber. The Assembly rose *en masse*, and participated in the triumph of the people by an oath to maintain equality and liberty. Every instant some of the populace, with bare arms, hands imbrued with blood, countenances black with gunpowder, entered amid the applauses of the Assembly, advanced toward the bar, related in a few words the perfidious stratagems of the Court, which had, under the mask of capitulating, induced the people to come within range of the Swiss musketry; and then, pointing to the *loge du logographe*, offered their help to the nation to exterminate the tyrant and assassin of his people.

The Assembly then sent deputations in order to arrest the massacre. They made the Swiss enter the Cour des Feuillants, where they unloaded the muskets, and were then conducted into the courts and passages of the Chamber. The combatants then brought in and laid on the

table of the president, plate, sacks of gold, diamonds, precious stones, costly ornaments, and even portfolios and letters found in the apartments of the royal family. The arms, money, and assignats found on the persons of the Swiss were piled up in the tribune. The king and queen witnessed from their box the drawing up of the inventory of the spoils found in their private apartments.

III.

The president placed all these valuables under the care of Huguenin, commissary of the new commune. The cannonade had ceased, the musketry slackened. There were loud cries for the head or abdication of the king. "You will only check the vengeance of the people," exclaimed the petitioners, "by doing them justice. Representatives, be firm—swear that you will save the empire, and the empire will be saved."

The Girondists, until then wavering between the degradation and the fall of the throne, felt that it was requisite either to cast it down at once, or that they should be dragged down with it. Vergniaud left the presidency to Guadet. The extraordinary commission, in which the Girondists had the majority of numbers, importance, and talent, then assembled. They did not long deliberate; the cannon deliberated for them while the people waited. Vergniaud, seizing a pen, drew up hastily the act of the provisional suspension of royalty, which he read aloud, in the midst of intense silence, and not four steps from the king, who listened attentively. The sound of Vergniaud's voice was solemn and sad, his attitude dejected, his manner greatly depressed. Whether the necessity of reading the condemnation of the monarchy in presence of the monarch weighed upon him, and moved his heart to pity, or that repentance for the impulse he himself had given to events affected him—and he already felt himself the instrument of a fatality which demanded of him more than his conscience could concede—he seemed rather as though pronouncing his own sentence than announcing the victory of his party.

"I am here," he said, "in the name of the extraordinary commission, to present to you a very severe measure; but I refer to the very grief with which you are penetrated, to decide how absolutely necessary it is to the safety of the

nation that you should at once adopt it. The National Assembly, considering that the dangers of the country have reached their height—that the evils under which the empire groans are derived principally from the mistrust inspired by the conduct of the leaders of the executive power in a war undertaken in its name against the constitution and national independence—that this mistrust has excited from all parties in the empire the desire to revoke the authority confided to Louis XVI., and considering, notwithstanding, that the legislative body has no desire to increase its power by any usurpation, and that it can not reconcile its oath to the constitution and its ardent determination to save liberty but by an appeal to the sovereignty of the people, decrees as follows:—

"'The French people are invited to form a national convention:—The head of the executive power is temporarily suspended from his functions; a decree shall be proposed during the day as to the nomination of a governor of the prince royal.

"'The payment of the civil list is suspended.

"'The king and his family shall remain under the charge of the legislative body until tranquillity be restored in Paris: the department will prepare the Luxembourg for their residence, under the guard of citizens.'"

This decree was adopted without discussion. The king heard it without astonishment or pain. At the moment of the vote he addressed Coustard, the deputy, saying, "This is not very constitutional," in a tone rather jocose, which contrasted strangely with the solemnity of the scene. "True, sire," replied Coustard, "but it is the only means of saving your life." And he voted against the king while he conversed with the queen.

IV.

Yet this decree, which left the question of the monarchy or the republic in suspense, and which even leaned to the monarchy, by indicating the nomination of a governor for the prince royal, was but a sort of half satisfaction to the importance of the hour. Desired passionately on the previous evening, it was accepted next day with murmurs.

Vergniaud had scarcely finished reading, than petitioners, still more clamorous, presented themselves at the bar and demanded that the Assembly should pronounce the

forfeiture of the king, by whose perfidy his reign had finished in the blood of his subjects. Vergniaud replied, justifying the terms and the ambiguous style of the Girondist decree.

He was listened to coldly by the tribunes and petitioners. The deputy Choudieu obtained a majority for the instant formation of a camp near Paris, and the permanent sitting of the Assembly, which then nominated its ministers.

Roland, Clavière, and Servan, the three Girondist ministers dismissed by the king, were restored to office on the proposition of Brissot. This was in revenge for the king's dismissal of them. Danton was nominated minister of justice; Monge, minister of marine; Lebrun, of foreign affairs; Grouvelle, secretary of council of ministers—Lebrun being a man versed in diplomacy, Grouvelle an humble but ambitious man of letters. At nine o'clock P.M. the ministry was completed. The Girondists had the preponderance through Roland, Clavière, Servan, and Lebrun, while the commonalty counterbalanced them by Danton single-handed.

Scarcely was Danton nominated than he hastened to the Hôtel-de-Ville, to pay his respects to his colleagues, of the power he had acquired for them. "I have been carried into the ministry by a cannon-ball," he said to his confidents. "I wish the revolution to enter upon power with me; I am strong through it, and should perish if I quitted it."

The Assembly then drew up a summary of its decrees on that day, and sent commissioners to make them public by the light of torches in the streets of Paris.

V.

The weather was very fine; the calmness of the evening, and the feverish excitement of the events of the day, induced the people to leave their homes and breathe the air of a summer's night. Long trains of peaceable promenaders wandered up and down the public walks, and beneath the trees of the Tuileries now surrendered to the people. The flames and smoke of the furniture which had been set on fire in the court-yards streamed over the roofs of the chateau, lighted up the two banks of the Seine, and threatened every instant to destroy the palace. Tumbrils,

accompanied by agents sent by the Commune, collected, in the Champs Elysées, in the Place Louis XV., in the gardens and the court-yards, the four thousand carcasses of the Swiss, Marseillais, and *fédérés*, who marked by the heaps of their bodies the places where the struggle had been most bloody. Women in their holyday dresses were not afraid to approach these tumbrils, and to contemplate these remains of the butchery of the morning.

The men of Marseilles and Brest, the masses of the faubourg fell back into their barracks. They had done their day's work, and paid, with upward of three thousand six hundred dead bodies, their disinterested tribute to that Revolution whose fruit was only to be reaped by their children.

VI.

These soldiers and this people had not struggled for power, still less for booty. They returned with wearied arms but empty hands to their workshops. The *bourgeoisie* fought for itself, the people for its ideas. The national guard, consisting of the former, siding with La Fayette, the Girondists, and Pétion, had neither been competent to prevent nor to act, to attack nor to defend. Thus the *bourgeoisie* returned to its home humiliated and dispirited: it had lost ground with the people.

VII.

From the evening of the 10th of August the national guard had disappeared. Pikes and tatters had replaced the civic bayonets and uniforms at the posts and with the patroles established in Paris. The Marseillais and *fédérés* were the only persons who gave the slightest military appearance to these detachments of armed people. The crushed hat of Santerre, his blackened epaulettes, his saber in a brass scabbard, his worn and torn uniform, his bare breast and careless mien flattered the multitude, who loved its equal in Santerre. Westermann, in a costume more strictly military, visited the posts of the *fédérés* and Marseillais, accompanied by Fournier, Barbaroux, and Rebecqui.

Toward midnight the commissaries employed for that purpose by the Commune made vast piles with the wood

collected, and threw on them the dead bodies which lay on the Carrousel, the court-yards, the vestibules, and the apartments. The flames soon kindled, and, reflected by the walls, cast their rays into the very interior of the palace; and at daybreak Swiss and Marseillais, royalists and republicans, noble and people, were all consumed. They swept the pavement, and all the ashes were thrown into the Seine.

VIII.

The Assembly suspended its sitting at two o'clock in the morning. The royal family had remained until then in the reporters' box. God alone can measure the duration of those sixteen hours in the minds of the king, the queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the children. The suddenness of their fall, the protracted uncertainty, the vicissitudes of hope and fear, the contest going on at the very doors, of which they were the prizes, without even seeing the combatants—the cannonades, the musketry sounding in their hearts, the alternations of hope and fear, the looks of their enemies constantly fastened on them to detect a crime in an emotion, or to gloat on their sufferings—all conspired to render these hours, which seemed endless, one direful agony which royalty endured.

The fall from the throne to the scaffold was long, deep, appalling.

IX.

Except the mechanical return of appetite, which the king had satisfied at the commencement of the sitting, the royal family did not take any nourishment during this day and the half of the night. The children forgot their hunger. The commiseration of certain deputies and inspectors of the hall had caused some fruit and glasses of iced water to be sent to them from time to time. The queen and the princess merely moistened their lips—they were entirely occupied with watching the king.

This prince, leaning on the front of the box like a man gazing on some extraordinary sight, seemed already familiarized with his situation. He made sensible and calm observations on the circumstances, motions, and votes, which proved his entire singleness of mind; speaking of

himself as of a king who had lived a thousand years before—judging of the acts of the people toward him as he would have judged of the acts of Cromwell and the Long Parliament toward Charles I. The falling off of his crown did not cause any motion to his head, but he breathed strongly as though a heavy burden were lifted from his mind. Empire had been to him a duty rather than a pride, and he found solace in his very degradation.

The queen had been sustained from the first by the hopes of the defeat of the insurrection. Excited like a hero at the sound of cannon, intrepid during the vociferations of the mob, her look braved them, her disdainful lip expressed the utmost contempt. She turned incessantly toward the officers of her guard, who were in her box, to inquire the news of the chateau and of her friends, particularly the Princesse de Lamballe, her favorite. While the contest was going on, she was full of hope and excitement; at the last sounds of the cannon, the triumphant shouts of the multitude—at the sight of her jewel-cases, portfolios, secret cabinets exposed and profaned beneath her eyes, as the spoils of her person and her heart—she sunk into a despondency which, although mute, was haughty. Her rank was a part of herself, and to fall from it was to die. The decree of suspension, pronounced by Vergniaud, had been to her as the blow of an ax. She closed her eyes for a moment, and appeared to sink under the humiliation; then again the pride of her misfortunes shone on her brow like another diadem.

X.

Fifty picked and faithful men had penetrated to the place where the king was, and formed a guard around and near the royal family. The ministers, some general officers, the Prince de Poix, M. de Choiseul, M. d'Aubier, M. d'Affry, M. d'Aubigny, M. de Viomenil, Carl, commandant of the *gendarmerie*, and some body-servants of the king, kept near and were attentive to his orders—ready to die in forming his last defense if the populace forced their way into the corridors of the hall.

Toward six o'clock in the evening the former ministers, compelled by a decision of the Chamber, took a sad leave of the king and withdrew, in order to resign their posts in due form, and go the next day to the High Court of Or-

leans. Shortly afterward, D'Affry, commandant of the Swiss, was led away to the Abbaye. D'Aubigny, having mixed with the groups who were throwing down the statues of kings in the Place Louis XV., and evinced his indignation, was killed on the spot whose desecration he deplored. M. de Choiseul twice ran the risk of his life when endeavoring to rally the Swiss, and returning to protect the king with his sword. A moment afterward a loud noise was heard at the doors; the king turned his head, and inquired the cause. Carl went out to see, and returned no more; and the king, who was awaiting his reply, heard with horror that he was dead. The queen covered her face with her two hands. Every order they gave brought misfortune on their friends. How many hearts that beat fervently for them in the morning were cold in death at night!

XI.

An hour after midnight, the inspectors of the hall came to conduct the king and his family to the place prepared for them hastily, on the promulgation of the decree of abdication. Commissaries of the Assembly and the detachment of the national guard which watched over them from the morning, were their escort. An officer of the king's household took the dauphin from the queen's arms, and carried him, in deep slumber, behind her.

The place, more like a cloister or a prison than a palace, was in the upper part of the old monastery of the Feuillants, above the bureaux and committee-rooms of the Assembly. It consisted of four chambers leading out of each other, and opening upon the vast corridor which had been used by the monks. These chambers, unused since the destruction of the monastic orders, were as empty as walls whose tenants had been long since dispersed. The architect of the Assembly, at the requisition of the inspectors, had hastily collected some furniture which was by chance in his own rooms, consisting of a table, some chairs, four wooden bedsteads without curtains, for the king, the queen, the dauphin, and his sister; matresses extended on the brick floors were the couches of Madame Elizabeth and the governess of the children of France. Messrs. de Briges, d'Aubier, de Goguelat, the Prince de Poix, and the Duc de Choiseul occupied the first room, which served as an

antechamber, and, stretched out on their cloaks at the king's door, they watched over his slumbers.

The king, partly undressed, slept in the second chamber without any night-dress, and, with his dressing-table supplied with articles plundered from the chateau, a napkin bound his head, laid on the pillow of an uncurtained bed. The queen slept with the children in the third apartment, Madame Elizabeth, Madame de Tourzel, and the Princesse de Lamballe (who had rejoined the royal family in the evening) were in a room next to the queen, and passed the night in watching, weeping, and praying at her door.

The royal family declined the supper prepared for them. After a conversation between the king, queen, and Madame Elizabeth, they attempted to snatch a few moments' sleep, after a vigil of thirty-six hours, alike exhausting to mind and body. This slumber was brief—the waking terrible.

XII.

The queen, on opening her eyes to the rays of a burning sun which penetrated to her couch, closed them again that she might believe she was only dreaming. Her children and the Princess Elizabeth aroused her, and on going to the king they found him endeavoring to make his toilet. Cutting off several locks of his hair, he gave them to the faithful attendants of the queen, and when they sought to kiss his hands, he embraced them.

They burst into tears at seeing the Queen of France compelled to lie on a camp bed, and waited upon by a stranger, the porteress of this forsaken cloister. "You see," she said to them, "my unhappy friends, a woman even more unhappy than yourselves, for she has caused all your misfortunes."

She then embraced her children, and inquired after Pauline de Tourzel, Madame de Larouche-Aymon, the Duchesse de Luynes, and all the persons of her court whom she had left at the Tuileries.

XIII.

The death of her attendants, massacred in her apartments, greatly affected Marie Antoinette, and she wept

bitterly. While dressing, she related, in a few words, her impressions during the sitting of the previous evening. Her watch and purse having been lost during the hasty flight to the Assembly, she borrowed the watch of one of her ladies in waiting, and requested Madame Augié, her first lady of the bedchamber, to lend her five-and-twenty louis, to provide against the contingencies of her captivity.

At ten o'clock the royal family returned to the Assembly, and remained there until night. The bar of the House was crowded by petitioners, demanding the blood of the Swiss and the king's escort, who had taken refuge in the Feuillants. Santerre, who had been sent for by Vergniaud to protect the prisoners, announced the impending massacre of those who had been arrested in the Bois de Boulogne. The ferocious mob loudly demanded at the doors the lives of these unhappy men. "Good God!" exclaimed Vergniaud, "what cannibals!"

At one moment the outer doors of the Assembly were forced. Vergniaud, fearless for himself, yet feared for the safety of the royal family. The inspectors compelled them to retire into the passage, in order that, should the infuriated crowd effect an entrance, it might not find its victims. The king, who believed that the last moments of himself and his family were come, only thought of the safety of his adherents. He entreated them to abandon him to his fate, and provide for themselves by flight; but not one of them preferred his life to his duty, and they remained where honor and affection alike bade them live or die. Danton hastened to the spot, and repulsed the people by the authority and terror of his name; he besought these assassins, not to be generous, but patient, and at his voice the pikemen stayed for a while their thirst for blood. "Legislators," said Danton, as he entered the Assembly, "the French nation, wearied of despotism, has undergone a revolution. It is about to assume its due; but where the rights of justice commence there should those of vengeance cease. Before this national assembly, I solemnly pledge myself to protect these men who are now within its walls. I will march at their head, and be answerable for them."

As he uttered these words, he glanced rapidly and proudly at the queen, as though a secret understanding or haughty compassion were concealed beneath the harshness of his language and the contempt evinced by his manner.

XIV.

The Assembly and the tribunes applauded; the people without ratified, by their acclamations, the promises made by their favorite, and the Swiss were saved until the 2d of September.

Pétion succeeded Danton. Freed from his mock arrest, he now reappeared to assume that shadow of authority which had no longer a name. Useful to the factious but a short time before, he was now useless and importunate; yet he affected before the Assembly to believe he possessed that power which had escaped his grasp. And the Girondists themselves were, like Pétion, but the honorary sovereigns of a revolution that outstripped them.

They had decreed, the previous evening, that Louis XVI. should inhabit the Luxembourg during the suspension. A commission, however, decided that the captive family should occupy the Hotel of the Minister of Justice, on the Place Vendôme. This hotel, however, situated in the heart of Paris, and on the place where the troops were reviewed, would, it was feared, attract too much curiosity, and awaken a dangerous interest in the minds of the soldiers and people, and the Commune refused to execute the decree. Manuel came to demand, in their name, that the captive king should reside in the Temple, far from the noise, the excitement, and the *souvenirs* of the city.

The Assembly consented, and the choice of the Temple clearly indicated the feelings of the Commune; instead of a residence, it was a prison.

XV.

The Girondists had only suspended, the Commune degraded royalty. Roland and his friends wished to prepare some protection for themselves against the omnipotence of the Hôtel-de-Ville, by constituting the council of the department, and giving this council the ascendency and the *surveillance* that the constitution gave it over the municipal body. They caused one of their most obscure adherents to bring forward this motion, in order to conceal the hand that aimed the blow; but the Commune saw and averted it. Thrice in the course of the day did the municipal council send to demand—first humbly, then firmly, and, lastly, insolently—that

this decree that threatened its power should be revoked. The last injunction was brief and peremptory as a sovereign's order, and was obeyed.

At last the Prussian, Anarcharsis Clootz, a philosopher wandering about to disseminate his doctrines over the earth with his eloquence, his fortune, and his blood, in the name of the human race, awakened at the National Assembly the first echo of the 10th of August in the hearts of the people weary of their servitude. Clootz carried his passion for humanity to madness, but it was the madness of hope and regeneration. The philosopher was listened to with attention, and the consolatory ideas which he made to shine like a rainbow on this horizon of blood suspended, for a brief space, the struggles of contending parties and the ax of the assassin.

XVI.

After the second day the king was again reconducted to the Feuillants. The pity and attachment manifested by his escort alarmed the Commune and Jacobins. Santerre withdrew this guard and replaced it by others, composed of hearts inaccessible to indulgence and irreconcilable to a dethroned tyrant. The rudeness of their gestures and the rigor of the *consignes*, soon informed the king of the change. The Girondist, Grangeneuve, a member of the committee of surveillance, whose bureau was in the same cloisters as the king's chamber, became alarmed at the respect and sorrow displayed by the few friends who surrounded the royal family. He believed that some plan of escape was meditated, and he communicated his ideas to his colleagues. The committee shared, or affected to share, in the apprehension of Grangeneuve, and ordered the dismissal of all persons not immediately necessary to wait upon the family. This order caused the greatest consternation among the courtiers, who remained faithful to him in captivity, and the king summoned the deputies who were the *inspecteurs de la salle.* "I am, then, a prisoner, gentlemen," said he, bitterly; "Charles I. was more fortunate than myself. His friends were permitted to attend him to the scaffold." The inspectors made no reply; their silence spoke for them.

The king was at this moment requested to pass into the room in which the supper of the royal family was prepared, and his friends were permitted to follow him. This was

the last occasion on which the king and the queen were served with court etiquet, by these five gentlemen standing behind them—touching etiquet on that day, for it was voluntary, and their respect redoubled with misfortune. A silent grief prevailed during this repast; master and servitors felt they were about to separate for ever. The king did not taste any thing, but purposely delayed having the table cleared, in order to prolong the minutes in which he might see friendly visages. The inflexible guard entered and put an end to their adieus; the gentlemen descended a back stair-case, and went out, one after another, in borrowed garments, in order to mix, unnoticed, with the crowd.

XVII.

M. de Rohan Chabot, aide-de-camp to La Fayette, had passed these two days and nights at the king's door, in the uniform of a simple national guard. Recognized and arrested as he quitted the Feuillants, he was cast into the dungeons of the Abbaye, which only opened to the assassins of September. The queen, her sister, and the royal children, deprived of every thing by the pillage of the Tuileries, received from the English embassadress the linen and garments necessary for their situation, and the royal family again passed a day and a half in the reporters' box.

On Monday, at three o'clock, Pétion and Manuel came in two carriages, to convey them to the Temple; for the Commune, who might have chosen the night, preferred that they should go from the Tuileries to prison in broad day, and at a slow pace, and through the most populous quarters, in order that this degradation of royalty might have the appearance and authenticity of a public exposure before the final execution of the sentence. Pétion and Manuel were in the king's carriage, and an immense crowd lined the road on either side from the road of the Feuillants to that of the Temple. Threats, insults, derision, outrage, of every kind were heaped on them at every step. Pétion was in the habit of presiding at these triumphal marches; *he* had brought back the king from Varennes to Paris, *he* had beheld the king *coiffé* with the *bonnet rouge* in his palace on the 20th of June, and had felicitated, while he dismissed, the people; and it was he who now conducted him to his last resting-place ere he ascended the scaffold. He spared him nothing of the bitterness of the journey,

concealed from him none of the presages of his fall, and seemed to carry him amid the evidence of his shame, that he might drain the cup to the dregs. As they passed over the Place Vendôme, he pointed out to the king the overthrown statue of Louis XIV., strewing with its fragments the city where his image had so long reigned. There was no return from a prison to the throne, and this the Commune wished to show. Louis XVI. felt this, and when, after two hours' march, the carriages rolled under the arches of the Temple, he had, in his heart, abdicated the throne, and accepted the scaffold.

BOOK XXIV.

I.

WHILE the royal family, arrived almost at the end of so many agitating scenes, took possession of their last habitation, the Assembly promulgated, through Guadet, rules by which a convention would be nominated, and a direct appeal made to the unanimous sovereignty of the people. The Primary Assemblies were to be composed of all Frenchmen who had attained the age of twenty-one, and were of free condition *(condition libre)*. They were to meet on the 26th of August, and give their representatives a sovereign mandate independent of all existing constitutions. The Convention would meet on the 20th of September. The National Assembly and the executive power, appointed the previous evening, had only an interregnum from the 12th of August to the 20th of September.

Thus the triumph of the Girondists immediately brought about their abdication. The Assembly, over which they domineered, felt its weakness before an event which it had neither the courage to accomplish nor the virtue to prevent. It resigned and returned to the people the powers they had intrusted to it. Faithless to the constitution, refusing its assistance to royalty, timid in face of the republic, it had neither plan, policy, nor audacity, and gave all parties a right to despise it. It overthrew nothing, founded nothing; but aided every thing to fall. It received from its predecessors a constitution to maintain, a royalty to reform, a

country to defend; and when it resigned, left France without a constitution, a king, or an army. It disappeared in an *émeute*, and its only traces were ruins. The Constituent Assembly represented the feelings of France, the Convention represented the passionate devotion of the masses. The Legislative Assembly only represented the interests and the vanity of the intermediate classes; the type of the honest yet egotistical *bourgeoisie*, it only possessed, in this great crisis, commonplace ideas, vain passions, and the petty prudence of that portion of the nation whose timidity is at once a virtue and a vice. The Assembly knew how to write and speak, but not how to act: it had orators, but no statesman. Mirabeau had been, in the Constituent Assembly, the type of that aristocracy, which, after being the first to enlighten itself at the torch of the epoch, aspires to the glory of diffusing this light among the people, and become revolutionary through generosity, and popular through pride. Danton and Robespierre were the terrible types of the passions of a people scarcely emancipated from its fetters, which seeks at any cost to preserve this Revolution for the future, and which does not weigh interest against idea, or life against principles. Vergniaud, Brissot, Gensonné, Guadet, were but orators—sometimes sublime, yet always powerless.

On the 10th of August the people were better statesmen than their leaders. A crisis was necessary, or all would perish in the hands of these legislators, who wished liberty without sacrifice, monarchy without royalty, a republic without hesitation, the Revolution without a guaranty, the force of the people without its intervention, patriotism without that fever of enthusiasm which gives to nations the delirium and the force of despair. The mechanism of the constitution no longer worked, and a sudden gleam of conviction showed the people they could no longer repair it, and they broke it on the 10th of August.

II.

The shock of the 10th of August was felt over all Europe. The foreign cabinets and the *émigrés*, while they deplored this catastrophe, the captivity of the king, and the encouragement which this triumph of the people in Paris gave to revolutionary feeling, rejoiced exceedingly at the convulsive feelings about to rage in France; for a civil war is the most puissant auxiliary to a foreign one, and the anarchical govern-

ment of the Assembly was the least fitted to carry on a national struggle. France, without a leader, without unity, without a constitution, would fall, member by member, before the forces of the coalition; besides, the scandal created by this palace that had been violated, these massacred guards, this royal family degraded by the insurrection, deprived those powers that still hesitated of all pretext for temporization and *ménagement.*

III.

In the interior, the adherence to the 10th of August was unanimous—in the north, east, and south of France. La Vendée alone was disturbed, and displayed symptoms of civil war. Every where else the royalists and constitutionalists concealed their presentiments and their sorrow. The Girondists and Jacobins coalesced, in order to insure the nomination, at the Convention, by the primary assemblies of men in favor of extreme measures, of antique theories, and totally irreconcilable with royalty.

The army, commanded by constitutionalist generals and officers attached to the king, was stupefied at the unexpected intelligence of the downfall of the constitution and the triumph of the Jacobins. For a short time a degree of hesitation prevailed, by which a talented and influential leader might have profited to march against Paris; but victory had as yet given no general the right of disobeying a popular movement. The aged Luckner, when interrogated by the club and the municipal authorities at Metz, as to what steps he intended the army to take, stammered out a vague approbation of this *coup-d'état* at Paris. The next day, however, having received contrary advice from La Fayette, his second in command, he harangued his troops, to warn them against the instigators of disorder, who would soon arrive from Paris; and the arrival of the commissioners sent by the Assembly to enlighten and inthral the army made him change his language for the third time.

At Valenciennes, General Dillon declaimed, in an *ordre du jour*, that the constitution had been violated, and that the offenders would be punished. Some days afterward, Dillon retracted his words, in a letter to the Assembly. Montesquiou, with the army in the south, pronounced tamely in favor of the constitution. At Strasbourg, the mayor, Diétrick, and the generals Caffarelli-Dufalga and

Victor de Broglie, were indignant at this outrage on the inviolability of the king. General Biron, a friend of the Duc d'Orléans, and supported by the Jacobins of Strasbourg, stifled the germ of revolt, and passed with his army to the victorious party. La Fayette alone assumed a resolute and political attitude.

IV.

This general's head-quarters were at Sedan, the chief town of the Ardennes; he learned the events of the 10th of August from an officer of his army, who, happening to be at Paris during the conflict, quitted it and hastened to inform his general of the massacres and events of the day. La Fayette, outstripped by this movement, imagined he was sufficiently powerful to arrest its progress by a federation of his army and the departments. In default of a central power he could legally obey, he demanded orders from the administrators of the department of the Ardennes. His project was to form a kind of congress with the united departments; and the nucleus of this federation was in the three departments of the Ardennes, of l'Aisne, and the Meuse, on whom he believed he could rely. He had but little hope of success; but he believed it to be his duty, and he accomplished it rather as a citizen than the commander of an army. The Assembly, informed of the indecision of the army, dispatched commissioners to remove from it the suspected generals.

But La Fayette, in spite of the generosity of his character and the devotion of his life, placed too great confidence, for the leader of a party, in the power of the law, and, instead of carrying away his troops by enthusiasm, he suffered them to reflect in inaction. Dismissed by the Assembly on the 19th, he felt that fortune abandoned him, that his popularity was gone; and that the Revolution, which escaped him, was about to turn against him; and he therefore resolved to expatriate himself and voluntarily undergo that ostracism to which his country was about to condemn him. Alexandre Lameth, the two brothers Latour Maubourg, Bureau de Pusy, an eminent patriot, soldier, and politician, his aides-de-camp, and several officers, accompanied him in his flight. La Fayette intended to escape to Holland, and thence to America. After a night's march, he fell into the hands of a detachment of the en-

emy. Recognized, and brought back to Namur, his name was his crime in the eyes of the generals of the emperor. The chief of the French insurrection, the protector of Louis XVI., the general of the people of Paris, was too unexpected and too illustrious a prey, in the eyes of the united monarchs, for them to suffer him to depart; and La Fayette, separated from his friends, and dragged from fortress to fortress, until he reached the dungeons of Olmutz, suffered, with the patience of conviction, a long and rigorous captivity. Martyr of liberty, after he had been its hero, his public life from this day was interrupted for thirty years. The revolution of 1830 again summoned him on the scene; and his friends and enemies recognized him by the same principles, the same virtues, and the same mistakes.

V.

The expatriation of La Fayette, and the submission of his *corps d'armée*, left the Assembly without apprehension for the disposition of the troops, but trembling at the situation of the frontiers. The Girondists, restored to power in the persons of Servan, Clavière, and Roland, and foreseeing the approaching struggle with the Jacobins, felt the importance of giving the army a chief who would at once guaranty them the victory over their enemies abroad and assistance against those at home. Ancient colleagues of Dumouriez, their resentment against this general gave way before the high idea this man had given them of his talents. While on his side, Dumouriez, with his usual accuracy of perception, had sounded the event of the 10th of August and formed his opinion on it. Dumouriez deplored the king's misfortunes; but, by refusing to take the oath to the nation, he ruined himself without saving Louis XVI. Besides, whatever was the form of government, a country would always remain; and to save his country was the only line of policy befitting a soldier. The field of battle was the road to power. While other generals contested the necessity and offered vain resistance, Dumouriez, shut up in his camp at Maulde, near Valenciennes, boldly disobeyed Dillon, refused to administer the oath of allegiance to his soldiers, and declared himself at the orders of events. A secret correspondence was instantly established between Servan, Roland, Clavière, his ancient colleagues, and this

general; and the Girondists congratulated themselves on possessing a head and arm. On the other hand the Jacobins renewed with Dumouriez that connection that had arisen from chance, and by which his talents enabled him to profit.

VI.

Young Couthon, the friend of Robespierre and deputy of Auvergne in the Legislative Assembly, was at this moment taking the baths at Saint Amand, at the gates of Valenciennes, near the camp of Dumouriez. The general and the deputy had often met and conversed together. Couthon was fascinated by the genius of Dumouriez, as Gensonné had been, and discerned in him the preserver of his country. Couthon, a young advocate of Clermont, before he was sent to the National Assembly and then to the Convention, carried his faith in the Revolution to fanaticism, which, only gentle and meditative then, became afterward sanguinary. Couthon was a philosopher; his features pleasing, his look calm, his conversation grave and melancholy. A young wife and child nourished affection in his heart, and consoled him for his infirmity, Couthon having lost the use of his legs. The inhabitants of Saint Amand little suspected the future *rôle* of Couthon: no blood was as yet visible in his dreams.

The three deputies sent to the army of Dillon, Delmas, Dubois-Dubais, and Bellegarde, arrived at Valenciennes, had orders to dismiss Dillon and Lanoue. These two generals had been too tardy in their recognition of the 10th of August; and repentant and humble they entreated pardon of the three commissaries, which the latter were about to grant, when Couthon, their colleague, hastened from Saint Amand to Valenciennes, vaunted the talents and energy of Dumouriez, and obtained for him from the Assembly the command of the armies of Lanoue and La Fayette. Westermann, the friend of Danton, his general on the 10th of August, and now his emissary to the army, after having visited the camp of Sedan, hastened to Valenciennes. He described in the most lively terms, to Dumouriez, the disorganization of the army of La Fayette, the desertion of the officers, the discontent of the soldiers, the seditious feeling prevalent in the Ardennes, and the approaching violation of the territory, if the enemy, already master of

Longwi, march forward on Champagne. Westermann, in whom Danton placed the fullest confidence, animated by a patriotic fire, convinced and carried away Dumouriez.

This general, accustomed to deal with factions, and to comprehend at a glance their insinuations, saw that Danton wished to have an agent in the army in the person of Westermann, and he made this young officer the link that connected him with Danton. Westermann, like the rest, was carried away by the enthusiasm and genius of Dumouriez. Sent to observe his actions, he advised and served him devotedly; and the general, who knew how to employ men according to their value, and not their rank, perceiving at a glance in Westermann a martial spirit, a soul of fire, and an arm of iron, attached him to his person.

VII.

During the night of the 25th to the 26th of August, Dumouriez made his plans for the Belgian campaign, which he had not yet abandoned. He recalled from Lille, General Labourdonnaye, who commanded this town, and gave him, during his absence, the command of the army of Valenciennes. He set out for Sedan on the 26th, attended only by Westermann, a single aide-de-camp, and Baptiste, his valet-de-chambre, whose courage and devotion to his master made him afterward one of the instruments of his glory, and the successes of the army. At his arrival, on the 28th, at the camp of La Fayette, Dumouriez was received with the coldness and murmurs of an army that does not know the leader given them, and regrets the leader they have lost. Sure of the morrow, the general was not intimidated by this reception, but braved the hostile visages, and trusted to the feelings of his superiority to win the soldiers over to him. As he had arrived without any equipage or horses, he mounted La Fayette's charger, and reviewed and harangued the troops. The infantry was silent, but firm; the cavalry almost seditious. As he passed before the ranks, he heard expressions of dislike and mistrust. "It is this man," said the soldiers, "who wished war to be declared, and who is the cause of the misfortunes of the country and the blood of our brothers shed at Longwi." Dumouriez checked his horse; and, looking proudly at his troops, "Is there any one among these soldiers," said he, so cowardly as to regret war; or do you

think you can obtain liberty without fighting for it?" This speech gained him, if not the confidence, at least the respect of the men and officers. The look of Dumouriez, the presence of Westermann the conqueror of the 10th of August, yet covered with the blood of the Swiss, imposed on the troops; they felt themselves placed by the capture of Longwi between the bayonets of the Prussians and the contempt of the nation who beheld them; and they took courage.

When the maps were unrolled, and the respective forces and distances measured on the council-table, Dumouriez explained their position and asked for advice. Dillon was the first to speak: he showed on the map the point of Châlons as the position to be occupied before the enemy, if they wished to cut off in time the entrance of the plains of France and the road to Paris. Compass in hand, he measured the distance from Châlons to Verdun, and Châlons to Sedan; he showed that the enemy, already beneath the walls of Verdun, would be nearer Châlons than the defending army, and representing with much reason and force, that the preservation of the capital was more important to to the nation than the preservation of the Ardennes, he advised that they should march that same night on Châlons, leaving General Chazot and some troops in the camp of Sedan. The whole council was of this opinion, which Dumouriez, by his silence, seemed to approve, and ordered Dillon to march with the advanced guard on to the left bank of the Marne, as if the movement on Châlons had been adopted. But it was not; and hardly was the council of war ended, than Dumouriez, left alone with the adjutant-general Thouvenot, whose thoughtful look and expressive features he had remarked during Dillon's speech, opened his designs to him as a confident capable of comprehending a great idea. "The retreat on Châlons," said he, "is a wise idea; but in great danger, temerity is wisdom. We must deceive Fortune by showing ourselves more confident as she grows more adverse. To retire behind the Marne before a numerous and active enemy, is to give all France the signal of weakness and discouragement—to commence the war by a retrograde movement closely resembling a defeat, and to open to the coalition the fertile plains of Epernay and Rheims, and the road to Paris, on which no obstacle can arrest their progress after crossing the Marne." Then pointing out on the map a long

line of forests that spreads from Sedan to Sainte-Menehould, between Verdun and Châlons, an obscure name, which has since become historical, "There," said he to Thouvenot, "are the Thermopylæ of France. If I am so fortunate as to arrive there before the Prussians, all is saved."

This flank movement of Dumouriez, far from removing him from the Prussian army, brought him nearer, and boldly fixed him on the very spot they already occupied as their field of battle; for Verdun, where the King of Prussia lay, was nearer to the forest of Argonne than Sedan, where Dumouriez was.

VIII.

Happy that his idea was comprehended, Dumouriez, who had not been in bed since he quitted Valenciennes, charged Thouvenot to prepare all the details of this movement, and snatched a few short hours of sleep. When he awoke he sent orders to Beurnouville, whom he had left at Valenciennes, to bring him nine thousand troops, both infantry and cavalry, of whom there was no present need at the Camp de Maulde. He sent off couriers and trusty officers to inform Luckner of his movements, and bring him back intelligence of his. He informed the aged general that he was about to draw upon Argonne the attack of eighty thousand Prussians, and assigned the probable spot at which the junction of the armies of Metz and Sedan, if it could be effected, would decide the battle and save France. He supplied himself, from the arsenals of La Fère and Douai, with the ammunition he required, and named the generals to replace those who had fled with La Fayette. Dangest, Diettmann, Ligneville, Chazot, Miaczinski, officers beloved by the army, were nominated lieutenants and majors-general. His staff, wavering, discontented, full of hesitation and murmurs, was now composed of men who owed their fortune to him, and whom he thus bound to himself. The army had a head, and in four-and-twenty hours this head had arms. He communicated his plan of defense to the minister Servan, and he confidentially informed Danton, through Westermann, of the daring resolve he had taken. Warned himself, by Westermann, of the patriotic convulsion he intended to arouse in France, in order to hurry thousands of defenders to the frontiers, Dumouriez fixed on Châlons and Sainte-Menehould, as camps

for the volunteers from the interior, and he stored them with provisions, fodder, and the ovens necessary to bake bread. Unceasingly, on horseback or in the council, he effaced La Fayette in the eyes of the troops, to replace him in their hearts. La Fayette was more of a citizen, Dumouriez a soldier. He formed a second advanced guard, of which he gave the command to Stengel, the brave and daring colonel of the hussars of Berchiny. The resistance of Verdun for at least a few days was necessary for the execution of his plans, and the *déploiement* of his troops in the different positions which he wished to occupy in the Argonne; and he dispatched General Galbaud with three thousand men, with orders to throw himself into Verdun, and prolong, as much as possible, the defense of that place.

IX.

The forest of Argonne is three leagues in length, and extends from Sedan to Sainte-Menehould; its breadth is from two to four leagues, extending over a mountainous soil intersected by rivers, ponds, streams, marshes, and quagmires, which, joined to the impediments of the forest, render it an impenetrable barrier to the march of an army. This forest separates the rich provinces of the Trois Evêchés from the sterile plains of Champagne. It can only be traversed by five large roads, made by the natural formation of the soil and the bed of the torrents; and these five roads occupied, fortified, and defended, the center of France was covered.

X.

Such was the barrier that, with twenty-seven thousand men, Dumouriez sought to close against eighty thousand troops, intoxicated with their success, and eager to pour into the plains of Champagne, and thence on Paris. The chief difficulty was to arrive in time. Two chances were open: the first and the most probable was to make the army defile from Sedan to Vouziers and Sainte-Menehould, by opening his march by the forest itself, and leaving the *plateau* of the Argonne between the enemy and his army; the second, to march to the defiles of the Argonne by the outside of the forest, and leave General Clairfayt, who, with twenty thousand men, was already at Stenay.

At the moment when Dumouriez resolved upon this bold stroke, he received intelligence from General Galbaud of the investment of Verdun by the Prussian army, and the impossibility of throwing succors into the town, besieged by fifty thousand men. He sent instructions to Galbaud to fall back upon the defile of the Islettes, and there await Dillon. He wrote to General Duval, whom he had left at the camp of Maulde when he quitted Valenciennes, to raise his camp, rally that of Maubeuge, assemble all the battalions possible during his march, and hasten to him by forced marches, indicating to him the post he was to occupy in the defile of the Chêne-Populeux, near Sedan. Feeling no anxiety respecting this passage, which would be covered for several days by the probable duration of the siege of Stenay, Dumouriez did not doubt but Duval would arrive in time to secure it. He, however, neglected it. On the 31st of August he commenced his march. General Miaczinski had orders to make a feigned attack on Stenay, and Dillon was to support him, and post himself opposite the town. Miaczinski, at the head of fifteen hundred men, gallantly attacked Clairfayt's advanced guard, drove it over the Meuse, and, for a moment, disengaged Stenay; but Dillon, instead of supporting him, remained with his troops at Mouzon, on the border of the forest, and even ordered Miaczinski to fall back. This fault of Dillon's compromised all the plans of Dumouriez.

Relying on the orders he had given, and believing Dillon at Stenay, he marched with the main body of his army, on the 1st of September, on Mouzon. Surprised to find Dillon there, he continued his march, and advanced before Stenay, in order to make, personally, a demonstration against Clairfayt; and encamped for two days in face of Clairfayt, as if to offer battle, while Dillon gained the defile of the Islettes, where he at last arrived, with the advanced guard, on the 3d of September. Clairfayt remained motionless, and the different corps of Dumouriez took up positions in the defiles that had been assigned them, while he himself, turning suddenly on his right, entered the defile of Grandpré with the fifteen thousand that formed his center.

The disposition of the camp of Grandpré was such, that to force it the enemy must first drive in all the posts defended by a formidable advanced guard, pass the river Aire without bridges, and debouch on an open basin under the

triple fire of the chateau of the Grandpré, the artillery in position in the village of Senuc, and the guns that covered the front of the camp. The guardian of this fiery torrent, which it was necessary to pass before France could be entered, Dumouriez, waited until France should rise *en masse* behind him.

XI.

It was time: Longwi had been captured, in two days Verdun was compromised, and the armies of the King of Prussia and the emperor compelled, through the indecision of their generalissimo, to remain for a long period inactive, were destined to receive an impetus, from their own impatience and the events of the 10th of August, which their leader refused to give them.

The Duke of Brunswick, since the commencement of the war, had adopted a temporizing system which, while it slackened the attack, gave the defenders time to strengthen their forces. The duke, accustomed to the skillful and studied manœuvers of German strategy, proceeded with the circumspection and slowness of a chess-player. It was skill against enthusiasm; and skill was destined to be defeated.

These delays were, moreover, favored by the negotiations carried on at the head-quarters of the united powers. It will be remembered that at the conference of Coblentz between the emperor and the King of Prussia, it had been agreed that the French *émigrés* should not be employed in the armies of operation, lest France should be irritated at this yoke, which her nobles, already unpopular, would seem to impose on her with arms in their hands. The Marquis de Bouillé, the military adviser of the King of Prussia, proposed to soften this plan, which wounded the feelings of the *émigrés;* and it was agreed that they should be divided into three bodies, one of which, ten thousand strong, should be attached to the army of the Duke of Brunswick; the two others, consisting each of five thousand gentlemen, should be employed under the Prince de Condé, in Flanders; the other under the Duke de Bourbon on the Rhine. These three corps of *émigrés*, thus distributed, were to march in a second line, to avoid staining their swords with the blood of Frenchmen, and to rally behind the army of operation those deserters, and even whole regi-

ments, that the defection of the French force promised them.

The contradictory negotiations of the Baron de Breteuil, M. de Calonne, and M. de Moustier, also complicated the progress of affairs, and suspended the action of the powers. The Baron de Breteuil, *chargé des pouvoirs* of Louis XVI., opposed, in his name, the recognition of any legitimate authority but his own in France, by the foreign cabinets. M. de Calonne, agent of the princes and their plenipotentiary at Coblentz, claimed the regency for the Count de Provence, during the captivity of Louis XVI. M. de Moustier, sent by the Count de Provence to replace M. de Calonne, who had become odious to the *émigrés*, energetically insisted upon this recognition of the rights of the Count de Provence to the reconquered kingdom; and Russia favored this ambition of a prince anxious to enter upon an ideal reign.

The news of the 10th of August at last burst upon the powers, and the Duke of Brunswick in vain strove to delay. The ascendency of the King of Prussia overpowered his decision. "If we can not arrive in time to save the king," cried he at the council of war, "let us march to the rescue of the royalty." The next day the army began its march; and the 19th of August, after having advanced only forty leagues in twenty days, it passed the frontier and effected a junction with the Austrian corps of Clairfayt at Tiercelet, where it encamped.

After this decisive step the Duke of Brunswick hesitated again, and having called a fresh council of war, he represented to the king that he augured ill of an invasion into the heart of a country where the energy of insurrection dared even imprison the king and massacre his guards. "Who knows," said he, "but that our first victory will be the signal for the death of the king?"

XII.

On the 20th the army invested the fortress of Longwi; the bombardment commenced on the night of the 21st, and, interrupted by a storm, was continued the next day. Three hundred bombs cast into the town, and the destruction of several houses, induced the commandant, Lavergne, to consent to a capitulation, that commenced the campaign with disgrace. The desertion of La Fayette, announced at the

same time to the united powers, filled them with joy. The Duke of Brunswick still spoke of prudence and precaution, at a moment when temerity only was prudence. He lost ten days in awaiting re-enforcements, as if seventy-two thousand men were not sufficient to attack seventeen thousand scattered in feeble detachments, over a line of fourteen leagues, between Sedan and Sainte-Menehould: every thing served him as a pretext to check the march of his army. The King of Prussia, hesitating between his respect for the ancient military renown of his generalissimo and the evidence of his faults, refused too long to perceive that the heart of the Duke of Brunswick stayed his arm, and that he felt repugnance in attacking a cause that had offered, and still offered him a crown.

XIII.

During these ten days Verdun fell; but Dumouriez had formed, in the defiles of the Argonne intrenchments, an army more impregnable than the ramparts and garrisons which the enemy stormed at the price of valuable time. The army of the coalition only appeared on the 30th of August, on the heights of Mount Saint Michel, which overlook Verdun. The population was royalist, and dreaded an assault. The King of Prussia offered a suspension of arms for a few hours, which was accepted. A council of defense, composed of the inhabitants and civil magistrates, to whom the legislative Assembly had confided the supreme authority on besieged cities, through mistrust of the army assembled, declared that the town could not resist, and the capitulation was decided on.

Colonel Beaurepaire, the brave and skillful commander of the troops, cast away the pen offered him, and, drawing a pistol from his belt, "Gentlemen," said he, "I have sworn to surrender only a lifeless corpse to the enemies of my country. Survive your infamy, if you can; as for myself, faithful to my oath, these are my last words—I die free; and I bequeath my blood as an opprobrium to cowards, and an example to the brave." With these words he fired, and fell dead in the council-chamber. This act of heroism did not even excite a blush; the body was removed, and the capitulation of Verdun signed. The daughters of the principal inhabitants went in procession to strew flowers before the King of Prussia as he entered. This crime,

excused by their sex, age, and innocence, conducted them all at a later period to the scaffold. The garrison marched out with the honors of war. The Assembly voted funeral honors to Beaurepaire, and his heart was placed in the Pantheon.

XIV.

The intelligence of the flight of La Fayette, the entry of the army of the coalition into the French territory, the capture of Longwi, and the surrender of Verdun, burst like thunder in Paris, and filled every heart with consternation; for France had never approached more nearly to those sinister days that presage the decay of nations. Every thing was dead in her, save the desire of living; the enthusiasm of the country and liberty survived: abandoned by all, the country did not abandon itself. Two things were required to save it—time and a dictatorship. "Time?"—the heroism of Dumouriez afforded it. "The dictatorship?"—Danton assumed it under the name of the Commune of Paris. All the interval between the 10th of August and the 20th of September was only the government of Danton. Ruling the Commune, whose wishes he fomented, served, and directed, he possessed in the council of the ministers the omnipotence he derived from the Hôtel-de-Ville; and he spoke like Marius, who only wished for instruments in his colleagues. The philosopher Roland, the financier Clavière, the geometrician Monge, the diplomatist Lebrun, the soldier Servan, had neither the genius, the passion, nor the perverseness of the crisis into which their ambition had cast them. Danton was the only statesman of the executive power, and the only orator; he roused or appeased the mob by a gesture, and justified the Assembly when he spoke, less as a minister than as a powerful mediator, who protects and blames; and his counsels were orders: he did not deign to conceal his disdain for Roland.

He interfered in every department of his colleagues, directed the war, finance details, and secret understandings with foreign emissaries. Roland complained in private to his wife of the interference of Danton. Humiliated by the supremacy of his colleague, instinctively alarmed, Roland perceived that the 10th of August was escaping the hands

of his party, and that the Girondists, in taking Danton as an ally, had imposed on themselves a master.

XV.

Danton neglected nothing to add the power of conciliating as well as intimidating Roland. He did every thing to please his wife, whose ascendency over her husband he well knew; while Madame Roland saw, with the delicate and instinctive repugnance of her sex, Danton's acquisition of executive power. He was in her eyes a tribune without feeling, manners, or principles, and only accepted through the humiliating fears of the Girondists.

She had dreamed of a council of ministers composed of firm, moderate, incorruptible republicans, such as she had read of in Plutarch, instead of which—instead of the genius and worth of the "antique world," she found the well-meant but timid obsequiousness of Monge, who feared at every look of Danton to be denounced by him to the Commune; the indifference of Servan, the mediocrity of Lebrun, the turbulence and immorality of Danton. Still she received the young minister almost daily, at the beginning of his administration. He brought with him Camille Desmoulins and Fabre d'Eglantine. Danton's conversation breathed immaculate patriotism, devotion, and an ardent desire to be on the best terms with his colleagues. Madame Roland was deceived for the moment; but when she looked in his face she accused her own indulgence. "I never saw," she said, "any thing which so completely betrayed the sway of brutal passions and unbridled audacity, half veiled beneath an affectation of frankness, joviality, and good fellowship."

Scarcely was he raised to power, after the catastrophe of the 10th of August, than Danton, casting off his character as an agitator, showed himself adequate to the crisis. He collected around all that gold could buy; venal himself, he knew the power of venality, and acquired the means unscrupulously. He organized corruption among the patriots. Not content with the 100,000 francs secret service money, distributed on the day after the 10th of August to each minister, he appropriated, without rendering any account, one fourth of the two million francs of secret expenses which the Assembly allowed to the executive, to be employed with foreign cabinets, and to work on the

public feeling. He even compelled Lebrun and Servan to hand over to him a portion of the funds intended for their departments. He sent to the armies commissaries in his pay from these sources, and selected from among the men of the Commune the most devoted to his interests. The public treasury payed the proconsuls of Danton.

XVI.

The rivalry which had commenced on the night of the 9th of August between the expiring Assembly and the Commune was followed up, and became more decided every hour, and ended in the Commune acquiring the ascendency. The Girondists trembled and obeyed; for fear of appearing vanquished, they became accomplices.

The Commune imperiously demanded the creation of a court-martial, which should summarily judge the enemies of the people and the accomplices of the Court. Brissot and his friends trembled at the idea of placing in the hands of the people such an instrument of tyranny, and for some days resisted the proposition. They drew up a proclamation, recalling popular feeling to the principles of justice, humanity, and impartiality, as the guaranty of the lives of citizens before tribunals. Choudieu and Thuriot, though Jacobins, energetically opposed the erection of this tribunal of vengeance. The Commune insisted and threatened. "Citizens!" said an orator at the bar of the Assembly, "the people are wearied at not being avenged! I announce to you that to-night, at midnight, the tocsin will sound, the *générale* be beaten: the demand that each section shall nominate a citizen to form a criminal tribunal, and that this tribunal shall sit at the Chateau of the Tuileries, in order that vengeance should display itself where crime was plotted! I demand that Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, so greedy for the people's blood, shall be satiated by seeing that of their infamous satellites flow!" "If, before three days, the juries we demand are not ready to act," added another, "heavy calamities will fall on your heads!"

Herault de Schelles, in the name of the extraordinary commission, replied a few moments afterward to this demand, by reading a decree, which instituted a tribunal, charged to judge the crimes of the 10th of August. Ro-

bespierre was nominated president. He refused, either from a horror of blood, or disdain of a magisterial office, which was not of the importance he ambitioned.

XVII.

The national guard, odious to some, respected by others, were popularly reorganized, and took the name of *armed sections.*

Not satisfied with the creation of a criminal tribunal, the Commune demanded, at the sitting of the 25th of August, that the prisoners of Orleans should be sent to Paris, "there to undergo the penalty of their crimes." *Fédérés* of Brest arrived, accompanied the commissaries on this day, and one of them threatened the Assembly with the vengeance of the people, if the blood of the prisoners was not sacrificed to them. Lacroix, Robespierre and Danton's friend, a fanatic Jacobin, but a bold deputy, presided over the Assembly. "All France," he replied with indignation, to the commissaries to the Commune, "has its eyes fixed on the National Assembly. We will be worthy of our position. Threats will not produce on us any other effect than to make us resigned to die at our post. It does not appertain to us to change the constitution. Address your demands to the National Convention—that alone can change the organization of the high court of Orleans. We have done our duty. If our death is the last necessary proof in order to persuade you, the people with whom you threaten us may take our lives. The deputies, who did not fear death when the satellites of despotism threatened the people, but shared with them all the dangers they ran, know how to die at their post. Go, say this to those who sent you."

Next day the Assembly issued the decree of exile to all the priests who had refused or retracted the civil oath of the clergy to the constitution.

XVIII.

The taking of Longwi suspended for a moment the struggle between the Assembly and the Commune, and replaced it by a rivalry of sacrifices dangerous to the c[illegible]

try. Jacobins, Girondists, Cordeliers voted, as if in competition of each other, extraordinary levies of troops, arms, equipments, and artillery, called for by circumstances. A cry of indignation was raised againt the commandant of Longwi. Vergniaud proposed a sentence of death against every citizen of a besieged city who should talk of surrender. Luckner was replaced in the army of Metz by Kellerman, who, enthusiastic in his admiration of arms and liberty, had acquired his rank in the seven years' war. The Revolution, which had found him a colonel, had promoted him to the rank of a general.

While Danton imparted to the government the force of his *coups-de-main*, Robespierre, less master than he of the council of the Commune, and not raised so high by the event in which he had not participated, began again to make his voice heard after the struggle, as if to explain its effect and tendency to the people; and, recapitulating the events of the day, thus concluded as to the consequences of the 10th of August:

"The Assembly has suspended the king, but yet has not dared enough; it was not the suspension but the abdication of royalty which it should have pronounced. It ought to solve this question at once, and spare us every difficulty and delay. Instead of this, it speaks to us of *naming a governor for the prince royal.* Frenchmen, think of the blood that has been shed! Remember the prodigies of reason and courage which have placed you eminent above all the nations of the earth! Remember the immortal principles which you have had the boldness and glory to make re-echo around thrones, in order to sustain the human race in its darkness and its slavery! What relation is there between this sublime character and the choice of a governor to educate the son of a tyrant!

"Behold on its march the most glorious revolution which ever honored humanity. Frenchmen, be up and doing. Kings or Frenchmen must succumb! Shake off, then, the last links of the fetters of royalty. You owe it to the universe and yourselves to give yourselves the best possible constitution. Do not call to the constitution any but men pure from intrigues and that baseness which is the virtue of courts. You are at war henceforward with all your oppressors. You will not find peace but in victory and punishment!"

He referred to the coming elections.

XIX.

As to Pétion, the object of the Platonic worship of the commissaries of the new Commune, which called him the *Father of the Country*, he only appeared from time to time at the bar of the Assembly to justify, with a complaisant voice, the usurpations of the insurrectional body. He was the hostage of the people of the Hôtel-de-Ville. Danton was really mayor, and, invariably present at the deliberations of this permanent municipal body, neglected the Assembly for the Commune. The municipal council was divided into distinct committees, which deliberated and acted separately. They were types of those which subsequently concentrated the government into the convention. The chief committee was that of *general surveillance*, which, consisting of a small number of men, successively chosen by Marat and Danton, made the other committees bend before them. Danton, relying on his legal power as minister of justice in the executive council, and his popularity in this committee, issued his orders like a minister who unites with the strength of the law the influence of the revolt. It was the consulate of Catiline—and irresistible.

XX.

It was the evening sitting; and the Assembly, overwhelmed by the disasters of the frontier, was endeavoring to take measures to render the devotion equal to the danger. Motions followed motions. Vergniaud, Guadet, Brissot, Gensonné, Lasource, Chambon, Ducos, struck the tribune with their feet, in hopes that defenders of the country would start forth. They voted men, horses, arms, &c. Danton entered the chamber at the head of his colleagues, and, ascending the tribune amid profound silence, said—

"The executive power authorizes me to inform the National Assembly of the measures it has undertaken for the safety of the empire. I will give the motives for these measures as a minister of the people—as a revolutionary minister. The enemy threatens the kingdom, but the enemy has not taken Longwi; our reverses are exaggerated; still our dangers are great, and the Assembly must prove itself worthy of the nation. It is by a convulsion that we have overthrown despotism—it is only by another and vast

national convulsion that we shall drive back the despots! Until now we have only carried on the pretended war of La Fayette—we must wage a more terrible war. It is time to urge the people to precipitate themselves *en masse* against their enemies. Until now the gates of the capital have been kept shut, and most properly: it was necessary to seize the traitors; but if there were 30,000 to arrest they must be apprehended to-morrow; and to-morrow Paris shall be in communication with all France. They demand your leave to make domiciliary visits. What would France say if Paris, in its stupor, awaited the arrival of its enemies? The French nation wills to be free, and it shall be."

The minister ceased—the Assembly was astonished—the decree passed. Danton left the chamber, and went to the general council of the Commune, which was prepared for obedience by his confidents. He demanded of the council that they should "decree at once the measures requisite for the national *coup d'état*, of which the executive assumed the responsibility; at the beat of drums the next day every citizen should be constrained to return to his home. The circulation of carriages should be suspended for two hours. The sections, tribunals, and clubs should be invited not to hold their sittings, that they might not distract public attention at such a moment. Houses were to be lighted up in the evening. Commissaries chosen by the sections, and accompanied by the public force, should enter, in the name of the law, the houses of all citizens. Every citizen should declare and produce his arms. If he was suspected, he should be searched; if he had told a falsehood, he should be arrested. Every person found in a house not his own abode should be declared suspected, and put in prison. Empty houses, or such as were not opened, should have seals placed on them. Commandant-general Santerre was to head the armed sections, and form a second *cordon* of the guards around Paris, to arrest all who should attempt to escape. Gardens, woods, and promenades should be searched. Armed boats should intercept, at the two extremities of Paris, the course of the river, in order to close all means of escape to the enemies of the nation."

These measures agreed to, Danton withdrew to the committee of surveillance of the Commune, and gave his final instructions to his accomplices. Marat presided over

the reserved committee. Marat was not commissary of any section; but the general council had granted him the favor of being present at the sittings by right of patriotism, and had voted to him a tribune of honor in the hall, in order that he might report their deliberations to the people. The other members were Panis, brother-in-law of Santerre; Lepeintre, Sergent, presidents of sections; Duplein, Lenfant, Lefort, Jourdeuil, Desforgues, Guermeur, Leclerc, and Duport, men worthy to be the colleagues of Marat and the executors of Danton's will; Mehée, the secretary; Manuel, procureur of the Commune; Billaut-Varennes, his deputy; Collot d'Herbois; Fabre d'Eglantine; Tallien, secretary of the General Council; Huguenin, president; Hébert, and some others.

Acts, arrangements, &c., attest undeniably that for this popular convulsion, anticipated and accepted, if not excited, by Danton, all was premeditated and prepared—executioners, victims, and even the tombs.

Mystery cloaked the deliberations of this council. It is only known that Danton, making a horizontal motion with his hand, said, in a harsh and deep tone, "We must strike fear into the royalists." Subsequently, he testified against himself in the famous reply he made in the Convention to the Girondists, who charged him with the 2d of September—"I looked my crime steadfastly in the face, and I did it!"

XXI.

Before midnight, Maillard, the leader of the hordes of the 6th of October, was ordered to assemble his cut-throats for an expedition, of which the destination and the victims would be duly told him. A large reward was promised him for each of his men, and he was, moreover, instructed to provide carts to carry away the corpses.

The 28th of August, at six o'clock in the morning, two agents of the committee of surveillance awoke the gravedigger of the parish of St. Jacques du Haut Pas, and ordered him to take his tools and follow them. On their arrival at the site of the quarries that extend from the Barrière St. Jacques, some of which had served as catacombs at the period of the recent removal of the cemeteries of Paris, the two strangers unrolled a map and began to explore the field of death. They recognized, by signs traced

in the soil, and laid down in the map, the site of these subterranean burial grounds, now closed up. They marked, themselves, with a spade, a circular spot, about six feet in diameter, where the grave-digger would find the opening that led into these abysses. They then gave him the sum requisite to pay his laborers, desired that all might be ready in four days, and withdrew, recommending him to observe the strictest silence.

Danton, cruel on the whole, but capable of pity in detail, yielded to the solicitations of friendship and the dictates of his own heart, and released, on the previous evening, several persons in whose fate he felt an interest. Ordering crimes to be committed through ferocity of system, and not ferocity of nature, he seemed happy to rescue victims from himself. M. de Marguerie, a superior officer of the constitutional guard of the king; the Abbé Lhomond, a celebrated grammarian; and several poor priests of the Ecoles Chrétiennes, who had educated Danton, owed their lives to him. Marat, at the orders of the minister, set at liberty these prisoners, and himself placed a certain number beyond the reach of the approaching catastrophe. The heart of a man is never so inflexible as his mind, and the friendship of Manuel saved Beaumarchais, author of the comedy of Figaro, that prologue of a revolution that commenced in laughter and ended on the scaffold.

The Abbé Béradier, head of the college of Louis-le-Grand, under whom Robespierre and Camille Desmoulins had studied, received a safe conduct from an unknown hand on the day of the massacre. These preparations, these warnings, and these exceptions prove premeditation. Camille, fully aware of all Danton's plans, could not be ignorant of the organized scheme of massacre; and it was equally impossible that Santerre, commander-in-chief of the national guard, and whose inaction during three days was necessary to the perpetration of so many murders, had not received some communication from Danton. Santerre informed of it, Pétion could not be ignorant of the plan of slaughter.

XXII.

The reports of the municipal police, made every hour at the mayor's residence, spoke openly of the men and arms that were being prepared for the event. How could that

which was known in the prisons be unknown at the Hôtel-de-Ville?

After having for a long period cast the blame upon a sudden and irresistible movement of rage of the people, attempts have been made to confine the crime to the smallest possible number of actors. History has no such complaisance: the idea belongs to Marat, the acceptance and responsibility to Danton, the execution to the council of surveillance, accompliceship to many, and dastardly tolerance to almost all. The most courageous, feeling inability to prevent these murders, affected to be ignorant of them, in order to avoid praising or blaming them. This was a crime of inactivity in the national guard, the Assembly, and the council-general of the Commune. They turned away their eyes while the crime was committed, and only blamed it openly afterward. In Marat it was a thirst for blood, the last remedy of a society which he wished to destroy, in order to resuscitate it according to his dream. In the mind of Danton it was a master-stroke of policy; he consented to become the phenomenon of the revolutionary movement. He believed that his deeds, purified by the intention and by time, would lose their character of ferocity; that his name would become greater when he had quitted the stage; and that he would become the colossus of the Revolution. It has since been said that he saved his country and the Revolution by these murders, and that our victories are their excuses; but those who assert this are deceived, as he was. A people who need to be intoxicated with blood to urge them to defend their country is a nation of villains, and not a nation of heroes. Heroism is the reverse of assassination; and as for the Revolution, its *prestige* was in its justice and morality; and this massacre sullied it in the eyes of all Europe. Europe uttered, it is true, a cry of horror; but horror is not respect, and no cause is served by dishonor.

BOOK XXV.

I.

Scarcely had Danton left the secret committee of the Commune, than the city, warned by the roll of the drums,

seemed like a city of the dead, whose inhabitants had been destroyed by a sudden catastrophe. Bands of men armed with pikes, patroles of *fédérés*, and detachments of the Marseillais and Brestois, traversed the streets in all directions. Santerre, at the head of a staff composed of forty-eight aides-de-camp, furnished by the sections, visited the posts on horseback. The barriers were closed and guarded by the Marseillais. On the outside, the sections formed a second line of sentinels. All communication was cut off between Paris and the country; the whole city was like a prisoner whose limbs are held while he is searched and fettered. No one knew whether he would be innocent or guilty in the eyes of his visitors, or be torn from his home, his wife, and children.

A weapon, if not declared, was ground for accusation; declared, it became ground for suspicion: an emblem of royalism, a uniform of the king's guard, a seal, a button with the royal arms, a portrait, a correspondence with a friend or a relative abroad, hospitality to a stranger whose connection could not be clearly explained—every thing might lead to the scaffold. The denunciation of an enemy, a neighbor, a servant, made the stoutest heart tremble. Every one sought to invent for himself, for his friends, or the valuables he wished to conceal, hiding-places which should escape the eye of his visitors. Men descended into the cellars, clambered on the roofs, crept in the chimneys, excavated the walls; recesses were formed, covered by pictures or tapestry; the floors were raised, and secret doors made; they envied the reptiles who had holes and hiding-places.

At the knock of the commissaries at the door, men held their breath. These commissaries mounted, escorted by men armed with drawn sabers, and workmen acquainted with all the means of concealment afforded by furniture, beds, matresses, and even the walls; locksmiths opened locks, burst in doors, sounded the floors, and detected the stratagems of affection, hospitality, and fear.

Five thousand suspected persons were torn from their houses, or their hiding-places, in the short space of one night; many were discovered in the hospitals, whither they had gone to share the beds of the sick and dying: few royalists escaped. Paris was emptied of all those who had been unable to fly from the city since the 10th of August.

II.

The next morning, at daybreak, the *Mairie*, the sections, the ancient prisons of Paris, and the convents that had been converted into prisons, were crowded with prisoners. They were summarily interrogated, and half of them, the victims of error or precipitation, were set at liberty, or claimed by their sections. The remainder were distributed in the prisons of the *Abbaye Saint Germain*, the *Conciergerie*, the *Châtelet*, *La Force*, the *Luxembourg*, and the ancient monasteries of the *Bernardins*, *Saint Firmin*, and the *Carmes*; *Bicêtre*, and the *Salpêtrière*, also opened their gates to receive fresh inmates.

The three days that followed this night were employed by the commissaries in making a selection of the prisoners. Already their death was projected: the section Poissonière condemned them, *en masse*, to the massacre; the section Des Thermes demanded that they should be executed without any other judgment than the danger to which their existence exposed the country. "We must purge the prisons, and leave no traitors behind us when we hasten to the frontiers." Such was the cry put into the mouth of the people by Marat and Danton.

III.

Such was the attitude of Danton on the brink of these crimes.

As for the part of Robespierre, it was the same as in all these crises—on the debate concerning war, on the 20th of June, and on the 10th of August. He did not act, he blamed; but he left the event to itself, and when once accomplished he accepted it as a progressive step of the Revolution, which it was impossible to retract. A fact recently revealed by a confidential friend of Robespierre and Saint Just, who survived these terrible convulsions of France, proves the accuracy of these conjectures as to the share taken by Robespierre in the execution of the days of September.

IV.

At this time, Robespierre and the young Saint Just—the one already celebrated, the other as yet unknown—

lived together on that intimacy which often unites the master and the disciple. Saint Just, already concerned in the events that had taken place, followed, and even outstripped, with his eye, the crisis of the Revolution with the calm impassibility of a logic that renders the heart systematically cold and abstractedly cruel. Policy, in his eyes, was a mortal combat; and the vanquished were the victims. The 2d of September, at eleven at night, Robespierre and Saint Just left the Jacobins together, exhausted by the mental and bodily fatigue of a day passed in the tumult of deliberations, and which was to be succeeded by so terrible a night. Saint Just lived in a small furnished apartment in the Rue Sainte Anne, not far from the house of the joiner Duplay, where Robespierre resided. The two friends arrived at the door of Saint Just's house, discussing the events of the day, and the threatening aspect of the morrow. Robespierre, immersed in thought, ascended to his friend's chamber to continue their conversation. Saint Just, however, took off his garments and prepared for repose. "What are you doing?" asked Robespierre. "I am going to bed," returned Saint Just. "What! can you think of sleeping on such a night?" cried Robespierre; "do you not hear the tocsin? Do you know that this night will, perhaps, be the last of thousands of our fellow-creatures, who are men at the moment you fall asleep, and when you awake, will be lifeless corpses?" "Alas!" replied Saint Just, "I know that murder will be done on this night; I deplore it, and wish I were sufficiently powerful to moderate these convulsions of society, struggling between life and death; but what am I? And, after all, those who perish this night are not the friends of our ideas. Adieu!" And with these words he fell fast asleep.

The next morning, at daybreak, Saint Just, on awaking, beheld Robespierre, who was pacing, with hasty steps, up and down the room, occasionally stopping to look out of the window, or listen to the various noises in the streets. Saint Just, astonished to see his friend at this early hour, inquired what brought him back so early? "What brings me back?" replied Robespierre. "Do you, then, think that I have *returned?*" "What! you have not slept?" asked Saint Just. "Sleep!" cried Robespierre. "Sleep! while hundreds of assassins murdered thousands of victims; and their pure or impure blood runs like water down the

streets? Oh no!" continued he, with a sardonic smile, "I have not slept; I have watched like remorse or crime; I have had the weakness not to close my eyes; but DANTON, HE HAS SLEPT."

V.

On Sunday, the 2d of September, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the signal for the massacre was given by one of those accidents that seem so perfectly the effect of chance.

Five coaches, each containing six priests, started from the Hôtel-de-Ville to the prison of the Abbaye, by the Pont Neuf and the Rue de Bussy, a tumultuous and dangerous neighborhood. At the third report of the alarm-gun these coaches set out on their march, escorted by weak detachments of Avignonnais and Marseillais, armed with pikes and sabers. The windows were open, in order that the populace might perceive in the interior the costume of that sect most obnoxious to them. Groups of men, women, and children insulted them as they passed, and their escort joined in the invective threats and outrages of the populace.

"Look there!" said they, pointing with their sabers to the prisoners; "there are the accomplices of the Prussians; these are the men who will massacre you if you suffer them to live to betray you."

The *émeute*, increasing in number at every step across the Rue Dauphine, was met by another mob, that blocked up the Carrefour Bussy, where municipal officers received enrolments in the open air. The carriages stopped; and a man, forcing his way through the escort, sprung on the step of the first carriage, plunged his saber twice into the body of one of the priests, and displayed it reeking with blood: the people uttered a cry of horror. "This frightens you, cowards!" said the assassin, with a smile of disdain; "you must accustom yourselves to look on death." With these he again plunged his saber into the carriage, and continued to strike. One priest had his shoulder pierced, a second his face cut, and the hand of a third, put up to protect his head, was severed. The Abbé Sicard, the charitable founder of the deaf and dumb schools, was shielded by the bodies of the other priests. The coaches slowly moved on, and the assassin, passing from one to the

other, and clinging with one hand to the door, stabbed at random at all he could reach; while the assassins of Avignon, who formed part of their escort, plunged their bayonets into the interior; and the pikes, pointed against the windows, prevented any of the priests from leaping into the street. The long line of carriages moving slowly on, and leaving a bloody trace behind them, the despairing cries and gestures of the priests, the ferocious shouts of their butchers, the yells of applause of the populace, announced from a distance their arrival to the prisoners of the Abbaye.

The *cortège* stopped at the door of the prison, and the soldiers of the escort dragged out by the feet eight dead bodies. The priests who had escaped, or who were only wounded, precipitated themselves into the prison; four of them were seized and massacred on the threshold. Some of them sprung in at the window of the committee of the section, which was at this moment sitting in the prison.

VI.

The prisoners, however, cooped up in the Abbaye heard this prelude to murder at their gates. The report that the priests had been murdered was soon circulated, and the murmurs of an immense crowd, who had invaded the court, and thronged the square and streets near the Abbaye, reached them through the windows and loopholes of their prison. The roll of the carriages, the noise of the horses' feet, the clash of the sabers, the cries of *Vive la nation!* heard at intervals, left them for a moment uncertain whether this tumult was for their massacre or their defense. The internal wickets were closed on them, and they received orders to return to their chambers, as if to answer the muster-roll.

A fearful spectacle was visible in the outer court: the last wicket opening into it had been transformed into a tribunal; and around a large table—covered with papers, writing materials, the registers of the prison, glasses, bottles, pistols, sabers, and pipes—were seated twelve judges, whose gloomy features and athletic proportions stamped them men of toil, debauch, or blood. Their attire was that of the laboring classes: woolen caps on their heads, vests, hobnailed shoes, and butchers' aprons. Some had taken off their coats, and their shirt sleeves, tucked up to their elbows, displayed their muscular arms, tattooed with em-

blems of their trades. Two or three of them attracted attention by the whiteness of their hands and the elegance of their shape; and that betrayed the presence of men of intellect, purposely mingled with these men of action to guide them. A man in a gray coat, a saber at his side, pen in his hand, and whose inflexible features seemed as though they were petrified, was seated at the center of the table, and presided over the tribunal. This was the Huissier Maillard, the idol of the mobs of the Faubourg Saint Marceau, one of those men who spring from the scum of the people, and behind whom it ranges itself because it can not outstrip them: the rival of Jourdan—the friend of Théroigne, an actor in the days of October, the 20th of June, and the 10th of August—Maillard appointed himself the executioner of the people. He loved blood: he bore about heads; he displayed hearts; he cut up corpses. He now displayed a certain impartiality in his vengeance, and moderation in murder. He no longer executed with his own hands: he left that to his subordinates, and disputed with his conscience before he surrendered them their victims.

VII.

Such was Maillard. He had just returned from the Carmes, where he had organized the massacre. It was not chance that had brought him to the Abbaye at the precise moment of the arrival of the prisoners, and with the prison registers in his hand. He had received, the previous evening, the secret orders of Marat, through the members of the Comité de Surveillance. Danton had sent for the registers to the prison, and gone through them; and Maillard was shown those he was to acquit and condemn. If the prisoner was acquitted, Maillard said, "*Let this gentleman be set at liberty;*" if condemned, a voice said, "*A la Force.*" At these words the outer door opened, and the prisoner fell dead as he crossed the threshold.

VIII.

The massacre commenced with the Swiss, of whom there were a hundred and fifty at the Abbaye, officers and soldiers. Maillard sent for them all *en masse*, and addressed them thus: "You have assassinated the people on the 10th

of August, and they demand vengeance: you are to be transported to La Force." "Mercy, mercy," cried the soldiers, falling on their knees. "There is no occasion to ask for mercy," replied Maillard. "You are only going to be transferred to La Force; besides, perhaps you will be pardoned." But the Swiss had heard the cries outside, demanding their lives. "Why do you seek to deceive us?" said they, "we know that we shall only quit this place to die." At these words a Marseillais and a butcher opened the door, and, pointing to the Swiss, "Come, come, decide; let us go: the people are becoming impatient." The Swiss all recoiled to the farthest end of the wicket, and uttered lamentable cries. "This must end," said one of the judges; "who will be the first?" "I will!" cried a young officer, with calm and martial look; "I will set the example: show me the door—which way must I go?" The door flew open, he cast his hat behind him, cried farewell to his comrades, and rushed out. His beauty and his courage struck the assassins with amazement, and they suffered him to advance into the center of the court; but, soon recovering from their surprise, they surrounded him with a circle of sabers, pikes, and bayonets. He stepped two paces back, looked firmly at his assassins, folded his arms, and remained for a moment stationary; then, seeing that all was ready, he sprung forward on the bayonets, and fell, pierced with a hundred wounds: his death was followed by that of his comrades. They fell, one after another, like sheep in a slaughter-house. The tumbrils were not sufficient to carry away the corpses, and they were piled up on each side of the court to make room for the rest to die: their commander, Major Reding, was the last to fall.

IX.

The assassins ceased for a moment; night fell, and torches were lighted in the court, where these paid agents of murder were seated, with their feet in the blood of their victims, eating and drinking like the laborer when his daily toil is ended. The Commune, officially informed of these massacres, had sent Manuel, Billaut-Varennes, and other commissaries to the prisons, to cast at least the responsibility of the crime on others, and show that some efforts had been made to prevent these assassinations. These orators intim-

idated by the attitude of these murderers, and the sight of their weapons reeking with blood, addressed them in terms more resembling adulation than reproach, and which the people interpreted as encouragement. Some even were felicitations and provocations to fresh murders. "Brave citizens," said Billaut-Varennes, in the court of the Abbaye, "you have put to death great criminals; the municipality does not know how to acquit itself toward you: unquestionably the spoils of these scoundrels belong to those who have delivered us from them. Without believing that I adequately recompense you, I am authorized by the Commune to offer each of you twenty-four livres, which will be immediately paid you."

While Billaut-Varennes thus spoke, the massacre, suspended for a moment, recommenced before his eyes. The aged commandant of the *gendarmerie*, Rulhières, already pierced by five pikes, stripped, and left for dead, ran naked and bleeding around the court, fell, and rose again in his agony, which lasted for ten minutes.

After the Swiss, the king's guards, imprisoned in the Abbaye, were judged *en masse:* their crime was their fidelity on the 10th of August. There was no trial—they were vanquished; nothing was asked but their name. Their massacre lasted a long time, for the people, excited by what they had drank—brandy mingled with gunpowder—and intoxicated by the sight of blood, prolonged their tortures, as though they feared they would not be sufficiently acute, and the whole night was scarcely enough to slay and strip them.

The Abbé Sicard, and the two priests who took refuge in a little chamber adjoining the committee, saw, heard, and noted down all that occurred; an old door full of holes alone separated them from the scene of massacre; they could distinguish the sound of footsteps, the saber strokes, the fall of the bodies, the shouts of the assassins, the applause of the populace, even the voices of the friends they had left, and the wild dances of the women and children to the chorus of the Carmagnole around the dead bodies.

Deputations from the assassins continually demanded wine from the committee, who supplied them with it. At daybreak women brought their husbands food, to sustain them, as they said, in their hard labors.

The carts, hired by the Commune, came during this repast to clear the courts of the heaps of dead bodies that

crowded them. Water could no longer wash away the blood, in which the foot slipped; and the assassins, previous to resuming their bloody work, spread straw thickly over the court, on which they laid the clothes of their victims. They then resolved to kill on this litter, in order that the blood might be absorbed by it before it reached the stones; and ranged benches round for the accommodation of the spectators of their butchery. At daybreak these benches were covered with females, and men from the Quartier de l'Abbaye, who hailed these murders with applause. During this time, Maillard and the judges took their repast in the lodge, and, after having smoked their pipes, fell fast asleep on their seats, and prepared for the morrow's work.

X.

The prisoners alone did not sleep. Shut up in their cells or their salles, they listened to all those sounds, which in their ears conveyed life or death. At sunrise two priests, the Abbé Lenfant, the king's preacher, and the Abbé de Rastignac, a religious writer, confined together in the Abbaye, collected all the prisoners in the chapel, and there, from a tribunal, prepared them for death. These two priests were nearly eighty, and their white hair, the visage pale from age, macerated by vigils, and rendered almost divine by the approach to martyrdom, gave their gestures and their words the evangelical solemnity of eternity. All the prisoners fell on their knees; and this ray of religion, amid a scene of blood, made them feel the presence of a Providence even in their last moments. Scarcely had the two priests extended their arms over their companions, to bestow on them their last benediction, than they were summoned to set the example of martyrdom. Their hands clasped, their eyes raised to heaven, they were hacked to pieces by sabers, without ceasing to pray.

But the resignation of these two venerable men had not deprived death of all its terrors in the eyes of the prisoners, and nature did not the less struggle within them. They discussed in what attitude they should receive or brave the blows of their assailants, in order to render death more speedy and less painful. Some proposed to

bow their heads to the stroke, in order that it might fall at one blow; others to bare their breasts, and put their hands behind them, in order that the pikes might pierce at once to their hearts; others to resist to the last—to seize the pikes, dash aside the sabers, struggle with the assassins, and change the slaughter into a combat, in order to die with courage; and they all resolved to die thus.

XI.

Some preferred to choose their own death, and chose to accelerate rather than await it. M. de Montmorin, the ancient minister of Louis XVI., had been interrogated at the Assembly. Some days previously, Brissot, Guadet, Vergniaud, and Gensonné, his enemies, had made use of the victory of the 10th of August to assail this statesman, who had retired from public life, and toward whom all animosity should have ceased, and they had prolonged his examination, and laid snares for him, in order to make a merit of his condemnation. M. de Montmorin had been confined in the Abbaye, where the presence of his son, quite a boy, consoled him. Imprisoned in the same chamber with D'Affry, Thierri, Sombreuil, governor of the Invalides, Mdlle. de Sombreuil and Beaumarchais, Montmorin supported his captivity with resignation in conversation with his old friends. The liberation of D'Affry and Beaumarchais, whom Manuel had freed the previous evening, with Madame de St. Brice and Madame de Tourzel, led him to believe he should be set at liberty. The tocsin of the 2d of September, the tumult in the court, the cries of the victims, his son torn from him that morning, changed his confidence into despair, his despair into fury. He summoned his enemies, that he might grapple with them. His hair disheveled, his eyes flashing fire, his hands clenched, he paced up and down his chamber, while his strength, doubled by rage, became prodigious. He shivered to pieces an oaken table, two inches thick, and it was necessary to deceive him before he would enter the lodge. He appeared with a disdainful smile on his lips before the tribunal. "President," said he to Maillard, "since it is your pleasure to assume that title, I hope you will send for a carriage to take me to La Force, in order to avoid the insults of your assassins." Maillard made a gesture

of assent, and Montmorin sat down for a short time and witnessed the examination of several prisoners. "The carriage which is to convey you to your destination has arrived," said the president at length. The door of the court opened, and Montmorin, springing through, was nailed to the wall by thirty pikes, and murdered when he believed he was about to escape. M. de Montmorin had in his possession a receipt for 100,000 francs (£4000) paid to Danton by the king's order, to indemnify him for his post as advocate at the Châtelet; but it was, in reality, the price of the bribery, solicited and secretly accepted from the court by the young demagogue. The freedom obtained for so many others was in vain besought for him: he perished, and no one can say whether his death was through forgetfulness or prudence on the part of those whose names were in his memory and whose signatures were among his papers.

After M. de Montmorin came Sombreuil, governor of the Invalides. His daughter had permission to quit the prison, but refused to leave the spot to which filial affection bound her, and inhabited a chamber, with Madame de Tourzel, De St. Brice, and the daughter of Cazotte. Since the commencement of the massacre, she stationed herself at the wicket of the tribunal, watching for her father, and protected by the pity of the guard and jailers. Sombreuil appeared—he was condemned. The door opened, the bayonets were at his breast, when his daughter threw herself before him, shielded him with her body, and entreated the assassins to spare her father, or to let her die with him. Her gestures, her sex, youth, beauty, and sublimity of her devotion, touched these ruffians. A cry for mercy burst from the crowd. The life of her father was granted her, but on horrible conditions: they demanded that, in proof of her abjuration of her aristocracy, she should drink a glass filled with blood. Mlle. de Sombreuil seized the glass with a firm hand, raised it to her lips, and drank to the safety of her father. This action saved him.

Cazotte, when interrogated by the tribunal, answered like a man resolved to die. "My wife—my children," cried he, "do not weep for me. Do not forget me, but always remember God. I will die as I have lived, faithful to my God and my king." His daughter, unable to save him, followed, to die with him.

XII.

Some of the Marseillais followed them into the court, and, averting the pikes and sabers leveled at them, demanded these two lives, that were inseparable to one another. They then led them through the court, and escorted them to a place of safety.

This, however, was but a respite for Cazotte, who was retaken a few days after, and imprisoned separately from his daughter. The judges did that which assassins shrank from, and Cazotte perished. After him died Thierri, the first gentleman of the bedchamber to the king. "Gratitude," said he to Maillard, "knows no opinion; my duty was fidelity to my master." Pierced by a pike through the breast, he supported himself with one hand against a post in the court, while with the other he waved his hat in the air, and shouted with a dying effort, *Vive le roi!*

Maillé, Rohan, Chabot, Lieutenant-general Wittgenstein, Romainvilliers, second in command of the national guard on 10th of August, and the judges de paix, Buob and Bosquillon, fell after him.

But one prisoner was left in the Abbaye, M. de St. Marc, colonel of a cavalry regiment. The assassins agreed among themselves to prolong his tortures, in order that each might share in them. They made him walk between rows of men armed with sabers, and who carefully avoided dealing a mortal blow, lest it should terminate his sufferings too soon. They then thrust a pike through his body, and compelled him to walk on his knees, imitating and laughing at his convulsionary movements of agony. When he could no longer support this, they hacked his hands, face, and limbs with their sabers, and finished by firing six balls into his head.

XIII.

Some inexplicable and consolatory acts astonish us amid these horrors. The compassion of Maillard appeared to seek for the innocent with as much care as his vengeance sought for the guilty. Either he considered assassination as a painful duty, from which he absolved himself by a few pardons, or that his pride was flattered at thus dispensing life and death; he lavished one and the other, and exposed

his life to snatch victims from his executions. Loud murmurs against his parsimony of human life, and cries of treason were heard in the court. The *égorgeurs* repeatedly broke into the tribunal and threatened the lives of all the judges. Several citizens devoted themselves to save victims, only known to them by name. The watchmaker, Morinot, ventured to claim the Abbé Sicard, and obtained him in the name of the unfortunates to whom the founder of the deaf and dumb schools had consecrated his life. Deputations from the sections endeavored to penetrate into the prisons to reclaim citizens, but were repulsed. A post of national guards occupied the arch leading from the Place de l'Abbaye to the court, with orders to admit any one to enter, but no one to go out. A single deputy ventured to pass the arch: "Are you weary of life?" said the assassins. He was then conducted to Maillard, who gave him the two prisoners he claimed. As the deputy crossed the court again with them, torches lighted up the heaps of dead bodies and pools of blood, while the murderers, seated on them like reapers on the sheaves of corn, drank ale and smoked with the utmost composure. "Do you wish to see the heart of an aristocrat?" said these butchers; "look here!" With these words one of them opened a corpse, and, taking out the heart, pressed the blood into a glass, part of which he drank, and then offered the rest to Bisson, compelled him to put his lips to it, and would only suffer the prisoners to depart at this price. The assassins themselves repeatedly quitted their bloody work and washed their hands and feet to conduct back to their families those persons whom the tribunal had acquitted. These men refused all recompense. "The nation pays us for killing, but not for saving men," said they. After having restored a father to his daughter, a son to his mother, they wiped away their tears of compassion to resume their work of destruction. Never did massacre wear more completely the appearance of a set task. Assassination during this period became an additional trade in Paris.

XIV.

While the tumbrils hired by the agents of the Comité de Surveillance conveyed away the corpses of the Abbaye, thirty *égorgeurs* watched, since the morning, at the gates of the Carmelite convent, in the Rue de Vaugirard, await-

ing the signal. The prison Des Carmes was an ancient convent, an immense edifice, pierced with cloisters, flanked by the church, and surrounded by courts and gardens. It had been converted into a prison for priests sentenced to be sent out of the country, and the *gendarmerie* and national guards had posts there; but these had been designedly weakened, and the assassins who, about six in the evening, forced open the gates, closed them after them. The men who commenced the massacre did not resemble the populace in costume, language, or arms; they were all young men, well dressed, and armed with guns and pistols. Cérat, a young follower of Danton and Marat, marched at their head, and in the troop were visible the features of many of the *habitués* of the Cordeliers club—pretorians of those agitators who were termed, in allusion to the convent where they met, "the red brothers of Danton." They wore the *bonnet rouge*, a red cravat, waistcoat, and sash—a significant emblem that accustomed their eyes and thoughts to the color of blood. The directors of the massacre feared lest the ascendency of the priests over the lower orders might make them shrink from sacrilege; and they recruited in the colleges, the taverns, and the clubs volunteers above these scruples, and whose hatred of superstition urged them to kill the priests. Several shots, fired in the cloisters and gardens on some priests walking there, were the signal for the massacre; and from cloister to cloister, from cell to cell, from tree to tree the fugitives fell dead or wounded, while they cast out the bodies from the windows, or rolled them down the stair-cases. Hideous hordes of ragged men, women, and children, attracted by the noise of the *fusillade*, crowded round the gates, which were opened from time to time to give egress to tumbrils drawn by magnificent horses, taken from the king's stables. These carts slowly rolled on, leaving behind them a long track of blood. On the dead bodies were seated women and children, laughing, and holding up pieces of human flesh, while the blood spurted over their clothes, their faces, and their food. These livid mouths, singing the Marseillaise, dishonored the chant of heroism by associating it with murder; and the people took up the chorus and danced around the cars, as though around the spoils of the clergy and the vanquished aristocracy. The small number of the assassins, the large number of victims, the great size of the building, the extent of the garden, the walls, shrubberies, and hedges that sheltered the flying

priests, slackened the progress of the massacre, and the shades of night were about to envelop them. Their pursuers formed a circle around the garden, and, as they approached the buildings, forced the priests, by blows with the flat of their sabers, to enter the church, which they then closed. While this *battue* was going on outside, a general search in the interior drove all the priests who had escaped from the garden into the same place. The assassins carried in their arms those who could not walk. Once shut up in the church, the victims, summoned one by one, were dragged through a little door opening on the garden, and slaughtered on the stair-case. The Archbishop of Arles, Dulau, the most aged and venerable of these martyrs, edified the rest by his bearing, and encouraged them by his exhortations. The Bishop of Beauvais and the Bishop of Saintes, two brothers of the House of La Rochefoucauld, embraced each other, and rejoiced to die together. Those who were summoned to die received the kiss of peace and the prayers for the dying from their brethren. The Archbishop of Arles was one of the first summoned. "It is you," said a Marseillais, "that shed the blood of the patriots at Arles." "I!" returned the archbishop—"I never hurt any one in my life." At these words he received a saber stroke across the face, followed by a second that deluged him with blood. At the third he fell without a groan. A Marseillais dealt him so furious a pike-thrust, that it broke in twain: then mounted on the body, tore away the cross from its neck, and displayed it as a trophy. The Bishop of Beauvais embraced the altar, and then advanced to the door with us much calm and majesty as in a religious procession, followed by all the young priests, on whom he bestowed his benediction. The king's confessor, Hébert, superior of the Eudistes, was the next to fall. Each minute decreased the ranks in the choir; only a few priests kneeling before the altar remained, and soon but one was left.

The Bishop of Saintes, who had his thigh broken in the garden, lay on a matress in the side chapel, surrounded by the *gendarmes* of the post, who, better armed and more numerous than the assassins, might have rescued their charge. They, however, surrendered the Bishop of Saintes like the rest. "I do not refuse to die with my brother," replied the bishop, when summoned; "but my thigh is broken, and I can not walk; assist me, and I will go with joy to meet my death." Two of his assassins supported him

by placing their arms around him, and he fell, thanking them. He was the last. It was eight o'clock; the massacre had lasted four hours.

XV.

The tumbrils bore away a hundred and ninety corpses, while the murderers dispersed, and hastened to the other prisons.

Blood had already flowed in nine prisons; that of La Force inclosed, after the Abbaye, the greatest number of prisoners obnoxious to the people. At the same time as Maillard instituted his tribunal at the Abbaye, two members of the Conseil de la Commune, Hébert and Lhuilier, established themselves as supreme judges at La Force. There were the same signs of premeditation, the same invasion of sixty assassins, the same discipline, the same forms of interrogatory and judgment, the same care to efface the blood, the same tumbrils to carry away the corpses, the same mutilations of the bodies, the same brutal sport with the heads, the same indifference of the executioners—eating, drinking, dancing on the bodies of their victims—the same torches lighting up these saturnalia and reflected in pools of blood, and the same inertness of the public force, looking on and consenting to these massacres.

A hundred and sixty heads fell in two days; Hébert and Lhuilier saved ten, several of whom were ladies attached to the queen.

One of these victims alone could not escape. Hébert and Lhuilier wished to save her, but a cry betrayed her, and she fell between the tribunal and the street. This was the Princesse de Lamballe. This youthful widow of the son of the Duc de Penthièvre, was a princess of Savoy-Carignan. Her personal and mental charms had procured her the passionate attachment of Marie Antoinette; and the chaste affection of the Princesse de Lamballe had only replied to the odious suspicions of the people by an heroic devotion to the misfortunes of her friend; and the lower the queen fell, the more the princess attached herself to her fall. Pétion had allowed her to follow her royal friend to the Temple; but the Commune, more pitiless, had torn her from the arms of the queen and sent her to La Force. The father-in-law of Madame de Lamballe, the Duc de Penthièvre, loved her as though she had been really his daughter

XVI.

The Duc de Penthièvre lived in the greatest retirement at the Chateau of Bizy, in Normandy, where the affection of the people protected his old age. He was aware of the captivity of his daughter-in-law, and the dangers that threatened her, and, from afar, he watched over her. A secret agent of his house, furnished with a sum of 300,000 francs (£12,000), had come to Paris and purchased the safety of Madame de Lamballe from one of the principal agents of the Commune. Other inferior agents were also charged to insinuate themselves into the confidence of the dangerous men who prowled about the prisons, and to watch for and prevent their crime by exciting the cupidity of the assassins. All these measures, of which the central point was the Hôtel-de-Toulouse, the duke's palace, had succeeded; and in the Commune, among the judges and the executioners, were men who watched over the princess.

She was one of the last to appear before the tribunal. She had been spared on the day and night of the 2d of September, as if to give the people time to glut themselves ere they were deprived of a victim. Confined with Madame de Navarre, one of her ladies, in a high chamber of the prison, she heard, during forty hours, the tumult of the people and the cries of the victims. Weak, lying on her bed, passing from the convulsions of terror to the lethargy of sleep, constantly awakened by dreams more hideous than even reality, she continually fainted. At four o'clock two national guards entered, and, with feigned brutality, ordered her to follow them to the Abbaye. Scarcely able to rise from her bed, she entreated them to leave her there, preferring, as she said, to die where she was than any where else. One of these men leaned over her and whispered that she must comply, as on that depended her safety. She requested all in her chamber to withdraw, dressed herself as rapidly as possible, and descended the stair-case supported by the national guard, who seemed to take an interest in her.

Hébert and Lhuilier awaited her. At the aspect of the hideous faces of these butchers, stained with human blood, opening the door of the court, the young princess fainted in the arms of her femme-de-chambre, and could not be restored to consciousness for a long time. After a brief

examination, "Swear," said one of the judges, "the love of equality and liberty, and hatred of kings and queens." "I will willingly swear the first," replied she; "but as to hatred of the king and queen, I can not swear—it is not in my heart." One of the judges bent over her, "Swear every thing," whispered he, "or you are lost." She remained silent. "Well," said one of the assistants, "go out, and when you are in the street, cry *Vive la nation.*" One of the leaders of the massacre, named Truchon or Grand Nicholas, supported her on one side, and one of his men on the other. Arrived at the court, she recoiled at the sight of the dead bodies, and forgetting what she had been enjoined, "Good God, how horrible!" exclaimed she. Nicholas put his hand over her mouth, led her forward—she had already traversed half the street in safety, when a journeyman hairdresser, named Charlot, intoxicated with wine and carnage, wished, in brutal jest, to strike off, with the point of his pike, the cap Madame de Lamballe wore; the weapon, ill-directed by his tremulous hand, wounded the princess on the forehead; the blood spurted forth and deluged her face.

XVII.

The cut-throats, at the sight of blood, believed that their victim was their own, and rushed upon her. A wretch, named Grizon, stretched her at his feet with a blow from a piece of wood. Sabers and pikes struck her, and Charlot, seizing her by the hair, cut off her head; others stripped the murdered victim of her garments, and profaned and mutilated the body. During the sacrileges, Charlot, Grizon, Hamin, and Rodi, infamous names, eternally pilloried in history, carried the head of the princess to a neighboring public-house, where, placing it on the counter amid bottles and glasses, they compelled those present to drink with them to her death. These drinkers of blood, then increasing in numbers, marched to the gate of the Temple to horrify Marie Antoinette with the livid head of her friend. The commissaries of the Commune, who guarded the Temple, with a deputation of the Assembly, warned of the approach of this body, received it with attention and entreaties. The mob desired leave to display the head of the queen's accomplice beneath the windows of the royal family, and to this the commissaries assented. While

the crowd was parading round the garden, under the tower occupied by the prisoners, the commandant of the guard invited the king to present himself to the people. The king complied. Another commissary, more feeling, placed himself between the king and the window where they were displaying the horrid trophy. The king, however, saw the head, and recognized it. The queen, who was loudly clamored for by the mob, and not aware of the atrocious spectacle prepared for her, hastened to the casement. The king held her back, and led her to her apartment. All that was concealed from her was the sight of her unhappy friend; in the evening she learned all the details, and could not fail to perceive the hatred of the people which so ruthlessly developed itself against all she loved.

XVIII.

The mob went on its way toward the Palais Royal, to show the Duc d'Orléans the head of his sister-in-law, not as a menace, but as a tribute. The duke was dining with Madame de Buffon, his latest favorite, and some companions of his pleasures. He dared not refuse his homage to a crime offered in the name of the people by murderers. He rose, went into the balcony, and gazed for some moments on the bleeding head, which was raised toward him, and then retired. His enemies accused him of having required that it should be presented to him, in order to slake his vengeance and satisfy his cupidity. He saw an enemy in the queen's friend, by whose death he would inherit the dower settled by the Duc de Penthièvre on the widow of his brother-in-law. Such imputations fail before the truth. The life of this lady in no way affected him; her death added nothing to his fortune. At the moment when she was murdered, the Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans were legally separated as regarded property. The dower of Madame de Lamballe was only chargeable on the future inheritance of the Duchesse d'Orléans to the extent of 30,000 francs (£1200) a-year. This price of blood was not worth an assassination, and would not even profit the assassin. They threw on the Duc d'Orléans all the crimes to which it was difficult to assign a cause—sad penalty for a bad reputation. His hand was frequently detected in the outbreaks of the people, and it was said to be dipped in this blood. This was altogether untrue.

XIX.

The Châtelet and the Conciergerie, in which persons accused of crimes, civil or criminal, and in which they had now shut up the Swiss and the royalists, were visited next day by the ruffianly assassins of the Abbaye and La Force. The Commune had taken care to remove thence 200 prisoners confined for debt or trifling offenses. It had only left exposed to massacre victims guilty in its eyes, and devoted beforehand to the chances of these days. There the slaughter began on the morning of the 3d of September. The tribunal appointed to judge the crimes of the 10th of August, held its sittings in the palace, at some paces from the place of execution. The impatient murderers would not await its tardy sentences, and death anticipated the verdicts—the pike judged *en masse*. Eighty dead bodies were strewn in a few minutes in the court-yard of the palace. Major Bachmann, who had succeeded M. d'Affry as commandant of the Swiss on the 10th of August, was summoned before the judges. The assassins met him on the stair-case, and respected him as a victim of the law. Condemned to death in five minutes, Bachmann ascended the cart which was to convey him to punishment. Standing erect, with lofty mien, calm eye, proud smile, and wrapped in his martial cloak of red cloth, like a soldier reposing in bivouac, he preserved all the calmness and dignity of the commander in the face of death; and mounting the scaffold with a look of disdain, he met his fate right manfully.

Two hundred and twenty dead bodies at the Grand Châtelet, and 289 at the Conciergerie, were mangled by the ruffians—*travailleurs (workmen)* they called them. These assassins, scarcely enough for their bloody toil, freed the prisoners confined for debt on condition that they helped them; and these wretches, crimsoning their lives by crime, thus immolated their companions of captivity whom they had but recently shaken by the hand. More than half the prisoners perished under the hands of the other half.

D'Eprémesnil, recognized and favored by a national guard of Bordeaux, was the only prisoner who escaped from the massacre of the Châtelet. He fled, with a sword dyed in gore in his hand, in the costume of one of these cut-throats. Night, disorder, and intoxication favored his escape, stained as he was up to the ankle with the reeking

gore of this wholesale butchery. On reaching the Fountain Maubué, he spent more than an hour in washing his boots and garments, in order that he might not horrify the friends with whom he resolved on seeking asylum.

In this prison they anticipated the punishment of many persons accused or condemned to death for civil offenses. Of this number was the Abbé Bardi, accused of the murder of his own brother. A man of supernatural frame and intense energy, he struggled for half an hour against his assassins, and stifled two beneath his knees.

A remarkably fine girl, known as *La Belle Bouquetière*, charged with having wounded a subaltern officer in the French guard, her lover, in a fit of jealousy, was to be tried in a few days. The murderers anticipated the executioner, and Théroigne de Méricourt lent her invention to the punishment. Stripped quite naked and tied to a post, with her legs thrust apart and her feet nailed to the ground, they burned the hapless girl with bundles of lighted straw. They cut off her breasts with their swords; made the ends of their pikes red hot and thrust them into their victim's flesh, while her agonized shrieks were heard to the other side of the river. Fifty women, freed from the Conciergerie by these slaughterers, lent their hands at these tortures, and surpassed the men in their ferocity.

The 575 carcasses of the Châtelet and the Conciergerie were piled up in heaps on the Pont-du-Change. At night troops of children, reveling in these three days' murders, and with whom dead carcasses had become things of sport, lighted up small lamps by these heaps of slain, and danced the Carmagnole, while the Marseillaise was sung all over the city. Lamps, lanterns, pitch-torches mingled their pale lights with that of the moon, which beamed on these heaps of victims—these hacked trunks—these severed heads—these pools of blood. The same night, Henriot, spy and swindler under the monarchy, assassin and executioner under the people, at the head of a band of twenty or thirty men, directed and executed the massacre of ninety-two priests of the seminary of Saint Firmin. Henriot's satellites, pursuing the priests through corridors and into cells, flung them, still alive, out of the windows on to a forest of pikes, spits, and bayonets, which transfixed them when they fell. Women, to whom the butchers then resigned them, finished the bloody work with billets of wood, and then dragged the mangled bodies through the ken-

nels. The same scenes polluted the cloisters of the Bernardins.

Yet already in Paris victims were not in sufficient quantity to satisfy the thirst excited by these ninety-two hours of massacre.

The prisons were empty. Henriot and the butchers, more than 200, re-enforced by the wretches recruited in the prisons, went to the Bicêtre with seven pieces of cannon, which the Commune allowed them to take with impunity.

Bicêtre, a vast sewer, wherein flowed all the refuse in the kingdom, in order to purify the population of lunatics, mendicants, or incorrigible criminals, contained 3500 prisoners. Their blood contained nothing of political taint; but, pure or impure, it was still more blood! The ruffians forced in the gates of the Bicêtre, drove in the dungeon doors with cannon, dragged out the prisoners, and began a slaughter, which endured five nights and five days. Vainly did the Commune send commissaries—vainly did Pétion himself harangue the assassins. They hardly ceased from their *work* to listen to the admonitions of the mayor. To words without force the people only lend a respect without obedience. The cut-throats only paused before a want of occupation. Next day the same band of 250 men, armed with guns, pikes, axes, clubs, attacked the hospital of the Salpêtrière, at the same time a hospital and a prison, which contained only prostitutes—a place of correction for the old, reformation for the young, and asylum for those still bordering on infancy. After having massacred thirty-five of the most aged woman, they forced the dormitories of the others, whom they made the victims of their brutality, killing those who resisted, and carrying off with them in triumph young girls, from ten to fourteen years of age, the foul prey of debauchery, saturated with blood.

XX.

While these proscriptions created consternation throughout Paris, the Assembly in vain sent commissaries to harangue the people at the doors of the prisons. The assassins would not even suspend their work to lend an ear to the official harangues. Vainly did the minister of the interior, Roland, groaning over his own impotency, write to

Santerre, to use force, in order to assure the safety of the prisons. It was three days before Santerre appeared, to demand of the council-general of the Commune authority to repress the blood-hounds, now become dangerous to those who had let them loose on their enemies. The ruffians, reeking in gore, came insolently to claim of the municipal authorities payment for their murders. Tallien and his colleagues dared not refuse the price of these days' *work*, and entered on the registers of the Commune of Paris these salaries, scarcely concealed under the most evident titles and pretexts. Santerre and his detachments had the utmost difficulty in driving back to their foul dens these hordes, greedy for carnage—men who, living on crime for seven days, drinking quantities of wine mingled with gunpowder, intoxicated with the fumes of blood, had become excited to such a pitch of physical insanity, that they were unable to take repose. The fever of extermination wholly absorbed them. Some of them, marked down with disgust by their neighbors, left their abodes and enrolled as volunteers, or, insatiable for crime, joined bands of assassins going to Orleans, Lyons, Meaux, Rheims, Versailles, to continue the proscriptions of Paris. Among these were Charlot, Grizon, Hamin, the weaver Rodi, Henriot, the journeyman butcher Alaigre, and a negro named Delorme, brought to Paris by Fournier l'Americain. This black, untiring in murder, killed with his own hands more than 200 prisoners during the three days and three nights of this fearful slaughter, with no cessation beyond the brief space he allowed himself to recruit his strength with wine. His shirt fastened round his waist, left his trunk bare, his hideous features, his black skin red with splashes of blood, his bursts of savage laughter displayed his large, white teeth at every death-blow he dealt, made this man the symbol of murder and the avenger of his race. It was one blood exhausting another; extermination punishing the European for his attempts on Africa. This negro, who was invariably seen with a head recently cut off in his hand, during all the popular convulsions of the Revolution, was, two years afterward, arrested during the days of Prairal, carrying at the end of a pike the head of Féraud, the deputy, and died at last the death he had so frequently inflicted upon others.

XXI.

Such were the days of September. The ditches of Clamart, the catacombs of the Barrière St. Jacques, alone knew the number of the victims. Some said ten thousand, others only two or three thousand. But crime consists not in number, but in the act of assassination. To deny the criminality of the days of September is to belie the right feeling of the human race. It is to deny nature, which is the morality of instinct. There is nothing in mankind greater than humanity. It is not more permissible for a government than for a man to commit murder. If a drop of blood stains the hand of a murderer, oceans of gore do not make innocent the Dantons! The magnitude of the crime does not transform it into virtue. Pyramids of dead bodies rise higher, it is true; but not so high as the execration of mankind.

XXII.

Unquestionably we must not calculate the lives expended in a just and holy cause; and though a people march in blood, they are not stained by it so long as they are advancing to the conquest of their rights, to justice, and the freedom of the world; but it must be the blood shed on the field of battle, and not that of their fellow-creatures spilled in systematic massacre. St. Bartholomew did more injury to the cause of Catholicism than would the blood of a million Catholics; the days of September were the St. Bartholomew of liberty. Machiavelli would have advised, Fenelon have cursed them. There is more sound policy in a virtue of Fenelon than all the maxims of Machiavelli. The greatest statesmen of revolutions sometimes have their martyrs—never their executioners.

BOOK XXVI.

I.

France shuddered with horror and alarm. The council of the Commune of Paris sheltered itself behind its crime, and ventured to send an address to the departments,

recommending the massacre of September as fitting example to follow. To avow a crime is even beyond committing it. This encouragement was fully understood. The Duc de la Rochefoucauld, the most popular of the aristocrats after La Fayette, friend and benefactor of Condorcet, to whom he had presented 100,000 francs on his marriage, had become hateful to the people. President of the department of Paris, he had, on the 20th of June, demanded the dismissal of Pétion. This was his own sentence of death. Having gone, after the 10th of August, to the baths of Forges, with the Duchesse d'Anville, his mother, and his young wife—he there received the order of arrest of the Commune, brought by one of its proconsuls of the Hôtel-de-Ville. The commissary himself, frightened at his errand, counseled the duke not to confide in his innocence, and to fly to England. La Rochefoucauld refused, and returned toward Paris with his mother, his wife, and the commissary. A battalion of the national guard of Finisterre, increased by a band of assassins from Paris, awaited him at Gisors. They demanded his head. The mayor and national guard of Gisors in vain attempted to protect him. An assassin, taking up a paving-stone, flung it at his head, and stretched him dead at the feet of the people to whom he had devoted his life. This murder of one of the first apostles of liberty and philosophy sounded like a sacrilege all over Europe; no crime rendered the Revolution more unpopular.

II.

At Orleans, the national guard, disarmed by the mayor, allowed prisons to be broken, the houses of the principal merchants to be sacked, eight or ten persons to be massacred by the mob, who then burned, at a slow fire, two clerks of a sugar refinery, who had endeavored to save the house of their employer from pillage. At Lyons the news of the days of Paris excited fierce emulation among the people.

Ronsin, commandant of one of the battalions of Paris, consisting of the conquerors of the 10th of August, and some assassins of September, crossed Meaux in their way to the frontier, and there took the mayor to task for not having followed the example of Paris.

At Rheims another battalion, formed from the sewers

of Paris, were on their way to the frontier, when an agitator, named Armonville, presented himself before the troop, harangued them, then taking them to a public society, distributed arms among them, designated certain houses and victims, and encouraged them to assassination. Two persons were murdered on the steps of the Hôtel-de-Ville, and they played at bowls with their heads.

These wretches sported with agony, with conscience, and the remorse of those whom they immolated. A priest encircled by flames, overcome by pain, offered to take the oath to the nation. They removed the fire. The *procureur* of the Commune, Couplet, an accomplice in these villainies, arrived, and received the oath. "Now you have uttered another lie, go and burn with the others," said the executioner; and they thrust the unhappy victim again into the blazing pile. These men-burners ended by burning one another. A working weaver, named Laurent, drew up a list of those intended for punishment, and inscribed therein the name of a tradesman, whose crime consisted in having refused Laurent his goods on credit. The tradesman complained to Armonville, who was his friend, and he, scratching out the tradesman's name, inserted that of his denouncer; and when Laurent pointed out his foe for the stake, they seized himself, and flung him into the flames, amid the derisive shouts of his accomplices.

III.

These exterminators could not forget the prisons of the high national court of Orleans. Sixty-two persons, accused of the crime of *lèze-nation*, filled them. Among these were the old Duc de Brissac, commandant of the king's guard, De Lessart, the minister proscribed by the Girondists; bishops, magistrates, generals, denounced by their departments or their troops; journalists of the court, and the twenty-seven officers of the regiment of Cambrésis, accused of having desired to surprise the citadel of Perpignan to free the Spaniards, had languished more than a year in these prisons. The Assembly, ashamed of the slaughter of 2d September, done under their ery eyes, and of which they bore the responsibility, were desirous of extricating these sixty-two persons from the summary justice of the Commune. But the myrmidons of Danton and Marat had marked them down for slaughter, asserting among the

people that the prisons of Orleans, transformed into charming residences, and the focus of conspiracy by the gold of the Duc de Brissac, opened their doors at a signal given by the emigrants, and robbed the nation of their vengeance. Upon this 200 Marseillais, and a detachment of *fédérés* and cut-throats, commanded by the Pole Lazouski, set out for Orleans with secret instructions. On reaching Longjumeau, they wrote to the Assembly that they were on their way to fetch the prisoners to Paris. The Assembly, uneasy at this, on the proposition of Vergniaud and Brissot, issued a decree which forbade the *fédérés* from disposing as they pleased of the accused. Lazouski and his satellites pretended obedience. A second decree charged the ministers to send to Orleans 1800 men to prevent all chance of escape. They were headed by Fournier l'Américain. The national guard, numbering 6000, were devoted to the laws, but after some negotiation, it was agreed that the prisoners should be respected, and handed over to the national guard to be conveyed to Paris.

IV.

Seven chariots, each containing eight prisoners chained, set out on the 4th of September, at six o'clock in the morning, with Fournier at their head.

The Assembly, informed of the events of Orleans, decreed by the voice of Vergniaud, that the columns should not enter Paris. They trampled the order under foot, and marched onward. The mayor of Versailles, Lachaud, apprehending danger, took every precaution that humanity and prudence could suggest. Fournier and Lazouski, with 2000 men and cannon, had sufficient force to prevent any rescue. Although it was Sunday, a day when the people usually throng the streets, they were nearly deserted. The band of cut-throats allowed the cars to reach the iron gates which led to the Menagerie, where they were to remain for the night. Directly Fournier, the guns, and cavalry of the escort had passed through the gates, they were closed. Fournier, either really surprised, or by pretended violence, was knocked from his horse by the mob; he made a faint struggle to open the gate which cut him off from the main body. Lazouski, with the rear-guard, made no demonstration of approaching the *cortège*. The assassins, masters of the carriages, rushed at their fettered prey.

Vainly did Lachaud interpose; he was cut down and conveyed into a house nigh, bleeding and fainting; when the assassins, unresisted, completed their butchery, which lasted nearly an hour, in the sight of a terrified city, and 2000 men under arms.

The intrepid Lachaud, recovering from his swoon, rushed from the house, and falling on his knees before the assassins, entreated them not to dishonor the Revolution and the city, offering to redeem the life of their last victim with his own. They only moved him aside. Six or seven prisoners, rushing from the cars amid the confusion, escaped; all the rest were slaughtered. Forty-seven dead bodies, with the chains still hanging to their hands and feet, were piled up in the streets, emblems of the barbarity and cowardice of these blood-thirsty miscreants. A heap of trunks and members were amassed in the square of the Quatrebornes. Heads chopped off were planted by the ruffians on the spikes of the iron railings of the palace of Versailles. Among these was the head of the Duc de Brissac, recognized by his white hairs stained with blood flowing round the iron railings of the gates of his master. Children cut limbs in pieces, and women carried severed heads about the streets.

V.

From this the assassins went to the two prisons of Versailles, and in spite of the desperate efforts of Lachaud, killed ten prisoners; the rest owed their lives to his intrepidity. He had for two days entreated the executive power to send him forces from Paris to protect the prisoners. Alquier, president of the tribunal at Versailles, went twice to Danton, as minister of justice, to entreat him to provide for the safety of these prisoners. The first time Danton eluded him; the second, irritated at the importunity which stirred the remorse or taxed the insensibility of his heart, he looked significantly at Alquier, and said, in a coarse and impatient tone, "Monsieur Alquier, these men are guilty, very guilty! Return to your duties, and do not interfere in this. If I could have answered you otherwise, do you not suppose I should have done so?" Alquier comprehended and withdrew, full of consternation.

These words escaping Danton, are a commentary on those he uttered to the Assembly on the 2d of September.

"The country is saved—the tocsin is not a signal of alarm, it is a charge on the enemies of our country. To subdue —to alarm them, what must be displayed? Boldness, boldness, boldness!"

The assassins of De Brissac and Lessart reached Paris at nightfall, and went under the windows of the minister of justice, demanding arms, in order to hasten to the frontier. Danton rose from table and appeared at the window. "It is not the minister of justice, but the minister of the Revolution who thanks you," said he. Never did proscription more audaciously thank its satellites. Danton violated the laws he was charged to defend; accepted the blood he was charged to avenge; the minister of death and not of liberty. September was the crime of certain individuals, and not the crime of liberty.

BOOK XXVII.

I.

WHILE the interregnum of royalty and republicanism thus delivered Paris over to the satellites of Danton, France, with all its frontiers open, had for security nothing but the small forest of Argonne, and the genius of Dumouriez.

On the 2d of September this general was shut up with sixteen thousand men in the camp of Grandpré, occupying with weak detachments the intermediate defiles between Sedan and Sainte-Menehould, by which the Duke of Brunswick might attempt to break his line, and turn his position. He caused the tocsin to be rung in the villages, hoping to excite the enthusiasm of the inhabitants; but the captures of Longwi and Verdun, the understanding between the gentlemen of the country and the *émigrés*, the hatred of the Revolution, and the disproportionate amounts of the coalesced army, discouraged resistance. Dumouriez, left to himself by the inhabitants, could only rely on his own troops. His sole hope was in forming a junction with Kellermann. If that could be effected behind the forest of Argonne before the troops of the Duke of Brunswick could force the natural rampart, Kellermann and Dumouriez, uniting their troops, would have a body of 45,000 soldiers

to 90,000 Prussians, and might then with some hope hazard the fate of France on a battle.

Kellermann, who was worthy to understand and second this grand idea, served without jealousy Dumouriez's design, satisfied with his share of the glory if his country should be saved. He marched obliquely to Metz, at the extremity of the Argonne, informing Dumouriez of every step he took. But their superior intelligence was a mystery for the majority of officers and soldiery. Provisions were scarce and bad, the general himself eating black bread. Ministers, deputies, Luckner himself—influenced by his correspondents in the camp—wrote perpetually to Dumouriez to abandon his position and retire to Chalons.

II.

Slight skirmishes with the advanced guard of the Prussians, in which the French were always victorious, gave the troops patience. Miaczinski, Stengel, and Miranda drove back the Prussians at all points.

Miranda (who had been sent by Pétion), who took so leading a part in the successes and reverses of Dumouriez, was one of those adventurers who have only their camps for their country, and who lend their arms and their talents to the cause which seems most worthy of their blood. Miranda had adopted that of Revolutions all over the world. Born in Peru, noble, rich, influential in Spanish America, he had, while very young, endeavored to free his country from the yoke of Spain. Taking refuge in Europe with a portion of his wealth, he had traveled from nation to nation, learning languages, legislation, and the art of war, and seeking every where enemies to Spain and auxiliaries to liberty. Eventually associated with the Girondists, who were at the time the most democratical of all parties, he had obtained from them, through Pétion and Servan, the rank of general.

Another stranger, the young Macdonald, descended from a Scotch family transplanted to France, was aide-de-camp of Dumouriez. He learned at the camp of Grandpré, under his commander, how they save a country. Subsequently he learned under Napoleon how to illustrate it. A hero at his first step, he became a marshal of France at the end of his life.

III.

Dumouriez, in his position, deadened the shock of the 100,000 men whom the King of Prussia and the Duke of Brunswick collected at the foot of Argonne. Chance nearly lost all.

Overcome by fatigue of body and mind, he had forgotten to reconnoiter with his own eyes, and quite close to him, the defile of Croix-au-Bois, which had been described to him as impracticable for troops, particularly cavalry and artillery. He had placed there, however, a dragoon regiment, two battalions of volunteers, and two pieces of cannon, commanded by a colonel; but in consequence of the recall of the dragoons and the two battalions before the troops ordered to replace them had come up, the defile was for a moment open to the enemy. A great many volunteer spies, whom the *émigrés* had in the villages of Argonne, hastened to point out this weakness to Clairfayt, the Austrian general, who instantly dispatched 8000 men, under the command of the young Prince de Ligne, who seized on the position. A few hours afterward, Dumouriez, informed of this reverse, placed General Chazot at the head of two brigades, six squadrons of his best troops, four pieces of cannon, besides the artillery belonging to the battalions, and ordered him to attack the place at the bayonet's point, and recover the position at any sacrifice. Every hour the impatient commander dispatched aides-de-camp to Chazot to expedite his march, and bring him back information. Twenty-four hours passed away thus in doubt. On the 14th, Dumouriez heard the sound of firing on his left, and judged by the noise, which receded, that the imperialists were in retreat, and Chazot had gained the forest. In the evening, a note from Chazot informed him that he had forced the intrenchments of the Austrians, in spite of their desperate defense; that eight hundred dead lay in the defile, among whom was the Prince de Ligne.

Scarcely, however, had this note reached Dumouriez, whose mind had been thereby set at ease, than Clairfayt, burning to avenge the death of the Prince de Ligne and make a decisive attack on this rampart of the French army, advanced all his columns into this defile, gained the heights, rushed headlong down on Chazot's column in front and on

both flanks, took his cannon, and compelled Chazot himself to leave the forest for the plain, cutting off his communication with the camp of Grandpré, and driving him in full flight on the road to Vouziers. At the same moment the corps of the *émigrés* attacked General Dubouquet, in the defile of the Chêne-Populeux. Frenchman against Frenchman, their valor was equal: the one side fighting to save, the other to reconquer, their country. Dubouquet gave way, and retreated upon Chalons. These two disasters came upon Dumouriez at the same moment. Chazot and Dubouquet seemed to trace out to him the road. The clamor of his whole army pointed out to him Chalons as a refuge. Clairfayt, with 25,000 men, was about to cut off his communication with Chalons. The Duke of Brunswick, with 80,000 Prussians, inclosed him on the three other sides in the camp of Grandpré. His detachments cut off, reduced his army to 15,000 men.

A retreat before an enemy, conquering in two partial encounters, was to prostrate the fortune of France before the foreigner. The audacity of Danton passed into the mind and tactics of Dumouriez. He conceived a plan even more bold than that of Argonne, and closed his ear to the timid counsels of art. He dictated to his aides-de-camp orders to the following effect.

Kellermann was to continue his advance to Sainte-Menehould: Beurnonville was to march instantly for Rhétel, advancing by the river Aisne, taking care not to go too near to Argonne, to save its flanks from Clairfayt's attacks.

Dillon was to defend and check the two defiles of Argonne, and to send out troops beyond the forest, in order to perplex the Duke of Brunswick's motions, and come as soon as possible into communication with Kellermann's advanced guard.

Chazot was to return to Autry. General Sparre, the commandant at Chalons, was desired to form the advanced camp at Chalons.

IV.

These orders dispatched, he prepared his own troops for the manœuver which he himself intended to execute during the night. He sent to the heights which cover the left of Grandpré on the side of the Croix-au-Bois, where Clairfayt made him most uneasy, six battalions, six squad-

rons, six pieces of cannon, as a look-out, in case of any sudden attack on the part of the Austrians. At nightfall he caused the park of artillery to defile in silence by the two bridges which traverse the Aisne, and halt on the heights of Autry.

The Prince of Hohenlohe requested an interview with Dumouriez that evening, his motive being to judge of the state of the army. Dumouriez granted this, and substituted for himself in this conference General Duval, whose advanced years, white hair, and commanding stature, imposed on the Austrian general. Duval affected an appearance of security, telling the prince that Beurnonville was expected next day with 18,000 men, and Kellermann at the head of 30,000 troops. Discouraged in his offers of arrangement by Duval, the Austrian chief withdrew, firmly convinced that Dumouriez meant to await the battle in his camp.

At midnight Dumouriez left the Chateau of Grandpré on horseback, and went to the camp in the pitchy darkness of the night. All was hushed in repose: he forbade drums to beat or trumpets to sound, but sent round in a low voice the order to strike the tents, and get under arms. The darkness and confusion were unfavorable to these orders, but before the first dawn of day the army was in full march. The troops passed in double file over the bridges of Senuc and Grand Champ, and ranged themselves in battle array on the eminences of Autry. Thus covered by the Aisne, Dumouriez gazed upon the foe to see if they followed; but the mystery of his movements had disconcerted the Duke of Brunswick and Clairfayt. The army cut down the bridges behind them, and then advancing four leagues from Grandpré to Dumartin, encamped there; and in the morning General Duval dispersed a host of Prussian hussars. Dumouriez resumed his march next day, and on the 17th entered his camp of Sainte-Menehould.

V.

The camp of Sainte-Menehould seemed to have been designed by nature to serve as a citadel for a handful of patriot soldiers, against a vast and victorious army. Protected in the front by a deep valley, on one side by the Aisne, and on the other by marshes, the back of the camp

was defended by the shallow branches of the river Auve. Beyond these muddy streamlets and quagmires arose a solid and narrow piece of ground, admirably adapted for the station of a second camp; and here the general intended that Kellermann's division should be placed, then commanding the two routes of Rheims and Chalons. Dumouriez had studied this position during his leisure hours at Grandpré, and took up his quarters with the confidence of a man who knows his ground, and seizes on success with certain hand.

All his arrangements being made, and head-quarters established at Sainte-Menehould, in the center of the army, Dumouriez, annoyed at the reports, spread by fugitives, of his having been routed, wrote to the Assembly: "I have been obliged," he wrote to the president, "to abandon the camp of Grandpré; our retreat was complete, when a panic spread through the army—10,000 men fled before 1500 Prussian hussars. All is repaired, and I answer for every thing."

At the news of the retreat of Grandpré, Kellermann, believing Dumouriez defeated, and fearful of falling himself among the Prussian forces, whom he supposed to be at the extremity of the defile of Argonne, had retreated as far as Vitry. Couriers from Dumouriez reassuring him, he again advanced, but with the slowness of a man who fears an ambush at every step. He hesitated while he obeyed. On the other side, Beurnonville, the friend and confident of Dumouriez, had met the fugitives of Chazot's corps. Wholly disconcerted by their statements of the complete rout of his general, Beurnonville, with some dragoons, had ascended a hill, whence he perceived Argonne, and the bare heaths which extend from Grandpré to Sainte-Menehould.

It was on the morning of the 17th, at the moment when Dumouriez's army was moving from Dammartin to Sainte-Menehould. At the sight of this body of troops, whose uniforms and flags he could not distinguish in the heavy mist, Beurnonville had no doubt but that it was the Prussian army advancing in pursuit of the French. He immediately faced about, and advanced to Chalons by forced marches, in order to join his general. Hearing his mistake at Chalons, Beurnonville gave only twelve hours' rest to his harassed men, and arrived on the 19th with the 10,000 warlike soldiers whom he had led so far to the field of bat-

tle. Dumouriez passed them all in review, recognizing all the officers by their names, and the soldiers by their countenances, while they all saluted their leader with the loudest acclamations. The battalions and squadrons which he had carefully formed, disciplined, and accustomed to fire during the dilatory proceedings of Luckner with the army of the North, defiled before him, covered with the dust of their long march, their horses jaded, uniforms torn, shoes in holes, but their arms as perfect and as bright as if they were on parade.

When the officers of the staff had assigned to each corps the station it was to take up, and arms were piled before the tents, these soldiers, more desirous of seeing their general than to eat their rations, surrounded Dumouriez in crowds, some patting his horse, others kissing his boots, others pressing his hand, and entreating to be led to battle. Dumouriez, who thoroughly understood a soldier's heart, being an old soldier himself, encouraged instead of repressing, by his look, his smile, and his gestures, that military familiarity which does not take from respect while it excites the devotion of the soldier. He required enthusiasm, and kindled it. He was attached to his soldiers, and they were devoted to him. He did not treat them as machines, but as men.

VI.

Dumouriez had scarcely dismounted when Westermann and Thouvenot, his two confidential staff officers, came to inform him that the Prussian army, *en masse*, had passed the peak of Argonne, and were deploying on the hills of La Lune, on the other side of the Tourbe, opposite to him. At the same instant young Macdonald, his aide-de-camp, who had been sent, on the previous evening, on the road to Vitry, came galloping up, and brought him intelligence of the approach of the long-expected Kellermann, who, at the head of 20,000 men of the army of Metz, and some thousands of volunteers of Lorraine, was only at two hours' distance. Thus the fortune of the Revolution and the genius of Dumouriez, seconding each other, brought at the appointed hour and to the fixed spot, from the two extremities of France and from the depths of Germany, the forces which were to assail and those which were to d
the empire.

At the same moment Dumouriez, recalling his isolated detachments, prepared for a struggle, by concentrating all his scattered forces. General Dubouquet had retired to Chalons with 3000 men, where he also expected to find Dumouriez, but had only found in the city ten battalions of *fédérés* and volunteers, who had arrived from Paris; who, on hearing of the retreat of the army, mutinied against their chiefs, cut off the head of one of their officers, taking others with them, plundered the army stores, murdered the colonel of the regiment of Vexin, and then, in confused masses, took the road to Paris, proclaiming every where Dumouriez's treason, and demanding his head. Dumouriez was alarmed lest these ruffians should come in contact with his army, for such bands sowed sedition wherever they went.

General Stengel, after having ravaged the country between Argonne and Sainte-Menehould, in order to cut off all supplies from the Prussians, fell back beyond the Tourbe, and posted himself with the vanguard on the hills of Lyron, opposite the heights of La Lune, where the Duke of Brunswick was posted.

Dampierre's camp, separated from that of Dumouriez by the trenches and shallows of the Auve, was assigned to Kellermann, but he passed beyond this spot, and posted his entire army and baggage on the heights of Valmy, in advance of Dampierre, on the left of that of Sainte-Menehould. The line of Kellermann's encampment, nearer to the enemy, on its left, touched on its right the line of Dumouriez, and thus formed with the principal army an angle, against which the enemy could not send forth its attacking columns without being at once overwhelmed by the French artillery in both flanks. Dumouriez, perceiving in a moment that Kellermann, who was too much involved and too much isolated on the plateau of Valmy, might be turned by the Prussian masses, sent General Chazot, at the head of eight battalions and eight squadrons, to post them behind the heights of Gizaucourt, and be under Kellermann's orders. He next desired General Stengel and Beurnonville to advance to the right of Valmy with twenty-six battalions—his rapid *coup d'œil* assuring him that this would be the Duke of Brunswick's point of attack.

This plan displayed at a glance the intelligence of the warrior and the politician. Defiance was thus cast by 45,000 men to 110,000 soldiers of the coalition.

VII.

The French army had its right flank and retreat covered by the Argonne, which was impassable by the enemy, and defended by its ravines and forests. The center, bristling with batteries and natural obstacles, was impregnable. The army faced the country toward Champagne, leaving behind it the road clear to Chalons and Lorraine.

"The Prussians," argued Dumouriez, "will either fight or advance on Paris. If the former, they will find the French army in an intrenched camp as a field of battle. Obliged, in order to attack the center, to pass the Auve, the Tourbe, and the Bionne, under the fire of my redoubts, they will take Kellermann in flank, who will crush their attacking columns between his battalions, charging down from Valmy and the batteries of my *corps d'armée*. If they leave the French army, and cut off its retreat to Paris by marching on Chalons, the army, facing about, will follow them to Paris, increasing in number at every step. The re-enforcements of the army of the Rhine and army of the North, which are on the march; the battalions of scattered volunteers, which I shall assemble as I cross the revolted provinces, will swell the amount of my armed troops to 50,000 or 70,000 men. The Prussians will march across a hostile country, and make every step with hesitation, while each advance will give me fresh troops. I shall await them under the walls of Paris. An invading army, placed between a capital of 600,000 souls, who close their gates, and a national army, which cuts off their retreat, is a destroyed army. France will be saved in the heart of France, instead of on the frontiers; but still she will be saved."

VIII.

Thus reasoned Dumouriez, when the first sounds of the Prussian cannon, resounding from the heights of Valmy, came to announce to him that the Duke of Brunswick, having perceived the danger of advancing, and thus leaving the French army behind him, had attacked Kellermann.

It was not the Duke of Brunswick, however, but the young King of Prussia, who had commanded the attack. The Prussian army, which the generalissimo wished to ex-

tend gradually from Rheims to Argonne, parallel to the French army, received orders to advance in a body on Kellermann's position. On the 19th it marched to Somme-Tourbe, and remained all night under arms. The report was spread in the head-quarters of the King of Prussia that the French were meditating a retreat on Chalons, and that the movements perceptible in their line were only intended to mask this retrograde march. The king was vexed at a plan of a campaign which always allowed them to escape. He thought he should surprise Dumouriez in the false position of an army which had raised his camp. The Duke of Brunswick, whose military authority began to suffer with the failure of his preceding manœuvers, in vain sought the intervention of General Koeler to moderate the ardor of the king. The attack was resolved upon.

On the 20th, at six o'clock, A. M., the duke marched at the head of the Prussian advanced guard upon Somme-Bionne, with the intention of attacking Kellermann, and cutting off his retreat by the high road of Chalons. A thick, autumnal fog floated over the plain into the marshy grounds where the three rivers flow, in the hollow ravines which separated the two armies, leaving only the points of the precipices and the crests of the hills shining in the light above this ocean of fog. An unexpected shock of the cavalry of the two advanced guards alone revealed, in this darkness, the march of the Prussians to the French. After a rapid *mêlée* and some firing, the advanced guard of the French fell back upon Valmy, and warned Kellermann of the enemy's approach. The Duke of Brunswick continued to advance, reached the high road to Chalons, crossed it, and then deployed his whole army. At ten o'clock, the mist having suddenly disappeared, showed to the two generals their mutual situation.

IX.

Kellermann's army was *en masse* in the plain, and behind the mill of Valmy. This bold position projected like a cape into the midst of the lines of the Prussian bayonets. General Chazot had not, as yet, come up with his twenty-six battalions to flank Kellermann's left. General Leveneur, who was to have flanked his right and to unite it with Dumouriez's army, advanced with hesitation and slowly, fearing to draw on his feeble force all the weight of the Prus-

sian body, which he saw in battle array before him. General Valence, who commanded Kellermann's cavalry, deployed into high line with a regiment of carbineers, some squadrons of dragoons, and four battalions of grenadiers, between Gizaucourt and Valmy, thus covering the whole space which Kellermann could fill up, and where that general was expected. Kellermann's lines formed in the center of the heights. His powerful artillery bristled by the side of the mill of Valmy, the center and key to the position. Almost surrounded by semicircular lines of the enemy, which were perpetually increasing in numbers, and embarrassed on this very narrow elevation by his 22,000 men, horses, guns, and baggage, Kellermann was unable to extend the wings of his army.

From this height Kellermann saw come in succession, from the white mist of the morning, and glitter in the sunshine, the countless Prussian cavalry, which must envelop him, as in a net, if he were driven from his position. About noon, the Duke of Brunswick, having formed his whole army into two lines, and decided on his plan of the day, was seen to detach himself from the center, and advance toward the declivities of Gizaucourt and La Lune, at the head of a body of infantry, cavalry, and three batteries. Fresh troops filled up the space these left.

X.

Such was the horizon of tents, bayonets, horses, cannon, and staff which displayed itself on the 20th of September, in the hollows and ravines of Champagne. At the same hour the Convention began its sittings and deliberations as to a monarchy or a republic. Within and without, France and liberty sported with destiny.

The exterior aspect of the two armies seemed to declare beforehand the issue of the campaign. On the side of the Prussians, 110,000 combatants; a system of tactics the inheritance of the Great Frederic; discipline, which converted battalions into machines of war, and which, destroying all personal will in the soldier, made him bend submissively to the thought and voice of his officers; an infantry solid and impenetrable as walls of iron; cavalry mounted on the splendid horses of Mecklenbourg, whose docility, well-controlled ardor, and high courage was not alarmed either at the fire of artillery nor the glitter of cold steel; officers

trained from their infancy to fighting as a trade, born, as it were, in uniforms, knowing their troops and known to them, exercising over their soldiers the twofold ascendency of nobility and command; as auxiliaries, the picked regiments of the Austrian army, recently from the banks of the Danube, where they had been fighting against the Turks; the emigrant French nobility, bearing with them all the great names of the monarchy, every soldier of whom fought for his own cause and had his individual injuries to avenge —his king to save, his country to recover at the end of his bayonet or the point of his saber; Prussian generals, all pupils of a military king, having to maintain the superiority of their renown in Europe; a generalissimo which Germany proclaimed its Agamemnon, and which the genius of Frederic covered with a *prestige* of invincibility; and, also, a young king, brave, adored by his people, dear to his troops, avenger of the cause of all kings, accompanied by representatives of every court on the field of battle, and supplying the inexperience of war by a personal bravery which forgot its rank in the sole consideration of its honor —such was the Prussian army.

XI.

In the French camp a numerical inferiority of one against three; regiments reduced to three or four hundred men by the effect of the laws of 1790, which only admitted volunteers; these regiments, deprived of their best officers by emigration, which had induced more than half to go to the enemy's soil, and by the sudden creation of 100 battalions of volunteers, at the head of which they had placed the officers remaining in France as instructors; these battalions and regiments, without any *esprit de corps*, regarding each other with jealousy or contempt; two feelings in the same army, the spirit of discipline in the old ranks, the spirit of insubordination in the new corps; old officers suspecting their men, soldiers doubtful of their officers; a cavalry ill equipped and badly mounted; an infantry competent and firm in regiments, raw and weak in battalions; pay in arrear and paid in assignats greatly depreciated; insufficiently armed; uniforms various, threadbare, torn, often in tatters; many soldiers without shoes, or substituting handsful of hay tied round the legs with cord—the troops arriving from different armies and provinces, unknown to each other,

and scarcely knowing the name of the generals under whom they had been enlisted—these generals themselves young and rash, passing suddenly from obeying to command; or old and methodical, unable to make their formal modes comply with the dash required in desperate warfare; and, finally, at the head of this incongruous army, a general-in-chief fifty-three years of age, new to war, whom every body had a right to doubt, mistrustful of his troops, at variance with his second in command, at issue with his government, whose daring, yet dilatory, plan was not understood by any, and who had neither services in the past, nor the spell of victory on his sword, to give authority or confidence to his command. Such were the French at Valmy. But the enthusiasm of the country and the Revolution struggled in the heart of this army, and the genius of war inspired the soul of Dumouriez.

XII.

Uneasy as to Kellermann's position, Dumouriez, on horseback from the dawn of day, visited his line, extended his troops between Sainte-Menehould and Gizaucourt, and galloped toward Valmy in order that he might the better judge himself of the intentions of the Duke of Brunswick and the point on which the Prussians were to concentrate their efforts. He there found Kellermann giving his final orders to the generals, who, on his left and right, were to have the responsibility of the day. One of these was General Valence, and the other the Duc de Chartres.

Valence, attached to the House of Orléans, had married the daughter of Madame de Genlis. A deputy of the nobility of the States-General, he had served with his opinions the cause of liberty. Since the war he had served it with his blood. At first a colonel of dragoons, young, active, courteous as an aristocrat, as patriotic as a citizen, brave as a soldier, he led his cavalry with valor, and had commanded the advanced guard of Luckner at Courtrai. His military *coup d'œil*, his studies, and self-possession rendered him capable of commanding in chief a division of the army.

The Duc de Chartres (Louis Philippe), was the eldest son of the Duc d'Orléans. Born in the cradle of liberty, nurtured in his patriotism by his father, he had not even a choice in his opinions—his education had made that

choice for him. He had imbibed the air of the Revolution, but not of the Palais Royal, that focus of the domestic irregularities and political schemes of his father. His youth was passed studiously and virtuously in the seclusion of Belle-Chasse and Passy, where Madame de Genlis directed the education of the princes of the House of Orléans. Never did a woman so well mingle in herself intrigue and virtue, or associate an ambiguous position with most austere precepts. Hateful to the mother, the favorite of the father, Mentor of the children, at the same time democrat, and yet friend of the prince, her pupils left her hands combining in themselves the amalgam of prince and citizen. She fashioned their mind on her own. She imparted to them much intelligence, many principles, and great prudence. She, moreover, insinuated into their dispositions that address among men, and that plasticity among events, which forever betoken the imprint of the hand of a skillful woman in the characters she has handled. The Duc de Chatres had no youth. Education suppressed this age in the pupils of Madame de Genlis. Reflection, study, premeditation of every thought and act, replaced nature by study, and instinct by will. She made men, but they were factitious men. At seventeen years of age the young prince had the maturity of advanced years. Colonel in 1791, he had already gained two civic crowns from the city of Vendôme, where he was in garrison, for having saved, at the peril of his life, the lives of two priests in a riot, and a citizen from drowning. Constant in his attendance at the sittings of the Constituent Assembly, affiliated by his father to the Jacobins, he was present in the tribunes at the displays of popular assemblies. He seemed himself carried away by the passions he studied, but he always controlled his apparent excitement. Always sufficiently in the stream of the day to be national, he was still sufficiently out of it not to sully his future destiny. His family was the greater portion of his patriotism. At the news of the suppression of the right of primogeniture, he embraced his brother, saying, "Good law, which lets brothers love each other without jealousy! It only enjoins me what my heart had done before. You all know that nature had created that law between us." War had fortunately led him to camps when the blood of the Revolution was pure. He signalized himself first under Luckner, in Belgium; and, at twenty-three years of age, had followed him to Metz.

Called on by Servan to take the command of Strasbourg, he replied, "I am too young to shut myself up in such a place; I beg to be left with the army on service." Kellermann, who succeeded Luckner, saw his valor, and confided to him a brigade of twelve battalions of infantry and twelve squadrons of horse.

XIII.

The Duc de Chartres had been welcomed by the old soldiers as a prince, by the new ones as a patriot, by all as a comrade. His intrepidity did not carry him away; he controlled it, and it left him that quickness of perception and that coolness so essential to a general; amid the hottest fire he neither quickened nor slackened his pace, for his ardor was as much the effect of reflection as of calculation, and as grave as duty. His stature was lofty, his frame well knit, his appearance serious and thoughtful. The elevation of his brow, the blue hue of his eyes, the oval face, and the majestic, though somewhat heavy, outline of his chin reminded every one strongly of the Bourbon family. The bend of his neck, the modest carriage, the mouth slightly drawn down at each corner, the penetrating glance, the winning smile, and the ready repartee, gained him the attention of the people. His familiarity—martial with the officers, soldierly with the soldiers, patriotic with the citizens—caused them to forgive him for being a prince. But beneath the exterior of a soldier of the people lurked the *arrière pensée* of a prince of the blood; and he plunged into all the events of the Revolution with the entire yet skillful *abandon* of a master-mind; and it seemed as though he knew beforehand that events dash to pieces those who resist them, but that revolutions, like the ocean's waves, often restore men to the spot whence they tore them. To perform that skillfully which the exigency of the moment required, and to trust to the future and his birth for the rest, was the whole of his policy, and Machiavel could not have counseled him more skillfully than his own nature. His star never lighted him but a few steps in advance, and he neither wished nor asked of it more luster, for his only ambition was to learn to wait. Time was his providence; and he was born to disappear in the great convulsions of his country, to survive crises, outwit the already wearied parties, satisfy and arrest revolution. Men feared, in spite

of his bravery and his exalted enthusiasm for his country, to catch a glimpse of a throne raised upon its own ruins and by the hands of a republic. This presentiment, which invariably precedes great names and destinies, seemed to reveal to the army that, of all the leaders of the Revolution, he might one day be the most useful or the most fatal to liberty.

Dumouriez, who had seen the young Duc de Chartres with the army of Luckner, was struck with his intrepidity and coolness during the action, and, perceiving a spark of no ordinary fire in this young man, resolved to attach him to himself.

XIV

The Prussians held the heights of La Lune, and had commenced descending them in battle array. The veteran troops of Frederic the Great, slow and measured in all their movements, displayed no rash impetuosity, and left naught to chance.

On their side, the French did not behold without a feeling of dread this immense and hitherto invincible army silently advance its first line in columns of attack, and extend its wings to pierce their center, and cut off all retreat, either on Chalons or Dumouriez. The soldiers remained motionless in their position, fearing to expose by a false movement the narrow battle-field on which they could defend themselves, but did not dare manœuver. The Prussians descended half way down the heights of La Lune, and then opened their fire both in front and flank.

On this attack Kellermann's artillery moved forward, and took up its position in front of the infantry. More than 20,000 balls were exchanged during two hours from 120 guns, which thundered from the sides of the opposite hills, as though they strove to batter a breach in the mountains. The Prussians, more exposed than the French, suffered more severely, and their fire began to slacken. Kellermann, who narrowly watched the enemy's movements, fancied he saw some confusion in their ranks, and charged at the head of a column to carry the guns. A Prussian battery, masked by an inequality in the ground, suddenly opened its fire on them, and Kellermann's horse, struck by a ball in the chest, fell on its rider. His aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-colonel Lormier, was killed, and the head of the column, exposed on

three sides to a withering fire, fell back in disorder, while Kellermann, disengaged and carried off by his troops, sought for a fresh charger. The Prussians, witnessing his fall and the retreat of his column, redoubled their fire, and a well-directed volley of shells silenced the French artillery.

The Duc de Chartres, who for three hours had supported the fire of the Prussians at the decisive post of Valmy, without drawing a trigger, saw the danger of his general. He hastened to the second line, put himself at the head of the reserve of artillery, advanced to the plateau by the mill, covered the disorder of the center, rallied the flying caissons, supported the fire, and checked the enemy's onset.

The Duke of Brunswick would not give the French time to strengthen their position, but formed three formidable columns of attack, supported by two wings of cavalry. These columns advanced in spite of the fire of the French batteries, and were about to crush beneath their masses the division of the Duc de Chartres, who at the mill of Valmy awaited the onset. Kellermann, who had renewed the line, formed his army into columns by battalions, sprung from his horse, and casting the bridle to his orderly, bade him lead it behind the ranks, showing the soldiers that he was resolved to conquer or die. "Comrades," cried Kellermann, in a voice of thunder, "the moment of victory is at hand. Let us suffer the enemy to advance, and then charge with the bayonet." Then waving his hat on the top of his sword, "*Vive la nation!*" cried he more enthusiastically than before; "let us conquer for her."

This cry of the general, repeated by the nearest battalions, and taken up successively by the rest, created an immense clamor, like the country herself encouraging her defenders. This shout of the whole army, resounding from one hill to another, and heard above the cannon's roar, reassured the troops, and made the Duke of Brunswick pause, for such hearts promised equally terrible hands. Kellermann still advanced at the head of his column. The Duc de Chartres, his sword in one hand and a tricolored flag in the other, followed the horse artillery with the cavalry. The Duke of Brunswick, with the quick eye of a veteran soldier, and that economy of human life that characterizes an able general, saw that this attack would fail when opposed to this enthusiasm, and he re-formed the head of his columns, sounded the retreat, and slowly retired to his positions unpursued.

XV.

The fire ceased on both sides, and the battle was as it were suspended until four in the evening, when the King of Prussia, indignant at the hesitation of his army, formed in person, and with the flower of his infantry and cavalry, three formidable columns of attack; then riding down the line, he bitterly reproached them with suffering the standard of the monarch to be thus humiliated. At the voice of their sovereign the troops marched to the conflict, and the king, surrounded by the Duke of Brunswick and his principal officers, marched in the first rank, exposed to the fire of the French, which mowed down his staff around him. Intrepid as the blood of Frederic, he commanded as a king jealous of the honor of his nation, and exposed himself, like a soldier who holds his life but lightly compared to victory. All was in vain; the Prussian columns, assailed by the fire of twenty-four pieces of cannon, in position on the heights of Valmy, retreated at nightfall, leaving behind them 800 dead. Not to have been defeated was to the French army a victory. Kellermann felt this so fully that he assumed the name of Valmy in after years;* and in his will bequeathed his heart to the village of that name, in order that it might repose on the theater of his greatest renown, and sleep amid the companions of his first field.

While the French army fought and triumphed at Valmy, the Convention decreed the republic at Paris.

XVI.

Dumouriez returned to his camp amid the roar of Kellermann's cannon; but while he congratulated himself on the success of a day that strengthened the patriotic feelings of the army, and which rendered the first attack on the country fatal to her enemies, he was too clearsighted not to perceive the faults of Kellermann, and the temerity of his position. The Duke of Brunswick was on the morrow the same as he was the previous evening, and had, moreover, extended his right wing beyond Gizaucourt, and cut off the route to Chalons.

Early on the morning of the 21st, Dumouriez went to

* Kellermann was created Duc de Valmy by Napoleon.—Trans.

the camp of his colleague, and ordered him to pass the river Auve, and fall back on the camp of Dampierre, in the position previously assigned him. This position, less brilliant, yet more secure, strengthened and united the French army. Kellermann felt this, and obeyed without a murmur.

The Prussians had lost so much time, that they had no longer any to spare. The rainy season had already affected them, and the winter would be sufficient in itself to force them to retreat. The Duke of Brunswick lost ten days in observing the French army; and the rain, and fever season surprised him, while yet undecided. The rains cut up the roads from Argonne, by which his convoys arrived from Verdun, while his soldiers destitute of shelter and provisions, wandered about in the fields, the orchards, and vineyards, plucking the unripe grapes which these inhabitants of the north tasted for the first time. Their stomachs, already weakened by bad living, were soon disordered, and they were attacked by that dysentery which is so fatal to the soldier—the contagion spread rapidly through the camp, and thinned the corps.

The situation of Dumouriez did not appear, however, less perilous to those who were not in the secret of his intentions. Hemmed in on the one side of Les Evêchés by the Prince de Hohenlohe; on the Paris side by the King of Prussia, the Prussians were within six leagues of Chalons, the *émigrés* still nearer. The Hulans, the light cavalry of the Prussians, pillaged at the gates of Rheims, and between Chalons and the capital there was not a position or an army. Paris dreaded to find itself thus exposed. Kellermann, a brave, but susceptible general, shaken by the opinion in Paris, threatened to quit the camp, and abandon his colleague to his fate. Dumouriez, employed alternately the ascendency of his rank and the seduction of his genius, passed, in order to detain him, from menace to entreaty, and thus gained day by day his victory of patience. Sometimes he threatened to deprive of their uniform and arms those who complained of the want of provisions, and drive them from the camp as cowards who were unworthy to suffer privations for their country. Eight battalions of *fédérés*, recently arrived from the camp at Chalons, and intoxicated with massacre and sedition, were those who most threatened the subordination of the camp, saying openly that the ancient officers were traitors, and that it was ne-

cessary to purge the army, as they had Paris, of its aristocrats. Dumouriez posted these battalions apart from the others, placed a strong force of cavalry behind them, and two pieces of cannon on their flank. Then, affecting to review them, he halted at the head of the line, surrounded by all his staff, and an escort of 100 hussars. "Fellow-" said he—"for I will not call you either citizens or soldiers —you see before you this artillery, behind you this cavalry; you are stained with crimes, and I do not tolerate here assassins or executioners. I know that there are scoundrels among you charged to excite you to crime. Drive them from among you, or denounce them to me, for I shall hold you responsible for their conduct." The battalions trembled, and at once assumed the same spirit that pervaded the army.

The ancient feelings of honor were associated in the camps with patriotism, and Dumouriez encouraged it among his troops. Every day he received from Paris threats of dismissal, to which he replied in terms of defiance. "I will conceal my dismissal," he wrote, "until the day when I behold the flight of the enemy: I will then show it to my soldiers, and return to Paris, to suffer the punishment my country inflicts on me for having saved her in spite of herself."

XVII.

Three commissioners of the Convention, Sillery, Carra, and Prieur, arrived at the camp on the 24th, to proclaim the Republic, and Dumouriez did not hesitate. Although a royalist, he yet felt that at present it was not a question of government, but of the safety of the country; and besides, his ambition was vast as his genius, vague as the future. A republic agitated at home, threatened from abroad, could not but be favorable to an ambitious soldier at the head of an army who adored him; for when royalty was abolished, there was no one of higher rank in the nation than its generalissimo. The commissioners had also instructions to order the retreat of the army behind the Marne. Dumouriez asked and obtained from them six days' delay; on the seventh, at sunrise, the French videttes beheld the heights of La Lune deserted, and the columns of the Duke of Brunswick slowly defiling between the hills of Champagne, and taking the direction of Grandpré. Fortune had justi-

fied perseverance, and genius had baffled numbers. Dumouriez was triumphant, and France was saved.

At this intelligence, one general shout of *Vive la nation* burst from the French army. The commissioners, the generals Beurnonville, Miranda, even Kellermann, threw themselves into the arms of Dumouriez, and acknowledged the superiority of his judgment and the accuracy of his perception—while the soldiers proclaimed him the Fabius of his country. But this name, which he accepted for a day, but ill responded to the ardor of his soul; and he already meditated playing the part of Hannibal, which was more consonant with the activity of his character and the determination of his genius. At home, that of Cæsar might one day tempt him. This ambition of Dumouriez explains the the unmolested retreat of the Prussians through an enemy's country, and through defiles which might easily have been converted into Caudine Forks, and under the cannon of 70,000 French, before which the weakened and enervated army of the Duke of Brunswick had to make a flank movement.

BOOK XXVIII.

I.

While the military genius of Dumouriez triumphed over the Prussian army, his political genius was not asleep; for his camp, during the last days of the campaign, was at once the head-quarters of an army and the center of diplomatic negotiations. Dumouriez had created a connection, half apparent, half secret, with the Duke of Brunswick, and those officers and ministers who had most influence over the King of Prussia. Danton, the only minister who possessed any authority over Dumouriez, was in the secret of these negotiations.

The Duke of Brunswick was no less desirous than Dumouriez to negotiate, while fighting at the head-quarters of the King of Prussia were two parties, one of whom wished to retain the king with the army, the other to remove him from it. The Comte de Schulemberg, the king's confidential agent, was the leader of the first, the Duke of

Brunswick of the second; Haugwitz, Lucchesini, Lombard, the king's secretary, Kalkreuth, and the Prince de Hohenlohe were of the party of the latter. The king resisted with the firmness of a man who has engaged his honor in a great cause in the eyes of the world, and who wished to come off with credit, or at least without loss of reputation. He remained with the army, and sent the Comte de Schulemberg to direct the operations in Poland. From this day the prince was exposed in his camp to an influence, whose interest it was to slacken his march, and enervate his resolutions; and from this day every thing tended to a retreat.

II.

The Duke of Brunswick only sought a pretext for opening negotiations with the French at head-quarters. So long as he was behind the Argonne, within ten leagues of Grandpré, this pretext did not offer itself, for the King of Prussia would look on these advances as a proof of treason or cowardice. The combat of Valmy, in the idea of the Duke of Brunswick, was but a negotiation carried on by the mouth of the cannon. Dumouriez held the fate of the French Revolution in his hands, and he could not believe that this general would become the mere tool of anarchical democracy. "He will cast the weight of his sword," said he, "to weigh down the scale in favor of a constitutional monarchy; he will turn upon the jailers of his king and the murderers of September. Guardian of the frontiers, he has only to threaten to open them to the coalition, to insure obedience from the National Assembly. An arrangement between monarchical France and Prussia, under the auspices of Dumouriez, is a thousand times preferable to a war, in which Prussia stakes her army against the despair of a nation."

III.

Such was the opinion of the veteran: he was not deceived as to the secret views of Dumouriez, he was only mistaken as regarded his power. However, the two armies had scarcely returned to their lines on the morning after the combat of Valmy, when the Duke of Brunswick sent the Prussian general, Heymann and Colonel Manstein,

the adjutant-general of the Prussian army, under pretense of negotiating an exchange of prisoners. Dumouriez, informed of this by Kellermann, attended the conference, which was familiar and flattering on the Prussian side, proud, reserved, and almost silent on the part of Dumouriez. "Colonel," replied he, to the overtures of the King of Prussia and the Duke of Brunswick, "you tell me that I am esteemed in the Prussian army. I should rather think that I was despised if I am deemed capable of listening to such proposals."

Nothing was agreed upon except a suspension of arms.

IV.

On the same night as this official conference, Westermann and Fabre d'Eglantine, Danton's confidential agents, arrived at the camp, under pretext of reconciling Dumouriez and Kellermann, but in reality with a secret mission to authorize and press the negotiations on the basis of a prompt evacuation of the territory. During the same night the secretary of the King of Prussia, Lombard, had a secret interview with Dumouriez, of which he afterward revealed the particulars. The deliverance of Louis XVI. from his captivity in the Temple, and the re-establishment of a constitutional monarchy in France, were, on the part of the King of Prussia, the two chief conditions of the negotiation. Dumouriez professed the same principles and the same desires, and pledged his word to aid the restoration by every means in his power; "but," he added, "I should ruin myself uselessly did I contract any such engagements in a secret treaty. The retreat of the invading armies from the French territory would be the first step toward order and peace." Under pretense of reconducting Lombard to the head-quarters of the King of Prussia, Dumouriez sent Westermann, his adjutant-general, and the confidential agent of Danton. Lombard, having repeated to the king the language of Dumouriez, the king authorized the Duke of Brunswick to have an interview with Westermann.

This interview took place in the presence of General Heymann, and concluded, on the part of the Duke of Brunswick, by the demand of a secret treaty, promising the liberation of Louis XVI., and which, suspendi hostilities, would allow the Prussians to retire without

attacked. The duke cast all the odium of the war on the Austrians and the French princes, and abandoned the *émigré* prisoners of war to the laws of the country. Danton merely replied by the decree of the Convention, declaring that the French republic would not treat with her enemies until after the evacuation of their territory.

But Dumouriez had received secret instructions from Danton, and the negotiations were not broken off. Public conferences for the exchange of prisoners served to mask secret interviews and correspondence. Dumouriez, fearing lest his intercourse with the Prussian camp should lead the troops to accuse him of treason, artfully lulled suspicion. "*Mes enfans*," said he to the soldiers, who crowded round him when he visited the posts, "what do you think of all these negotiations with the Prussians; do they inspire you with any distrust of me?" "No, no," replied the troops. "We should be alarmed with any one else, but with you we close our eyes; you are our father."

V.

The same intercourse between the generals of the two armies was visible at the camp of Kellermann, but the negotiations were entirely confined to the exchange of prisoners.

However, the Austrian party, the war party, and the *émigrés*, whose sole hope was in war, murmured loudly at the Prussian camp, and besieged the head-quarters of the king with reproaches and complaints.

"What do these conferences with Dumouriez presage?" said they. "Do they wish to save the life of the King of France by sacrificing us? What then will become of the monarchy, of religion, of the nobility, of property? Our allies have only taken up arms to surrender us to our enemies." Such were the complaints with which the leaders of the *émigrés* and the envoys of the French princes filled the head-quarters of the King of Prussia. Göethe, the Voltaire of Germany, who followed the Duke of Weimar in this campaign, has given an account in his memoirs of one of the nights that preceded the retreat of the Germans.

VI.

The Marquis de Bombelles had been sent to head-quar-

ters by the Baron de Breteuil, to watch over the interests of Louis XVI. The tent of the King of Prussia was the scene of daily councils, in which there were many different and conflicting opinions. The French princes proposed to march on Chalons, and the king himself leaned to this side of a courageous and decisive step. The duke, however, energetically opposed this forward movement. Thus days passed away, and days were forces. The king began to waver, and it was evident that he only sought in the terms of the negotiation a pretext to cover the honor of his arms, and that he would be satisfied with the most illusory promises for the life and liberty of Louis XVI. Dumouriez and Danton gave them.

Westermann, who had returned to Paris, informed Danton in confidence of the real state of feeling in the two camps. Dumouriez had charged Westermann with an ostensible letter for the minister of foreign affairs, Lebrun. "If I hold the King of Prussia in check a week longer, his army will be defeated without having struck a blow," wrote the general to Lebrun.

The secret letter of Dumouriez to Danton avowed the existence of more advanced negotiations. "The King of Prussia demands, before treating with us," wrote he, "formal information respecting Louis XVI.; the nature of his captivity, his future destiny, and the respect shown to a crowned head."

Danton was desirous, at any cost, of freeing the territory; and, moreover, bound to the court by ancient ties, he wished to save the lives of the king and the royal family. He charged his agents in the council of the Commune to visit Louis XVI. at the Temple, and to draw up an official report, in which the political captivity of the king would be concealed under the appearance of prudent solicitude for his safety.

The mayor, Pétion, and the procureur of the Commune, Manuel, entered into the views of Danton, and demanded from the Commune a copy of all the decrees relative to the Temple. They went thither themselves, interrogated the king, affected to soften his captivity, and remitted to Danton a *procès verbal*, in which they displayed marks of interest in the royal family. These proceedings, known in Paris, and coinciding in the evacuation of the territory, gave credence to the report of a secret correspondence between Louis XVI. and the King of Prussia, through the

agency of Manuel, and the object of which was to obtain the retreat of the Prussians in exchange for the safety of Louis XVI. This correspondence never existed in reality. The agents of the King of France at the Prussian camp, MM. de Breteuil, de Calonne, de Bombelles, and de Moustier, the Maréchal de Broglie, and the Maréchal de Castries, did not cease until the 29th to implore the king to give battle and march on Paris, as the only hope of safety for the King of France.

VII.

The Duke of Brunswick transmitted to the king the document relative to the captivity of Louis XVI.; and a last cabinet council was summoned for the 28th in the king's presence. The duke had beforehand instructed the members what to say, and which plan to advocate. He informed the king of the state of the secret negotiation, which left no other hope of saving the life of Louis XVI. than by a prompt evacuation of the French territory. He conjured the king to yield at once to his generous pity for Louis XVI., and the interests of his own kingdom, by not risking a battle whose most fortunate result could only be the shedding of Prussian blood in a cause deserted and betrayed by Europe. The king reddened and yielded.

An avowed military convention was concluded between the generals of the two armies. This negotiation, though military in appearance, was political in reality; and Dumouriez displayed a part of it in order to conceal the rest.

The terms of the military convention were, that the French army should undertake not to disturb the retreat of the Prussian army to the Meuse, and that beyond the Meuse the French army should observe without attacking, on condition that the King of Prussia should surrender the towns of Longwi and Verdun, which his troops held, to the French army. The political and verbal convention guarantied to the King of Prussia the safety of the royal family; and also gave him the assurance that Dumouriez would contribute, by every means in his power, to restore the constitutional monarchy and moderate the Revolution. The existence of this treaty, which has been the object of so much dispute, can not be now contested; and this alone explains the unaccountable inertness of Dumouriez, in suffering the Duke of Brunswick and the king to make a flank movement,

which exposed them to be cut off in detail; and measuring the steps of the French army by those of the Prussians, so that the former seemed rather to accompany than to drive their enemies over the frontiers.

VIII.

This negotiation of Dumouriez was neither treason nor weakness, but the instinct of patriotism and the power of turning every occurrence to account, as it transpired. He saved France, instead of compromising her by striking a blow; a certain evacuation was far more advantageous in this crisis than a doubtful battle. The Duke of Brunswick, stronger by 40,000 men than Dumouriez, might, if attacked while retreating, turn at bay and crush the French army. France had neither a second army nor a second Dumouriez, and a defeat laid her open to invasion; the shock would have overthrown the republic, which had scarcely had time to take advantage of the victory of the 10th of August. Danton took the responsibility of the convention and the treaty on himself.

Dumouriez had another motive for not molesting their retreat, and keeping on good terms with the Prussians. A diplomatist before he was a soldier, he knew that coalitions carry with them the seeds of rivalry which must eventually destroy them. Russia and Austria were about to dispute with Prussia the most valuable portion of Poland, while the Prussian army wasted its forces in this kingly crusade against France. The Prussian cabinet and the Duke of Brunswick did not conceal this danger from themselves, and an alliance with France, even though a republic, perhaps entered into their thoughts. Liberty had too many enemies on the continent not to reserve for herself an alliance in the heart of Germany. But the real and secret motive—a war of intrigue, which might last all the winter, and perhaps all the following campaign, against the Prussians, in the Ardennes and the Meuse—suited neither his political situation nor his ambition. He needed two things—the title of liberator of the French territory, and the power of directing his genius in another direction. The undisturbed retreat of the Prussians, and a secret treaty with this power, guarantied him these two essential requisites of his position. Tranquil on this side of the frontiers, the convention would permit him to realize his military

vision, and carry the war into Belgium. Conqueror of the Prussians at home, he would conquer the Austrians in their domain; and to the title of liberator of the territory of the republic, he would add that of the conqueror of Brabant. Covered with this double glory, what could he not attempt for the king, for the republic, for himself? He was undecided what plan to follow, and reserved his decision until he saw what fortune offered him. But, before all, he must conquer Belgium. He ordered his generals to follow the Prussian army in its retreat; and he returned to Paris to triumph there.

IX.

The evening of his arrival in Paris, Dumouriez cast himself into the arms of Danton. Amid all the horrors of the time these two men comprehended each other: one was the head, the other the arm of the country. They vowed mutual alliance and friendship, for they were necessary to one another. Danton completed Dumouriez, and Dumouriez completed Danton: one answered for the army, the other for the people; and they felt themselves masters of the Revolution.

About this time the Duc de Chartres (since king of the French) presented himself at the audience of the minister of war, Servan, to complain of some injustice that had been shown him. Servan, unwell and in bed, listened carelessly to the complaints of the young prince. Danton was present, and seemed to possess more authority at the war office than the minister himself. He took the Duc de Chartres aside, and said to him, "What do you do here? You see that Servan is a phantom of a minister, unable either to serve or to injure you. Call on me to-morrow, and I will arrange your business for you." The next day, when the Duc de Chartres went to the chancery, Danton received him with a sort of paternal *brusquerie:* "Well, young man," said he, "what do I learn? I am assured that your language resembles murmurs; that you blame the great measures of government; that you express compassion for the victims, and hatred for the executioners. Beware; patriotism does not admit of lukewarmness, and you have to obtain pardon for your great name." The young prince replied, with a firmness above his years, that the army looked with horror on bloodshed any where but on the battle-field, and

that the massacres of September seemed, in his eyes, to dishonor liberty. "You are too young to judge of these events," returned Danton, with the air and accent of superiority; "to comprehend them you must be in our place; for the future, be silent. Return to the army; fight bravely, but do not rashly expose your life—you have many years before you. France does not love a republic; she has the habits, the weaknesses, the need of a monarchy. After our storms, she will return to it, either through her vices or necessities, and you will be king. Adieu, young man; remember the prediction of Danton."

X.

The next day Dumouriez dined with the principal Girondists at Roland's. On his entrance into the *salon*, he presented Madame Roland with a bouquet of the flowers of the rose laurel, as a token of reconciliation, and as though he thus, through her, offered his victory as a tribute to the Gironde. Seated between Madame Roland and Vergniaud, he received the advances of the guests with much reserve. The war between them and the Jacobins, though concealed, had already begun, and he would only declare for his country. Madame Roland forgave him every thing. After dinner he went to the opera, where he was received as a conqueror, with the loudest acclamations. Danton, seated by his side, seemed to present him to the people. Madame Roland and Vergniaud arrived at the theater a few moments later, opened the lodge, and prepared to enter; but, perceiving the sinister visage of Danton by the side of Dumouriez, Madame Roland uttered a cry of horror, and retired hastily with Vergniaud.

An age seemed to have elapsed since Dumouriez quitted Paris and the day of his return. He had left a monarchy, and he found a republic. After an interregnum of a few days, during which the Commune of Paris and the Legislative Assembly had disputed with each other the possession of a power which had fallen into the hands of assassins, and been seized upon by Danton, the National Convention assembled, and resolved to act. The Girondists and Jacobins, united at this moment in a conspiracy against royalty, had been universally chosen to complete their work. Their mandate was to finish the past, crush all resistance, to destroy the throne, the aristocracy, the clergy, the emi-

gration, foreign arms; to cast the gauntlet down to kings, and proclaim—not that abstract sovereignty of a people about to denationalize and lose themselves in the complicated machinery of a mixed constitution—but that popular sovereignty that interrogates, man by man, the meanest of its citizens, and which causes the thought, the will, and even the passions of the people in general to reign with irresistible power.

BOOK XXIX.

I.

At 12 o'clock on the 21st of September the doors of the Manège opened; and all those men, of whom the greater portion were destined to quit it only for the scaffold, entered slowly and solemnly. The spectators in the tribunes recognized, pointed out, and named to each other the principal members of the Convention as they passed.

The members of the Legislative Assembly escorted the Convention in a body to abdicate formally. François de Neuf Chateau, the last president of the dissolved Assembly, spoke. "Representatives of the nation," said he, "the Legislative Assembly has ceased its functions, surrenders the government into your hands, and gives the French nation the example of respect to the majority of the people. Liberty, laws, and peace. These three words were engraven by the Greeks on the gates of the temple of Delphi: you will write them on the soil of France."

Pétion was unanimously named president: the Girondists saluted this presage of their ascendency over the Convention. Condorcet, Brissot, Rabaud, Saint-Etienne, Vergniaud, Camus, Lasource—all Girondists, with the exception of Camus, occupied the posts of secretaries. Manuel rose, and said—"The mission with which you are charged demands almost divine wisdom and power. When Cineas entered the senate at Rome, he imagined himself in an assembly of kings. Such a comparison would be an insult to you, for here we must behold an assembly of philosophers occupied in preparing the happiness of the world. I demand that the president of France be lodged in the na-

tional palace, that the attributes of the law and force be always around him, and that each time he opens the sitting all the citizens rise."

A murmur of disapprobation arose at these words: the sentiment of republican equality—the soul of this popular body—revolted at the very shadow of the ceremonial of a court. "What is the use of this representation of the president of the Convention?" said the youthful Tallien, who wore the carmagnole. "Out of this chamber your president is but a simple citizen. If any one wishes to speak to him, let him seek him on the third or the fifth floor of his obscure house; it is there that patriotism and virtue abide."

All distinguishing mark of the president's dignity was abolished.

"Our mission is great and sublime," said Couthon, seated at Robespierre's side. "I do not fear that in the approaching discussion any one will dare to speak of royalty. But it is not royalty alone we should abolish; it is every species of individual power which tends to restrain the rights of the people. Mention has been made of a triumvirate, a protectorate, a dictatorship; and it is said in the republic that a party is forming in the Convention in favor of one or other of these institutions. Let us frustrate these vain projects, if they exist, by swearing to maintain the entire and direct sovereignty of the people. Let us vow an equal execration to royalty, the dictatorship, and the triumvirate." This language caused the first umbrage felt toward Robespierre. Danton understood it, and replied to it by an abdication, which, by discharging him of the executive power, plunged him again into his element.

II.

On one hand he was weary of this reign of six weeks, during which he had convulsed France; on the other, he wished to quit power for a moment to observe the new men, new events, and new parties that unfolded themselves; and lastly, his wife, dying of mortal disease, and deploring the sinister renown with which he had stained his name, conjured him with tears to quit a torrent that involved him in its waves, and expiate the crimes or the misfortunes of his ministry by retirement. Danton, who loved and respected the companion of his youth, listened to her

voice as an oracle of tenderness, and gazed anxiously on the two children who would soon be motherless. He sought a moment's breathing-time, proud of having saved the frontiers, and ashamed of the price his mistaken patriotism had demanded in the days of September.

III.

A visible impatience betrayed itself in the first words he uttered, in the attitude and silence of the Convention. One thought was in every mind, in every eye, on every tongue, and could not remain long without bursting forth. The first question to be discussed was that of the royalty or the republic. France had adopted her resolve; that of the Assembly could not be long suspended.

IV.

France was born, had reached maturity, and grown old under royalty; and her form had become, from long habit, her nature. A military nation, she had crowned her first soldiers. A feudal nation, she infused the feudal system into her civil government. A religious nation, she had consecrated her chiefs, attributed to her kings a sort of divine delegation, adored royalty as a dogma, proscribed independence of opinion as revolt, and punished *lèze-majesté* as sacrilege. A vain shadow of the individual independence and privilege of the provinces subsisted in the parliaments, the provincial states, and the communal administrations. The law was the king; the noble the subject; the people the serf, or at best the freedman. A proud and military nation, France had ennobled her servitude by honor, sanctified obedience by devotion, and personified the country in royalty. The king disappeared; and she no longer knew where to find a country. Right—duty—every thing disappeared with him. The king was the visible god of the nation; and it was religion to obey him.

Nothing had created in the people the exercise of those civic virtues which form the soul of free governments. Honors, dignities, influence, power, rank; nothing mounted from the people, all descended from the king. Esteem gave nothing; favor every thing. Moreover, an alliance as old as the monarchy united religion to royalty, and to destroy the one was to destroy the other. France had two

secular habits—royalty and Catholicism: opinion and conscience were alike on their side; and it was impossible to root up the one without disturbing the other. Did royalty fall, Catholicism, as a sovereign and civil institution, fell with it, and instead of one ruin caused two.

Lastly, the royal family in France, who considered royalty as their inalienable appanage, and sovereign power as the legitimate right of their blood, were allied by marriages to all the kings of Europe, and to attack the rights of royalty in France, was to attack or threaten them all over Europe; the royal families were but one family, and the crowns dependent on them. To suppress the title and rights of royalty at Paris, was to suppress the titles and rights of kings in all the capitals; moreover, it was to break off all external connection of France with the European states, founded on family policy, and found them for the future on the policy of national interests. The example was threatening, the war certain, mortal, universal; and history whispered this to the Girondists.

V.

On the other hand, republicanism, of which the Convention felt itself the organ, said to the Girondists, "You must have done with thrones. The mission of the Revolution is to substitute reason for prejudice, right for usurpation, equality for privilege, liberty for servitude, in the government of society commencing with France. Royalty is a prejudice, and a usurpation which the people have suffered for ages through ignorance and cowardice. Custom has made it a right. Absolute royalty is a man substituting himself for the sovereignty of humanity; it is the human race abdicating their titles, their rights, their reason, their liberty, their interests, into the hands of one man. It is to create, by a fiction, a god, where nature has only created a man. It is to degrade, to dispossess, millions of men equal in right, sometimes superior in intelligence and virtue, to aggrandize and crown one. It is to assimilate a nation to the earth on which it treads, and to give its civilization, its generations, and its ages to a family who will dispose of the inheritance of Heaven. Human reason is the sole legitimacy of power. Intelligence is the title, not of sovereignty (for the nation recognizes none beyond itself), but the title of the magistratures instituted for the common in-

terest and service. Election is the consecration of the people to these magistratures, the revocable delegations of their pleasure. No citizen is more supreme than another, but they are all so, in proportion to the right, the capacity, and the interest they possess in the common association. All influence is but the free acquiescence of reason in the merits, the talents, the virtues of the citizens. The superiorities of nature, instruction, fortune, and devotion proved by the mutual choice of the citizens among themselves, cause the most worthy to rise to power by a spontaneous and unceasing movement. But these men of superior abilities, legitimized by its services, never threaten the government to degenerate into tyranny; they disappear with these very services, re-enter the ranks of the simple citizens; at a fixed period they fade away with the life of these favorites of the people, and give place to other superiorities which will become available in their turn. It is the social power pertaining not to a few, but to all, springing uninterruptedly from its only source, the people, and inalienably returning thither to flow forth again at its pleasure.

Royalty is the government in the image of God; it is a dream: the republic is the government in the image of man; it is a political reality.

But if the republican form is reason, it is also justice; it distributes, levels, and unceasingly equalizes the rights, the titles, the superiorities, the functions, the interests of the classes and the citizens among themselves. The Gospel is democratic, Christianity is republican.

VI.

And even if the republic were not the ideal of a government of reason, it would be necessary to France at this moment. France, with a dethroned king, a nobility armed against her, a dispossessed clergy, with the whole of monarchical Europe at her frontiers, would not find in any form of royalty, in any temperate monarchy or renewed dynasty, the superhuman force she needs to triumph over so many enemies and survive so great a crisis. A king would be suspected, a constitution powerless, a dynasty contested. In such a state of things, the despairing and all-powerful energy of the people, evoked from the people, and converted by universal acclamation into a government, is the only force that could equal their desire to resist, and

their contempt for danger. Antæus gained fresh force each time he touched the earth. France must touch the people in order to rest on them the lever of the Revolution. To hesitate between the forms of government in such a moment is to lose them all: we have no choice. The republic is the last word of the Revolution, as it is the last effort of national feeling. We must accept and defend it, or drag the shameful existence of those men who surrender their hearths and altars to their foes as ransom for their life.

Such were the alternate suggestions of reason and passion that the past and the future offered to the Girondists, to decide them on a republic. Policy and necessity alike imposed on them this form of government, and they accepted it.

VII.

The Girondists only dreaded lest this republic should fall into the hands of furious and maddened demagogues, for the 10th of August and the 2d of September already filled them with consternation. They wished to give a few days to the reflection and reaction of the Assembly and opinion against these popular excesses. All of them men, imbued with the republican ideas of antiquity, in which the liberty of the citizens supposed the thralldom of the masses, and where the republics were but numerous aristocracies, they did but ill understand the Christian genius of the democratic republics for the future. They wished for the republic on condition of governing alone, following the ideas and adopting the interests of that middle and educated class to which they belonged. They proposed to make a republican constitution in the image of this class, before which the throne, the church, and the nobility had faded away. Under the name of a republic they understood the reign of the intellect, virtue, talents, of which their class had for the future the exclusive privilege. They dreamed of imposing conditions, guaranties, exclusions, indignities in the electoral conditions in civic rights, and the exercise of civil functions, which would no doubt enlarge the limits of capacity for government, but which would exclude the feeble, ignorant, indigent, or mercenary mass of the people. According to their ideas, the constitution was destined to correct the popular and stormy part of the republic; they separated in their ideas the plebeians from the nation, and

by serving one they expected to fortify themselves against the other. They could not resign themselves to forge with their own hands, in a sudden, rash, and ill-considered constitution, the ax beneath which their heads had but to bow and fall; and numerous and eloquent in the Convention, they relied on their ascendency.

VIII.

But this ascendency, which yet preponderated in the departments and the Assembly, had waned and faded for the last two months in Paris before the audacity of the Commune, the dictatorship of Danton, the demagogueism of Marat, and, above all, before the *prestige* of Robespierre. The Commune had acquired power, Marat terrified, Danton governed, and Robespierre increased in importance, while the Girondists had lost all the authority these men had gained. They had followed often with murmurs the movement that involved them in its torrent, and they had foreseen nothing, and governed nothing during this tempest; they had apparently dominated over the movement, but as the fragment dominates over the wave by following its undulations. All the efforts they had made to moderate the anarchical movement but served to display their weakness. The nation, who no longer needed them, forsook them; and not one of these men, the popular favorites, during the existence of the Legislative Assembly, had been elected to the Convention by the city of Paris, but, on the contrary, all their enemies had been chosen by the people. Danton, Robespierre, and Marat had dictated the scrutiny, and they now dictated the votes.

The impatient populace demanded extreme resolutions from the two parties; their favor was for sale, and to purchase that, it was necessary to surpass all others in energy, and even fury. The reserve in favor of the monarchy made by Vergniaud, Guadet, Gensonné, and Condorcet, by mentioning the nomination of a *gouverneur* for the dauphin in the *decret* of dethronement, had caused suspicion to fall on the Girondists; for it seemed to reveal in them the after-thought of raising up the monarchy after they had thrown it down. The journals and tribunes of the Jacobins made use of this handle against them. "You have not destroyed all hope of retreat" (*brûlé vos vaisseaux*), said they; "for while we were struggling to destroy forever the

throne, you wrote with our blood respectful reservations in favor of royalty."

The Girondists could not reply to these accusations, except by superior audacity. But here a fresh obstacle presented itself. They could not advance a step farther in the trace of the Jacobins without staining themselves with the blood of the 2d of September. This blood appalled them, and they paused unhesitatingly before crime. Resolved to vote for the republic, they wished, at the same time, to vote for a constitution which would give the republic something of the concentration of power and the regularity of a monarchy. Romans alike by education and character, the people and senate of Rome were the only political idea that offered itself vaguely to their imagination. The accession of the entire people to that government, the inauguration of this Christian and fraternal democracy, of which Robespierre was the apostle, in his theories and speeches, never entered into their plans. To change the government was the whole policy of the Girondists, while the sweeping policy of the democrats was to change society. The one party was composed of politicians, the other of philosophers in action. The one thought only of the morrow, the other of the future.

Previous to proclaiming the republic, the Girondists wished to give it a form which would preserve it from anarchy or dictatorship. The Jacobins wished to proclaim it as a principle at all hazards, whence would perhaps spring torrents of blood of temporary tyrannies, but from which would result the triumph of the people and humanity. Lastly, Danton, perfectly indifferent to forms of government, provided this form gave him power, wished to proclaim the republic, in order to compromise the whole nation in the cause of the Revolution, and to render inevitable and terrible a shock between emancipated France and the thrones of Europe, which would dash to atoms the old political system, and give place, not to new principles, but new actors.

Moreover, many others, such as Marat and his accomplices, wished to proclaim the republic as a vengeance of the people against kings and aristocrats, and as an era of agitation and trouble, in which fortune would multiply those hazards that cast down the elevated and exalt the lowly. The policy of these demagogues was but sedition formed into a principle, and anarchy grafted into a constitution.

IX.

However, each of these parties had need to use all dispatch, in order not to leave to another the honor of initiation and the advantage of priority. The Girondists, relying on their numbers in the Convention, met at Madame Roland's, and resolved to admit of no discussion on the change of the form of government until after they had obtained the executive commissions, and especially the commission of the constitution, which would assure their success and be the organ of their pleasure. They believed themselves sufficiently influential in the Convention, by the number of their adherents and the authority of their credit, to prevent a rash declaration of the republic during the first sittings; and they entered the Chamber with this conviction. Danton, Robespierre, and even Marat himself had no intention of hastening the moment of this proclamation, for they wished to give it the solemnity of the greatest act a nation can accomplish. They also desired to ascertain their strength in the Convention, and group their friends, unknown one to the other, to model the republic at its birth, each according to his own views and ambition. Silence was therefore tacitly observed by all the leaders of the Assembly on this great measure. But on the evening previous to the first sitting, a few young and ardent members of the Convention, St. Just, Lequinio, Panis, Billaut-Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, and several members of the Commune who had met at a political banquet in the Palais Royal, excited by conversation and the wine they had drank, unanimously denounced any system of temporization, and resolved to foil this timid policy and to disconcert the projects of the Girondists, by casting the word "Republic" at their enemies. "If they accept it," said St. Just, "they are lost, for it was imposed by our party: if they reject it, they are doubly lost; for, by opposing the wish of the people, they will be overwhelmed by the unpopularity we have heaped on them."

Lequinio, Sergent, Panis, Billaut-Varennes, applauded the audacious Machiavelism of St. Just. Collot d'Herbois, who had formerly been a comedian, a theatrical orator and a man delighting in orgies and desperate measures, and whose language, from its incoherence, often seemed like intoxication, undertook to propose this measure, and

to confront, single-handed, the silence, the murmurs, and the astonishment of the Gironde.

X.

In the evening, according to his agreement, Collot d'Herbois, on entering the Chamber, gave the signal to his impatient partisans, who were prepared to echo his sentiments. A single word, when an assembly is undecided, often carries all before it; and no precaution can restrain that which is in the mind of every man. Scarcely had Collot d'Herbois demanded the abolition of royalty, than acclamations, apparently unanimous, arose on every side, and attested that the voice of one man had pronounced the word dictated by necessity. Quinette and Bazire, having demanded, out of respect for the new institution, that the gravity of form and the solemnity of reflection should preside at the proclamation of the republic, "What needs there of deliberation," cried Grégoire, "when we are all unanimous? Kings are in the moral order what monsters are in the physical; courts are the abode of crime, and the history of kings is the martyrology of nations." The youthful Ducos, of Bordeaux, the friend and pupil of Vergniaud, felt that it was necessary to confound the voice of his party in the general voice, in order that people might not distinguish the first or the last partisan of this decree. "Let us instantly adopt this measure," said he; "we have no need to consider it, after the light which the 10th of August has diffused. The consideration of your decree of the abolition of royalty will be the history of the crimes of Louis XVI." The republic was thus proclaimed with a diversity of sentiments, but with a single voice: cast by the Jacobins at their enemies as defiance; accepted with acclamations by the Girondists, in order not to leave all the honor of patriotism to the Jacobins—a desperate resolution, an unknown abyss, into which reflection would lead the politicians, and giddiness the imprudent; the only refuge for the country according to the patriots—an obscure gulf, which each hoped would swallow up his rival, by precipitating himself into it with him, and in which all were destined alternately to figure, with their struggles, their crimes, their virtues, and their blood.

perilous task for the Girondists. The *comité de surveillance* had the audacity to order the arrest of Roland; but Danton, informed of this scandalous attempt, and well knowing that an accusation was at that period a sentence of death, had hastened to the council, severely blamed his colleagues, and tore up the warrant for his arrest.

Roland, from this day, was the object of all the calumnies in Marat's papers and the *émeutes* of the factions. Threatened at every moment in his own hotel and at his public office, feebly protected by a small guard of *gendarmes*, he was frequently obliged to pass whole nights away from his house; and when he slept there, Madame Roland placed pistols under his pillow, that he might defend himself against the nocturnal attacks of assassins, or to avoid the insults of the mob by a voluntary death; and Roland, animated by this high-spirited woman, had not shrunk from his duty; while the *Sentinelle*, an upright and republican journal written by Louvet, at his dictation, attested his efforts to retain the republic in the paths of justice and the law.

IV.

On the other hand, Marat, not satisfied with having carried off the presses from the royal printing office, demanded from Roland a sum of money for the cost of printing the popular pamphlets, which Roland refused. Marat denounced the minister to the vengeance of the patriots. Danton undertook to silence Marat, and the Duc d'Orléans, who was secretly allied with Danton, furnished the money. Marat, nevertheless, distilled his hatred against Roland, his wife, and friends, in lines of blood. The robbery of the wardrobe of the crown, which took place at this time, furnished food for fresh accusations of negligence or complicity against the minister of the interior. Part of the valuables were found buried in the Champs Elysées, and the rest disappeared without leaving a trace. Danton was strongly suspected of having employed a portion of the stolen treasures in paying the troops of Dumouriez, and in bribing the staff of the King of Prussia.

Vehemently accused by Marat, Roland replied by an address to the Parisians. His blows passed by Marat and fell on the Commune of Paris, whose contest with the Assembly became every day more severe. "To degrade the National Assembly, excite the people to revolt, and

inspire mistrust of the authorities, such is the object of the productions of Marat," said Roland. "Read that of the 8th of September, in which all the ministers, except Danton, are held up to public blame, and accused of treason. Let them take my life, and read my works; I defy slander to find in them one word, one sentiment, one act, at which I need blush. During forty years of administration, I have done naught save good. I do not care for power, and sixty years of toil render retirement preferable to an agitated life. I am accused of plotting with the faction of Brissot. I esteem Brissot, because I recognize in him as much purity as talent. I admired the 10th of August; I shuddered at its consequences on the 2d of September. I understood the anger of the people, but I wished to prevent assassination. I myself have been marked for a victim. Let scoundrels provoke assassins to murder me: I await them; I am at my post, and I shall know how to die."

V.

Brissot, whose name had become the denomination of a whole party, had been compelled to defend himself against the calumny that accused him of wishing to re-establish the monarchy in France, in the person of the Duke of Brunswick. Vergniaud himself was outraged, threatened, and pointed out by his name and genius to the assassins of September. He had twice trampled under foot the unpopularity attached to him, by two speeches, in which he defied the enemies of France, and threatened the tyrants of the Commune. Coustard had just enumerated the forces that were left to Dumouriez, and Vergniaud succeeded him in the tribune.

"The details given you are reassuring," said he. "However, it is impossible not to feel some uneasiness when we see the camp of Paris. From whence comes this torpor, beneath which the citizens of Paris are buried? Let us dissimulate nothing: it is now time to declare the truth. The past proscriptions, the report of future, and the internal troubles have spread abroad consternation and alarm. All honorable men conceal themselves when we are arrived at that state of things when crime is committed with impunity. There are men in the country who only show themselves in public calamities, as there are some noxious insects that the earth only produces in tempests; and th

men incessantly spread suspicion, distrust, jealousy, hatred, and vengeance. In their seditious discourses they render even virtue aristocratic, in order to have a right to trample it under foot, and they democratize crime in order to assassinate, without any fear of the sword of justice. All their efforts tend to dishonor the most glorious of causes, in order to excite against it those nations who were the most friendly to the Revolution. Citizens of Paris! I demand it of you with the profoundest emotion, will you never unmask these men, who possess naught to captivate you save the baseness of their means and the insolence of their pretensions? Citizens! when enemies advance, and a man, instead of exhorting you to fly to arms to repel them, advises you in cold blood to massacre women and disarmed citizens, he is the enemy of your glory and your safety. When, on the contrary, a man only speaks to you of the Prussians, to indicate where you should strike—when he urges you to victory only by means worthy your courage, he is the friend of your glory, your prosperity; he wishes to save you. Abjure your intestine dissensions, hasten to the camp, for there lies your safety."

VI.

This harangue, in which the figures of Danton, Robespierre, and Marat were too clearly indicated behind the men of blood whom Vergniaud held up to the execrations of France, so electrified the Assembly, that no one dared to reply to him, and the faction of the Commune appeared for a moment submerged beneath this flow of patriotism. Two days afterward, in consequence of a fresh complaint of Roland against the encroachments of the Commune, Vergniaud more directly apostrophized the instigators of the assassinations of September, and declared war against the masked tyranny of the Jacobins. Petitions of prisoners prayed that the safety of prisons might be insured.

"Had there been none but the people to fear," said Vergniaud, "I should say there was every thing to hope; for the people are just, and abhor crime. But here we have wretches in pay to sow discord, to spread consternation, and drive us headlong to anarchy. (Applause.) They have said 'Let us denounce—let us arrest—let us heap together in dungeons those whom we seek to destroy. We will then agitate the people, we will let loose our myrmi-

dons, we will establish a butchery of human flesh, when we may as we please quench our thirst in blood!' (Unanimous and long-continued applause from the Assembly and the tribunes.) And do you know, gentlemen, how the liberty of citizens is disposed of by those men who imagine that the Revolution was made for them, and have the folly to suppose that Louis XVI. was sent to the Temple in order that they might be enthroned at the Tuileries? (Applause.) Do you know how these arrests are determined upon? The Commune of Paris relies on the committee of *surveillance*, which, by an abuse of all principles or by criminal confidence, gives to individuals the terrible right of having those arrested who appear to them suspicious. They intrust this right to other satellites, to whose vengeances they must pander if they would have their own revenges satiated; and on such a chain of delegation do the life and liberty of citizens depend; in such hands is the public safety! The blinded Parisians dare to call themselves free! True, they are no longer the slaves of crowned tyrants, but they are the serfs of the most vile and execrable wretches! (Loud applauses.) It is time to break these vile chains, to crush this novel tyranny; it is time to make those tremble who have made their fellow-creatures tremble. I am not ignorant that they have stilettoes at their command. When William Tell adjusted the arrow which was to strike the fatal apple which a monster had placed on the head of his son, he exclaimed, 'Perish my name and memory, so that Switzerland be free!' (Loud applause.) And we, too, say, 'Perish the National Assembly and its memory, provided that France be free!'" (The deputies here rose by common assent, and enthusiastically repeated the oath uttered by Vergniaud. The auditory imitated this movement, and mingled their voices with those of the deputies.) Vergniaud, interrupted for a moment, thus continued: "Yes, perish the National Assembly and its memory, if by its death it spare the nation from a crime which would leave a blot on the French name; if its vigor should teach the nations, that, in spite of the calumnies with which it is sought to beard France, there is still, in the bosom of that anarchy itself into which ruffians have for the moment hurled us—there is still in our country some public virtues, and humanity is still respected! Perish the National Assembly and its memory, if upon our ashes our more happy successors

may lay the foundations of a constitution which should insure the happiness of France and consolidate the reign of liberty and equality!"

VII.

Such harangues consoled for the moment men of honest character, but were no check to men of blood. The Girondists had with them reason, eloquence, and the majority in the Assembly. The Jacobins had only an organized power in the committees of the Hôtel-de-Ville and an armed force in the sections to carry out their thoughts. The better feelings of the Girondists evaporated after having sounded forth in magniloquent language. The decrees of the Jacobins became acts the day after they were conceived, and they continued to brave the Assembly with impunity.

Roland and Vergniaud were of opinion that the violent and anarchical reign of the insurrection, under the name of the Commune, would cease of its own accord on the day when the National Convention should centralize the public will, and withdraw within itself the powers momentarily acquired from the people by the malcontents and proscribers. The jealousy felt by the departments at the encroachments of Paris on the nation, and the indignation excited by the massacres of September, could not fail, in the opinion of the Girondists, to destroy the Commune, restore the executive power, and place it in the hands of the most worthy and talented. This conviction had rendered them patient during the five weeks that had just passed. The Convention was opened, and the departments hoped every thing from this representation which had been tried and strengthened in so many great crises; and the minister of the interior promised in his addresses a speedy re-establishment of order.

VIII.

In the opposite party a certain hesitation plainly showed their uneasiness. The meetings of the Jacobins had for some time past been thinly attended, and of no importance. The new members of the Convention did not join it, for they seemed to fear compromising their own character by joining an association suspected of violence and usurpa-

tion. Pétion and Barbaroux contended successfully there with Fabre d'Eglantine and Chabot. Marat only agitated the dregs of the populace; he was rather the scandal of the Revolution than a revolutionary force, and he rendered the Commune unpopular by his presence. Danton himself appeared intimidated by the proximity of the Convention. His past career lay heavy on his soul; he would fain have caused it to be forgotten, and have forgotten it himself. Two things were necessary to Danton, to impose his durable dictatorship on the new Assembly: an army and popularity. He had as yet no army, although he cherished the idea; and he was too clear-sighted a politician to reckon for any length of time on his popularity, for he felt it diminish and fade away every hour. Moreover, his ideas were sufficiently lofty to enable him to despise it. To judge and despise his own popularity is the gift of a statesman, and Danton was born with it. One thing alone was wanting to enable him to seize on this part: the morality of ambition, and the innocence of his means. His cruelty had been a convulsion of passion rather than the outbreak of a ferocious soul; it was system and not nature that thus led him to massacre. He did not publicly confess it, but he avowed it to his wife; he repented, and, like Sylla, meditated a temporary and voluntary retreat from power. He sufficiently despised his rivals to abandon the stage to them. "Do you see these men?" said he one evening to Camille Desmoulins, when speaking of the Girondists, Robespierre, and Marat, in one of those familiar moments when his pride often revealed the secrets of his soul, "There is not one of them worth even the dreams of Danton. Nature had cast but two minds in the mold of statesmen capable of ruling revolutions, Mirabeau and myself; after us she broke the mold." Thus the Girondists found the field almost empty, and opinion disarmed. One man alone had increased in opinion and popularity since the 10th of August, and that man was Robespierre. Let us study him before the moment when he is lost in the tumult of events.

IX.

Robespierre appeared to be the philosopher of the Revolution. By a power of abstraction that only belongs to absolute convictions, he was, to use the expression, separ-

ated from himself, to confound himself with the people. His superiority arose from the fact that no one but himself seemed to serve the Revolution for itself, and he elevated himself on his disinterestedness. By a natural consequence the people recognized themselves in him. The Revolution was, in Robespierre's eyes, not so much a political cause as a religion of the mind. Deprived of the external requisites and the sudden inspirations of natural eloquence, he had cultivated his mind, he had meditated, written, erased so much, so long braved the inattention and sarcasms of his auditory, that he had at last given grace and persuasion to his language, and made his whole person, despite his stiff and thin figure, his feeble voice and strange gestures, an instrument of eloquence, conviction, and passion.

Crushed, during the Constituent Assembly, by Mirabeau, Maury, Cazalès—vanquished at the Jacobins by Danton, Pétion, and Brissot—effaced at the Convention by the incomparable superiority of Vergniaud's eloquence—if he had not been sustained by the obstinacy of the ideas that burned within him, and by the intrepidity of a will that felt its power of controlling every thing because it dominated over him, he would have long previously abandoned the struggle and retreated to silence and obscurity. But it was far easier to him to die than to remain silent when his silence appeared to him a desertion of his belief. In this his strength lay; he was the most convinced man of the whole Revolution; for this reason he was for a long time its obscure follower, first its favorite, then its master, and lastly its victim. His misfortune, and then his crime, was that of looking on himself alone as pure and talented—of suspecting, envying, and hating all those who shared public opinion with him. Robespierre gained and merited the title of *incorruptible*, the most glorious the people could award him, since it was the title of their most perfect confidence, bestowed on him at a time when every one was suspected. Robespierre, who comprehended the realization of his political philosophy under the most different forms of government, provided the democracy was the center, had not declaimed against royalty, had not repudiated the constitution of 1791, had not conspired on the 10th of August, and had not fomented the republic. Doubtless he preferred the republic as a more complete form of political equality, and a government in which the people only

intrusted their liberty to themselves; but he saw no immediate and radical objection in the democracy preserving a head in a king, and the unity of power in a popular monarchy. He made a compact with him because he asked him nothing, he said, for himself—all for the people and the future.

X.

The life of Robespierre bore witness to the disinterestedness of his ideas—his life was the most eloquent of his speeches; and if his master, Jean Jacques Rousseau, had quitted his cottage of the Chaumettes or Ermonville to become the legislator of humanity, he could not have led a more retired or more simple existence; and this poverty was the more meritorious as it was voluntary. Every day the object of attempts at corruption from the court, the party of Mirabeau, the Lameths, and the Girondists, during the two assemblies, he had fortune within his reach, and disdained to open his hand; summoned by the election to fill the post of public accuser and judge at Paris, he had resigned and refused every thing to live in honest and proud indigence. All his fortune, and that of his brother and sister, consisted in a few small farms in Artois, the farmers of which, related to his family, and very poor, paid their rents but irregularly. His salary as deputy, during the Constituent Assembly and the Convention, supported three persons, and he was sometimes forced to borrow from his landlord or his friends. His debts, which, after six years' residence in Paris, only amounted to 4000 francs (£160) at his death, attest his frugality.

His life was that of an honest artisan; he lodged in the Rue St. Honoré, at the house now No. 396, opposite the Church of the Assumption. This house, low, and, in a court, surrounded by sheds filled with timber and plants, had an almost rustic appearance. It consisted of a parlor opening into the court, and communicating with a *salon* that looked into a small garden. From this *salon* a door led into a small study, in which was a piano. There was a winding stair-case leading to the first floor, on which the master of the house lived, and thence to the apartment of Robespierre.

This house belonged to a cabinet-maker, named Duplay, who had enthusiastically adopted the principles of the Revolution. Intimately acquainted with several members of

the Constituent Assembly, Duplay begged to be introduced to Robespierre, and the entire conformity of their opinions soon made them fast friends. The day of the massacres of the Champ-de-Mars, several members of the Society of the Friends of the Constitution thought that it would be unsafe for Robespierre to return to the Marais through a city still disturbed, and to abandon him without defense to the dangers said to threaten him. Duplay offered to shelter him, and from that moment until the ninth Thermidor Robespierre resided with the family of the cabinet-maker. Long acquaintance, a common table, and their association for several years had converted the hospitality of Duplay into mutual attachment. The family of his landlord became a second family to Robespierre, and while they adopted his opinions they lost none of the simplicity of their manners or their religious observances: they consisted of a father, mother, a son—yet a youth—and four daughters, the eldest of whom was twenty-five and the youngest eighteen. Familiar with the father, filial with the mother, paternal with the son, tender and almost brotherly with the young girls, he inspired and felt in this small domestic circle all those sentiments that an ardent soul only inspires and feels by extending itself over a large space abroad.

XI.

Love also attached his heart, where toil, poverty, and retirement had fixed his life. Eléonore Duplay, the eldest daughter of his host, inspired Robespierre with a more serious attachment than her sisters. This feeling, rather predilection than passion, was more reasonable on the part of Robespierre, more ardent and simple on the part of the young girl. This affection afforded him tenderness without torment, happiness without distraction; it was the love that filled a man, plunged all day in the agitation of public life—repose of the heart after mental weariness. "A noble soul," said Robespierre of her; "she would know equally how to die, as how to love." She had been surnamed Cornelia. This mutual affection, approved of by the family, commanded universal respect from its purity. They lived in the same house as betrothed, not as lovers. Robespierre had demanded the young girl's hand from her parents, and they had promised it to him.

"The total want of fortune, and the uncertainty of the

morrow, prevented him from marrying her until the destiny of France was determined on," he said; "but he only awaited the moment when the Revolution should be determined and wholly concluded, in order to withdraw from the turmoil and strife, and marry her whom he loved, retiring to live in Artois, on one of the farms which he had saved from among the possessions of his family, there to mingle his obscure happiness in the common lot of his ancestors."

Of all Eléonore's sisters, Robespierre preferred Elizabeth, the youngest of the three, whom his fellow-townsman and colleague, Lebas, sought in marriage, and subsequently espoused. This young lady, to whom the friendship of Robespierre cost the life of her husband eleven months after their union, has survived for more than half a century since that period, without having once recanted her entire devotion to Robespierre, and without having comprehended the maledictions of the world against this brother of her youth, who appears still to her memory so pure, so virtuous, so gentle!

XII.

The vicissitudes of the fortune, influence, and popularity of Robespierre effected no alterations in his simple mode of existence. The multitude came to implore favor or life at the door of his house, yet nothing found its way within. The private lodging of Robespierre consisted of a low chamber, constructed in the form of a garret, above some cart-sheds, the window of which opened upon the roof. It afforded no other prospect than the interior of a small court, resembling a wood store, whence the sounds of the workmen's hammers and saws constantly resounded, and which was continually traversed by Madame Duplay and her daughters, who there performed all their household avocations. This chamber was also separated from that of the landlord by a small room common to the family and himself. On the other side were two rooms, likewise attics, which were inhabited, one by the son of the master of the house, the other by Simon Duplay, Robespierre's secretary, and the nephew of his host. This young man, whose patriotism was as violent as his opinions, burned to shed his blood in the cause of which Robespierre was the spirit. Enrolled as a volunteer in a regiment of artillery, he had lost his left leg by a cannon-ball at the battle of Valmy.

The chamber of the deputy of Arras contained only a wooden bedstead, covered with blue damask ornamented with white flowers, a table, and four straw-bottomed chairs. This apartment served him at once for a study and dormitory. His papers, his reports, the manuscripts of his discourses, written by himself, in a regular but laborious handwriting, with many marks of erasure, were placed carefully on deal shelves against the wall. A few chosen books were also ranged thereon. A volume of Jean Jacques Rousseau, or of Racine, was generally open upon the table, and attested his philosophical and literary predilection for these two writers.

It was there Robespierre passed the greater part of his day, occupied in preparing his discourses. He only went out in the morning to attend the meetings of the Assembly, and at seven in the evening those of the Jacobins. His costume, even at the period when the demagogues affected the slovenliness and disorder of indigence, in order to flatter the people, was clean, decent, and precise, as that of a man who respects himself in the eyes of others. His white, powdered hair, turned up in clusters over his temples, a bright blue coat, buttoned over his hips, open over the breast to display a white vest, short, yellow-colored breeches, white stockings, and shoes with silver buckles, formed his invariable costume during the whole of his public life.

It was said that he desired, by thus never varying the style or color of his garments, to make the same impression of himself in the sight and imagination of the people, as a medal of his face would have caused.

XIII.

The features and expression of his countenance betrayed the perpetual tension of a mind always at work, but none of the ill-will, trouble, or perversity of a bad man. These features distended and relapsed into absolute gayety when in-doors, at table, or in the evening, when around the wood fire in the humble chamber of the cabinet-maker. His evenings were all passed with the family, in chatting over the feelings of the day, the plans of the morrow, the conspiracies of the aristocrats, the dangers of the patriots, and the prospects of public felicity after the triumph of the Revolution. It was the nation in miniature, with its simple manners, its griefs, and sometimes its endearments.

A very few of Robespierre's and Duplay's friends were admitted by turns into this intimacy; Lameth and Pétion, at first; Legendre very seldom; Merlin de Thionville, Fouché—who loved Robespierre's sister, but whom Robespierre did not like—often; Taschereau, Coffinhal, Panis, Sergent, Piot; and, every evening, Lebas, Saint Just, David, Couthon, Buonarroti, a Tuscan patriot, and descendant of Michael Angelo; Camille Desmoulins; a man named Nicolas, a printer of a journal and of the orator's speeches; a locksmith named Didier, a friend of Duplay's; and, lastly, Madame de Chalabre, a noble and rich lady, an enthusiast for Robespierre, devoting herself to him, as the widows of Corinth or of Rome to the apostles of the new creed, offering him her fortune, to administer to the rendering his ideas popular, and adroitly gaining the friendship of the wife and daughters of Duplay, to merit one look from Robespierre.

There was the Revolution discussed. At other times, after a little conversation and jesting with the young ladies, Robespierre, who was anxious to cultivate the mind of his betrothed, read to the family aloud, and generally from the tragedies of Racine. He delighted in reciting these beautiful verses, whether it were to prepare himself for the senate, by means of the theater, or that he wished to elevate these simple minds to the level of those great sentiments and great catastrophes of antiquity, which each day brought nearer to his part and their life. He seldom went out of an evening; but two or three times a year he escorted Madame Duplay and her daughters to the theater; it was always to the Théâtre Français, and to classical representations; for he only liked tragical declamations, which reminded him of the council, tyranny, the people, notorious crimes, and exalted virtue—theatrical alike in his dreams and his relaxations.

On other days Robespierre retired early to his chamber, laid down, and rose again at night to work. The innumerable discourses he had delivered in the two national assemblies, and to the Jacobins, the articles written for his journal while he had one, the still more numerous manuscripts of speeches which he had prepared, but never delivered; the studied style so remarkable, the indefatigable corrections which are marked with his pen upon the manuscripts, attest his watchings and his determination. He looked to art at least as much as to empire. He knew that the mass

love the beautiful at least as much as the true. He treated the people as great writers treat posterity, without regard to their troubles, and without familiarity. He clothed himself in his philosophy and patriotism.

His only relaxations were solitary walks in imitation of his model, Jean Jacques Rousseau, in the Champs Elysées, or about the environs of Paris. His sole companion in these perambulations was his great dog, who slept at his chamber door, and always followed his master when he went out. This colossal animal, well known in the district, was called Brount. Robespierre was much attached to him, and constantly played with him. He was the only escort of this tyrant of opinion, who caused the throne to tremble, and all the aristocracy of his country to fly for refuge to other lands.

In moments of extreme agitation, and when the lives of the democrats were feared for, the printer Nicolas, and the locksmith Didier, and some friends accompanied Robespierre at a distance. He was irritated at these precautions taken without his knowledge. "Let me leave your house, and go and live alone," said he to his host; "I compromise your family, and my enemies will construe your children's attachment to me into a crime." "No, no, we will die together, or the people shall triumph," answered Duplay.

Sometimes on a Sunday all the family left Paris with Robespierre, and the democrat, once more the man, amused himself with the mother, the sisters, and the brother of Eléonore in the wood of Versailles or of Issy.

XIV.

Thus lived this man, whose power, nothing immediately around him, became immense when at a distance from him. It was, however, a mere name. This name existed only in opinion. Robespierre had become, by degrees, the only name incessantly repeated by the people. By force of producing himself in all the tribunes as the defender of the oppressed, he had stamped his image and the idea of his patriotism in the thoughts of this portion of the nation.

His residence with the joiner, his general life with a family of honest artisans, had not a little contributed to identify the name of Robespierre with the revolutionary but honest mass of the people of Paris. The Duplays,

their workmen, their friends in different quarters of the capital, spoke of Robespierre as a type of truth and virtue. In this time of fever of opinion, the workmen did not scatter themselves about, as now, after their labor, in places of pleasure or of debauchery, to pass away the hours in idle conversation. One only thought agitated, dispersed, and reassembled the mob.

Among all these names of men, of deputies, of orators, resounding in their ears, the people selected some favorites. They interested themselves for these parties, were hostile to their enemies, and amalgamated their cause with their own.

Mirabeau, Pétion, Marat, Danton, Barnave, Robespierre, had been, or were still, by turns, the personifications of the multitude. But of all these popular names, none had rooted itself more gradually and more deeply in the minds of the mass than that of the deputy of Arras.

XV.

This popularity had been for a moment eclipsed after the 10th of August, by that of the men who took an active part on that day, such as Danton and Marat; but this forgetfulness of their favorite by the people was not of long duration.

Convinced that the hour of the republic had at length sounded, and that to remain undecided was to remain in a state of anarchy, Robespierre had accepted the republic, and spoken against the Girondists, with the view of depriving them of the government, and replacing it in the hands of the people of Paris. Up to the 2d of September, he was thus associated with the directors of the movement of the Commune and the dictators of Paris at the Hôtel-de-Ville. But the day on which Danton and Marat had organized murder and regulated assassination, whether from a foresight of the just return of public indignation, or from a horror of blood, Robespierre had ceased to appear in the Commune, and from the 2d of September he attended there no more.

The more odious these proscriptions, contemplated with indifference, seemed, the purer appeared Robespierre. On the day of the first meeting of the Convention he was still the incorruptible man of the Revolution—incorruptible by blood as he was by gold. His name predominated

every where. The Commune itself, which was not altogether implicated in the assassinations of September, prided itself upon Robespierre, and accorded him all authority over its actions.

It felt that its moral force was in him: the Girondists felt it also. They feared Marat little: he was too monstrous to seduce. They negotiated with Danton, who was venal enough to be seduced. But though they disdained the still subaltern talent of Robespierre, he was the man before whom they trembled—the only one, in effect, except Danton, who could dispute with them the direction of the people and the control of the republic.

But Robespierre had long broken off all intimacy with Madame Roland and her friends.

Popularity suffers less by division than empire. Louvet, Barbaroux, Rebecqui, Isnard, Ducos, Fonfrède, Lanjuinais —all these young deputies in the Convention, who thought to arrive in Paris with the entire power of the national will, and to bend every thing under the republican constitution, which they were about to examine freely—were indignant at finding in the Commune a usurping and rebellious power, which it was necessary to overthrow or submit to, and in Robespierre a tyrant of opinion whom it was necessary to call to account. The letters of these young men to the departments are full of angry expressions against these agitators of Paris. Reports of a dictatorship were spread, partly by the partisans of Robespierre, partly by his rivals. These rumors were accredited by Marat, who did not cease to demand that the people would place in one man's hands the power and the ax to destroy all their enemies at once. The Girondists gave circulation to these rumors without believing them. Parties assailed each other with suspicion. Since the suspicion of royalism could no longer attach to any one, the suspicion of aspiring to the dictatorship was the most mortal blow parties could deal upon themselves.

XVI.

The anger and impatience of the young Girondists did not permit them to make any of these reflections. They assembled together at Barbaroux's; they excited themselves by their own anticipations; they resolved suddenly, and in a body, to attack the tyranny of Paris, in the person and

under the name of Robespierre. In casting upon him all the odium of this tyranny, they had the advantage of leaving on one side Danton, whom they dreaded much more They thought thus to attack the Commune by the most vulnerable of its triumvirs, and doubted not of an easy triumph over it.

The intrepid Vergniaud, ashamed of having submitted for a period of six weeks to the insolent tyranny of the orders of the Commune, neither sought to encourage nor check the ardor of his young associates. He neither fled from nor demanded the combat; he declared himself ready to accept and sustain it. His soul, his word, his blood, were devoted to the safety of the country, and to the purity of the republic.

Siéyès, above all who at an early period was sought after by the Girondists, and who saw them every evening in the drawing-room of Madame Roland, gave them, in laconic formula, their system of tactics, and presented them with metaphysical plans of constitution.

The Girondists esteemed him as their statesman. Siéyès, possessing a mind of vast foresight, much as he detested Robespierre, Marat, and Danton, would have desired, previous to attacking the Commune, that the Girondists had detached Danton and made an agreement with Dumouriez, who guarantied them another force, irrespective of the tribune, against the insurrectional bands of the Hôtel-de-Ville. "Do not risk the republic," said he to them, "in a street battle without having the cannon on your side." Vergniaud was convinced of the justice of this expression; but the impatience of youth, the shame of receding, the eloquent excitations of Madame Roland, overcame all cold calculations.

XVII.

The Jacobins had recruited their forces during the last two days. Marat and Robespierre reappeared there.

The Convention commenced its labors. It listened at first with favor to an energetic discourse of Roland, who proclaimed the true principles of order and legality, and called upon the Assembly to assert its proper dignity against the popular movements, by an armed force consecrated to the security of the national representation.

The moment was opportune for attacking the Commu

and reprobating its excesses. In the sitting of the 24th of September, Kersaint—a gentleman of Brittany, an intrepid marine officer, an eloquent political writer, a reformer devoted to social regeneration, bound from the first day to the Girondists by the same love of liberty, by the same horror of crime—demanded suddenly, in consequence of a disturbance in the Champs Elysées, that commissioners might be named to avenge the violation of the first rights of man—liberty, property, and the lives of the citizens.

"It is time," cried Kersaint, "to raise scaffolds for assassins and for those who provoke assassination." Then turning toward Robespierre, Marat, and Danton, and appearing to direct a fierce allusion toward them; "It, perhaps," continued he in a voice of thunder, "requires some courage to rise up here against assassins!" The Assembly trembled and applauded. Tallien moved that this proposition be adjourned. "To adjourn the repression of crime," said Vergniaud, "is to proclaim the impunity of assassination." Fabre d'Eglantine, Sergent, Collot d'Herbois, feeling themselves alluded to, opposed Kersaint's motion. They justified the citizens of Paris. "The citizens of Paris," cried Lanjuinais, "are in a state of stupor. On my arrival here I trembled." Murmurs arose.

XVIII.

In the midst of the violent agitation which Kersaint's proposition had given birth to, Buzot said, "I find it incumbent on me to preserve the coolness which appertains to a free man. It is not sufficient to call one's self republican and to submit to new tyrants. I am come here with the confidence of being able to preserve the independence of my mind. A public force is demanded of you; this is also the demand which the minister of the interior has addressed to you—that Roland, who in spite of the calumny which has been heaped upon him, is, in your eyes, one of the worthiest men in France. (Applause.) I demand myself, likewise, a public force in which all our departments may co-operate." This effusion of Buzot's mind moved the Convention. Acclamations from parts of the benches of the deputies of the departments encouraged his words. The deputies of Paris and their adherents were mute from consternation, and the proposition was voted. In the evening the twelve deputies of Paris went in a body to the

meeting of the Jacobins, to vent their anger and concert their vengeance. "It is necessary," cried Chabot, "that the Jacobins, not only of Paris, but of the whole empire, should *force* the Convention to give to France the government of her choice. The Convention retrogrades; the cabalers take advantage of it. The wheedlers of Brissot's and Roland's sect desire to establish a federal government to rule over us by their departments."

At these words Pétion appeared and took the chair. Brissot wrote that he wished to explain himself amicably. Fabre d'Eglantine attacked Buzot, and denounced his morning speech as prepared by Roland to prejudice the mind of the Convention against Paris. Pétion defended Buzot, "not only under the title of friend," said he, "but as one of those citizens most devoted to liberty and the republic." Billaut-Varennes, Chabot, Camille Desmoulins called Brissot a wretch. Grangeneuve and Barbaroux menaced the deputation of Paris by the arrival of fresh Marseillais. The sitting was broken up in the greatest disorder, and war was openly declared.

XIX.

The conflict was renewed on the morrow at the sitting of the Convention. Merlin rose. "They speak of regulating the order of the day," said he; "the only order of the day is to put a stop to the mistrust which divides us, and which will sacrifice the public good. They speak of tyrants and dictators; I demand that they name them, and that they also point out to me those whom I ought to stab. I challenge Lasource, who told me yesterday that a dictatorial party existed here, to point them out."

Lasource, the friend of Vergniaud, and almost as eloquent, rose indignant at this perfidious appeal. "It is very astonishing," said he, "that in thus challenging me, the citizen Merlin calumniates me. I have never spoken of a dictator, but of dictatorship. I said that certain men here appeared to attain the government by intrigue. This is a private conversation which citizen Merlin reveals. But, far from complaining of this indiscretion on his part, I rejoice at it. That which I mentioned in confidence I will recapitulate to the tribune, and thereby ease my mind. Last evening, among the Jacobins, I heard two thirds of the Convention denounced as conspiring against liberty

and the people. When I left, some citizens grouped round me, and citizen Merlin among the rest. I described to them in colors (the warmth of which I will not excuse, when my country is at stake) my uneasiness and grief. They exclaimed against the punishment of instigators to assassination. I said, and I say still, that this law can only alarm those who meditate crime, and afterward cast it upon the people, calling themselves their only friends. They declaimed against the proposal of giving a guard to the Convention. I said, and I say again, that the Convention can not deprive all the departments of the republic of the right to watch over the common safety and the liberty of their representatives. It is not the people whom I fear—it is they who have saved us; and since I must at last speak of myself, the citizens of Paris saved me; there, upon the terrace of the Feuillants, they turned aside from me that death with which I was menaced; it was they who saved my bosom from thirty saber cuts. No, it is not the citizen whom I fear; it is the robber, the assassin who stabs. Do you wonder then? Now, in my turn, I challenge Merlin. Is it not true that he warned me in confidence, one day, at the *comitè de surveillance*, that I was destined to be assassinated on the threshold of my door, when going home, as well as many of my colleagues. Yes, I dread the despotism of Paris, I dread the cabal who oppress the National Convention; I do not desire Paris to become to the French empire what Rome was to the Roman empire. I detest the men who, on the same day they commit massacres, dare to issue mandates of arrest against eight deputies. They wish to attain by anarchy that rule for which they thirst. I do not indicate any one. I follow the conspirators with my eye; I raise the curtain; when the men I signalize shall have furnished me with sufficient rays of light to see them well, and to show them forth to France, I shall come and unmask them to this tribune, even should I fall under their blows. I shall be avenged. The national power which annihilated Louis XVI. will annihilate all those men so covetous of dominion and blood."

Immense applause followed these words. The energy of Lasource seemed to have given new life to the Assembly. Rebecqui named Robespierre. "Behold," cried he, "the party—behold the man—whom I denounce to you!" Danton, who felt that he had yet sufficient support upon both sides of the Convention to retain his equilibrium and to

interpose as a terrible mediator, demanded the right to speak.

"It is a glorious day for the nation," said he, "it is a triumphant day for the republic, which leads us to an amicable explanation. If there be any culprits—if there be any perverse man who desires to rule despotically over the representatives of the people, his head shall fall as soon as he is unmasked. This imputation ought not to be a vague and undetermined imputation. He who makes it ought to sign it. I will do it myself, should it cause the head of my best friend to fall. I do not defend the deputation of Paris as a body; I do not answer for any one (casting a look of disdain toward the bench of Marat). I will only speak to you of myself. I am ready to retrace every action of my public life. For three years past I have done what I considered my duty for the public good—for liberty. During my ministry I employed all the vigor of my character, and all the activity of a citizen fired with the love of his country. If there be any one who can accuse me on this point, let him arise and speak! There exists, it is true, in the deputation of Paris, a man whose opinions exaggerate and discredit the republican party—that man is Marat! Much too long have I been accused of being the author of this man's writings. I invoke, as witness, a citizen who presides over you, Pétion, who has in his hands the threatening letter addressed to me by Marat. He was witness to an altercation between Marat and myself at the *mairie*. But I attribute these exaggerations to the vexations to which this citizen has submitted. I believe that the dungeons in which he has been shut up have ulcerated his soul. Ought a whole deputation to be accused for a few who exaggerate? As regards myself, I do not belong to Paris; I was born in a department toward which my feelings always tend with a sentiment of delight. But who among us does not belong to one and every department? We belong to the entire of France. Let us bring forward a law which pronounces the pain of death upon whoever declares himself in favor of the dictatorship or triumvirate. It is set forth that there are among us other men who desire to divide France piecemeal. Let us banish these absurd ideas, by pronouncing pain of death against these persons. France should be indivisible. The citizens of Marseilles desire to assist the citizens of Dunkirk. Let us vote for the unity of representation and for the government. It will not be without

trembling that the Austrians will hear of this union. Thus, then, I swear to you, our enemies will be extinguished."

Danton descended from the tribune in the midst of ap plause.

Buzot, impatient to bear off a victory for Madame Roland, was not satisfied, on his part, with this denial of judgment, with these two-edged laws of death, and these equivocal oaths of unity and indivisibility of the republic.

"And who has told you, citizen Danton, that some one had dreamed of destroying this unity? Have I not already demanded that it should be consecrated and guarantied by an embodied guard, composed of men sent from every department? They talk to us of oaths: I place no more faith in them. La Fayette—the Lameths—have taken them, and violated them. They speak to us of a decree; a simple decree is not sufficient to insure the indivisibility of the republic. This unity must exist by deed; an armed force must be sent by the eighty-three departments to surround the Convention. But all these ideas ought to be unanimously ordained. I demand that this be referred to the Commission of Six."

The determination of Buzot reanimated the boldness of the young Girondists, who had been for a moment disconcerted by Danton's harangue.

Robespierre, called by his name, leisurely and slowly mounted the steps of the tribune.

XX.

"Citizens," said he, "in ascending this tribune to answer the accusation leveled against me, it is not my own, but the public cause I am about to defend. When I have justified myself you will not think that I occupy myself for self, but for the country. Citizen," continued he, apostrophizing Rebecqui—"citizen, you have had the courage to accuse me of the desire to enslave my country in the face of the representatives of the people, in the same place where I have defended their rights—I thank you! I recognize in this act the civism which characterizes the celebrated city (Marseilles) which has deputed you. I thank you for all that we shall gain by this accusation. I am designated as the chief of a party, which is held up to the animadversion of all France as aspiring to tyranny. There are men who would sink under the weight of such an ac-

cusation. I fear not this misfortune. Thanks be rendered for all I have been able to do for liberty. It is I who have combated every faction for three years past in the Constituent Assembly; it is I who have battled with the court, disdained its presence, and despised the caresses of a more seducing party, which at a later period was elevated to oppress liberty." Numerous voices, fatigued with this vain panegyric of himself, interrupted Robespierre, calling on him to return to the question. Tallien demanded attention for the deputy of Paris. Robespierre, who no longer found that favor and respect which he enjoyed among the Jacobins, was for a moment embarrassed in his speech. He implored silence from the generosity of his accusers. He recalled again his services in the Revolution. "But it is there," added he, "my crimes commenced; for a man who wrestled so long against all parties with a sharp and inflexible courage, without securing any party to himself, must become a butt to the hatred and persecutions of all the ambitious and cabalers. When they desire to commence a system of oppression, their first thought must be to remove this man. Doubtless many citizens have defended the rights of the people better than myself, but I am he who can claim the honor of the most enemies and persecutions." "Robespierre!" they cried out from all sides, "tell us simply if you have aspired to the dictatorship or the triumvirate!" Robespierre was indignant at the narrow limits prescribed for his defense. The Convention murmured, and displayed its weariness by its inattention. "Be brief, be brief!" echoed from every bench to Robespierre. "I will not abridge my discourse," replied Robespierre. "I recall you to your dignity. I invoke the justice of the majority of the Convention against certain members who are my enemies." "There is here a unity of patriotism, and it is not to be disturbed by hatred," replied Cambon to him. Ducos demanded that, for the interest of his accusers, even the accused should be heard with attention.

XXI.

Robespierre recommenced amid laughter and sarcasm. "That those who answer me with shouts of laughter and murmurs form themselves into a tribunal, and pronounce my condemnation, will be the most glorious day of my life.

Ah! if I had been the man to attach myself to one of these parties, if I had covenanted with my conscience, I would neither submit to these insults or persecutions. Paris is the arena wherein I have sustained these combats against my enemies or against the enemies of the people; it is not, then, in Paris that my conduct can be distorted, for there the people can bear witness to it. It is not the same in the departments. I beseech you, in the name of the public weal, undeceive yourselves, and hear me with impartiality! If calumny without an answer be the most redoubtable charge against a citizen, it is also the most injurious to the country. I am accused of having had conferences with the queen, with Lamballe; I am rendered responsible for the careless phrases of an excited patriot (Marat), who demanded that the nation should confide itself to men whose incorruptibility it had proved for three years. After the opening of the Convention, and even before, these accusations were renewed.

"It is the aim of some to ruin in public opinion citizens who have sworn to immolate all parties. We are suspected of aspiring to the dictatorship, we are suspected of the thought of making the French republic a mass of federative republics, which will be incessantly the prey of civil fury, or of our enemies. Let us sift these suspicions to the bottom; let them not be contented with calumniating me; let them accuse me and sign these accusations against me."

XXII.

The impatient Barbaroux rose with the impetuosity of youth. "Barbaroux, of Marseilles, presents himself," said he, looking Robespierre in the face, "to sign the denunciation. We were in Paris. We came to overthrow the throne with the Marseillais; we were sought after in all quarters, as arbitrators of power; we were conducted to Robespierre's. There that man was pointed out to us as the most virtuous citizen—the only one worthy of governing the republic. We answered that the Marseillais would never bow their heads before a dictator. (Applause.) That is what I will sign, and what I defy Robespierre to belie. And they dare to tell you that a project of a dictatorship does not exist! And a disorganized Commune dare to send forth mandates against a minister, against Roland,

who belongs entirely to the republic! And this Commune coalesces, by correspondence and by commissaries, with every other commune of the republic! And they object to the citizens of every department reuniting to protect the national representation! Citizens! they will reunite, they will make a rampart of their bodies. Marseilles has forestalled your decrees; she is up and doing. Her children are on the march. If they must be conquered, if we must be blocked up here, declare previously that our successors shall assemble in a certain city, and we will die here. As to the accusation that I have brought against Robespierre, I declare that I loved Robespierre, that I esteemed him. Let him acknowledge his fault, and I withdraw my accusation. But let him not speak of calumny! If he has served liberty by his writings, we have defended it with our arms! Citizens! when the moment of peril shall arrive, then you shall judge us. We shall see if the authors of placards will know how to die with us."

This contemptuous allusion to Robespierre and Marat elicited much applause.

Cambon, of Montpellier, a straightforward and fiery spirit, who threw himself with all the energy of his convictions on that side which appeared to him just, supported Barbaroux. "They desire to give us the municipal goverment of Rome!" cried he. "I say the deputies of the south desire republican unity!" This cry of patriotism was repeated as the watchword of the nation, by all parties in the hall: "Unity! we desire it all, all, all." Panis, Robespierre's friend, desired to reply to Barbaroux. He related that his interviews with the Marseillais commanders had no object than to plot the siege of the Tuileries.

XXIII.

Marat, in his turn, demanded to be heard. At the name, the aspect, the voice of Marat, a murmur of disgust arose, and cries of "*A bas de la tribune*" for some time closed the mouth of the "*friend of the people.*" Lacroix implored silence even for Marat. "I have numerous enemies in this Assembly," said Marat, commencing. ("All, all!" cried the whole convention, rising from the benches.) "I have in this assembly a great number of enemies," continued Marat. "I call on them, for decency's sake, that they do not load a man with revilings and threats, who devotes

himself to his country and their own safety; that they hear me an instant in silence. I will not abuse their patience. I render thanks to the hidden hand which has thrown among you a vain phantom to intimidate weak minds, to divide citizens, to render the deputation of Paris unpopular, and to accuse it of aspiring to the office of tribune. This inculpation can have no appearance of truth but in its application to myself. Well! I declare that my colleagues, particularly Robespierre and Danton, have constantly disapproved the idea of a tribunate, of a triumvirate, and of a dictatorship. If any one be guilty of spreading this idea among the public, it is I! I invoke the vengeance of the nation upon myself; but, before disgrace or the sword fall upon my head, listen to me. In the midst of the machinations, the treason with which this country was incessantly surrounded, in the sight of the atrocious plots of a perfidious court, and the secret conspiracies of traitors inclosed in the bosom even of the Legislative Assembly, do you think it criminal in me to have proposed the only means of retaining ourselves on the brink of the ever yawning abyss? When the constituted authorities served only to shackle liberty, to protect conspiracies, and to cut the throats of patriots with the arm of the law, will you make it a crime on my part that I have brought down upon the heads of traitors the avenging ax of the people? No; if you imputed it to me as a crime, the people would belie you. For, obeying my voice, they felt that the means I proposed were those only which could save the country; and, become dictators themselves, they alone knew how to disencumber themselves of traitors. I have trembled myself at the impetuous and disorderly movements of the people, when I saw them prolonged; and that these movements might not be eternally purposeless and mistaken, I have demanded that the people should name a good citizen, wise, just, and firm, known by his ardent love of liberty, to direct their acts, and make them useful to the public safety and welfare. If the people could have felt the justice of this measure, and had adopted it on the morrow of the taking the Bastille, it would have brought low the heads of five hundred machinators, all would now have been tranquil, traitors would have trembled, and liberty and justice would be established in the empire. Trouble is not yet past. Already 100,000 patriots have been slaughtered because my voice was not attended to; 100,000 oth-

ers will yet meet the same fate. If the people lose force, anarchy will have no end. Am I accused of ambitious views? Look at me and judge me." He pointed with his forefinger to his dirty handkerchief, which enveloped his aching head, and shook the tattered folds of his waistcoat upon his naked breast. "If I had wished," continued he, "to put a price upon my silence; if I had desired a place, I should have become the object of court favor. Well! what has been my life? I am voluntarily shut up in subterraneous cells. I am condemned to misery and every danger. The blades of 20,000 assassins were suspended over me, and I preached the truth with my head almost upon the block. Let those who have this day resuscitated the phantom of the dictatorship, unite with me and let them proceed, with true patriots, to those great measures which are alone capable of insuring the happiness of the people for whom I would sacrifice my life."

XXIV.

A silence of stupor followed this speech. Marat, superior on that day in audacity to Danton, and even to Robespierre, had mastered his two rivals and astonished the Convention. Alone against all, he had dared to speak as a tribune who devoted himself to the poniards of a patrician assembly, convinced that the people were at the gate to defend him or to avenge him. His words distilled the blood of the 2d of September. He demanded a national executioner for each institution. Vergniaud collected his feeling of horror, and, with his head inclined, ascended the steps of the tribune.

XXV.

"It is a misfortune," said he, "to be compelled to succeed a man in this tribune against whom a *decree of accusation* has been issued, and who has raised his audacious head above the law! a man, in short, dripping with calumny, with hatred, and with blood!" Murmurs arose against the expressions of Vergniaud. Ducos cried out, "If an effort has been made to hear Marat, I demand that Vergniaud be heard." The tribunes stamped, and vociferated for Marat. The president was obliged to remind the spectators of the respect due to the representation. Verg-

niaud read the circular of the Commune to the departments, inciting them to imitate the massacres in the prisons. He reminded them that the Commune, by Robespierre's instrumentality, had denounced a plot, contrived, according to him, by Ducos, Vergniaud, Brissot, Guadet, Lasource, and Condorcet, the object of which was to deliver France to the Duke of Brunswick. "Robespierre," said he, again, "whom until now I have addressed with esteem—" "That is false," cried Sergent. "As I speak without bitterness," pursued Vergniaud, "I felicitate myself upon a negation which proves to me that Robespierre also may have been calumniated. But it is certain that, in this writing, poniards are called for to be directed against the Assembly. What shall I say of the formal invitation made herein for murder and assassination? The good citizen throws a veil over partial disorders. He endeavors to dispel, as much as lies in his power, the stains which would tarnish the history of so memorable a revolution." Boileau, a friend of the Girondists, succeeded Vergniaud, and read to the Convention some phrases of Marat's journal, which incited the massacre of the deputies. "Oh, people! expect nothing more from this Assembly! Fifty years of anarchy await you, and you will not escape it but through a dictator, a true patriot, and a statesman." Cries of fury broke out against Marat. Some voices demanded that he should be conducted to the Abbaye. Marat encountered this storm with intrepidity; he himself read a page from his journal of the morning, wherein he spoke with more moderation and decorum.

"You see," added he, "on what hangs the life of the most approved patriot? If, by the negligence of my printer, my justification had not appeared this morning in these pages, you would have devoted me to the sword of tyrants! Is this rage worthy of free men? But I fear nothing under the sun!" At these words, drawing a pistol from his breast, he applied the muzzle to his forehead. "I declare," said he, "that if the decree of accusation had been leveled at me, I would have blown my brains out at the foot of this tribune." Then, modulating his voice, and as if overwhelmed by the ingratitude of his enemies, "Behold, then, the fruits of three years' confinement in the dungeon, and of the anguish endured for the salvation of my country."

At these words a crowd of deputies, among whom Cambon, Goupilleau, Rebecqui, and Barbaroux approached the

tribune with menacing gestures. "To the guillotine! to the guillotine!" cried furious voices from all parts to him.

He was torn from the tribune amid the most violent clamor. Partly through pity, and partly through weariness, the Assembly forgot Marat, voted for the indivisibility of the empire, and separated.

On the following morning Marat triumphed in his pages over the weakness of his enemies.

A friend of Brissot being desirous of withdrawing from the hall before the end of the sitting, the officer on guard prevented him. "Be cautious how you expose yourself to the mob," said he; "they are for Marat. I have just passed them. They are excited. If the decree of accusation be carried against the friend of the people, many a head will lie low this evening."

XXVI.

Such was the first demonstration of the Girondists: badly prepared and ill sustained by the principal orators, limited in its plan, indecisive and abortive in its result, it did not assure their empire. Robespierre came forth from it more popular, Danton more important, Marat with greater impunity.

Marat had no country. Born in the village of Baudry, of obscure parentage, in that cosmopolitan Switzerland, whose sons seek fortune in the wide world, he had quitted his native mountains at an early age and forever. He had wandered until he was forty years of age in England, Scotland, and in France. Impelled to and fro by that vague inquietude which forms the principal feature in the temper of the ambitious—preceptor, scholar, physician, philosopher, and politician—he had moved in every sphere and every profession wherein fortune or glory could be found. He had found only indigence and tumult. Voltaire had not disdained to rail at his philosophy. The celebrated Professor Charles had refuted his medical ideas. The irritated Marat had answered the critic by abuse, and had fought a duel with Charles. Criminal legislature had in after years become the theme of his reflections. This apostle of wholesale murder had concluded by abolition of the penalty of death. Without talent in the expression of his ideas, without decency in his intercourse with mankind, society was not open to him. His soured mind and suffer-

ing frame, however, had obtained him the love and pity of that people who were, like himself, despised. He had contracted with the mass the consanguinity of misery and oppression. In revenging himself he had sworn to avenge them.

XXVII.

Over this system he had brooded for some years, when the Revolution arrived and gave it scope. Marat was then in a low and humiliating employ for a man of his genius, viz., veterinary physician to the stables of the Count d'Artois. Borne away by the popular movements in the early part of '89, he threw himself among them for the purpose of accelerating matters. He sold even his bed to pay the printer for his first pages. He three times changed the title of his journal—its spirit never. It was the howling of the people, concocted each night in letters of blood, and demanding each morning the heads of traitors and conspirators. Marat never left one retreat but to go to another. Pursued in 1790 by La Fayette, Danton extended his protection to him, and concealed him in the house of Mademoiselle Fleury, an actress of the Théâtre Français. Suspected in this asylum, he fled to Versailles, to Bassal's, curate of the parish of St. Louis, and afterward his colleague in the Convention. These brothers of the new religion visited and mutually assisted each other. Again accused, the butcher Legendre hid him in his cave. The vaults of the convent of Cordeliers afforded him shelter afterward—he and his fellow prisoners—until the 10th of August. He came out of them, borne in triumph to enter the tribune under the patronage of Danton, there to concoct the massacres of September.

A stranger until then to all parties, but dreaded by all, the Jacobins, at the demand of Chabot and Taschereau, recommended him to the electors of Paris. The terror of his name favored him, and he was chosen.

He lived then in a small apartment in a street in the neighborhood of the Cordeliers, with a woman who had attached herself to his fortunes. This woman, still young, bore in her pallid and meager features evidence of the misery she had endured with him and for him. She was the wife of his printer, whom Marat had seduced and carried off from her husband. Devoted to him, and to a wan-

dering and checkered life, she suffered the ignominy of his name. Mistress, accomplice, servant of Marat, she had accepted all this drudgery to suffer or to die with him. Marat's communication with the living world was only through this woman and the foreman of the printer of his journal.

Nevertheless, his heart was not always so hardened as not to relent under the theory he had adopted. He possessed gleams of virtue and moments of compassion; yet the resentment he entertained against his native country was only to be extinguished by the blood of his compatriots.

XXVIII.

The outward appearance of Marat revealed his inward soul. Of low stature, thin, and bony, his body appeared as if consumed by an internal fire; gall and blood were marked upon his skin; his eyes, although prominent and full of insolence, appeared to shrink from the glare of full daylight; his mouth, deeply cleft, as if to vent abuse, had the habitual sneer of disdain. He knew the bad opinion entertained of him, and seemed to brave it. He carried his head high and a little inclined to the right, as if in defiance. The *ensemble* of his countenance, seen from a distance and lighted from above, possessed brilliancy and force, but want of unity; all his features changed with his thoughts. It was the opposite to the countenance of Robespierre, always systematically unmoved—the one in constant meditation, the other in continued action. The very contrast to Robespierre, who affected cleanliness and elegance, Marat was ordinary and dirty in his person; shoes without buckles, the soles full of nails; trowsers of coarse material, and stained with dirt; wearing the short waistcoat of the artisan, his shirt thrown open upon his breast, displaying the muscles of his neck; thick, clumsy hands, closed fist, his greasy hair, into which he was constantly thrusting his fingers—he appeared to desire that his person should be the living emblem of his social system.

XXIX.

Such was the man whom the Girondists had skillfully selected to dishonor, and in him the faction of the Commune which was opposed to them. Attacked by them, aban-

doned by Danton, disowned by Robespierre, Marat just escaped from them by the sole energy of his attitude, and the freedom of his language. They felt that it was necessary to renew the combat to achieve the victory, or bow their heads to the triumvirate. It was the moment for the Convention to appoint new ministers, or maintain the ministry of the 10th of August. Roland, Danton, Servan, tendered their resignations, unless a formal and explicit invitation from the new Assembly re-established their power, by legitimatizing their authority.

The discussion opened upon this point. Buzot, the organ of Roland, demanded that the Convention should discharge Servan, minister of war, from his duties, as illness prevented him from fulfilling them. "I would implore Danton to remain at his post, if he had not three times declared his desire to retire. We possess the right of inviting him—we have no right to constrain him. As to Roland, it is a strange policy, that of not wishing to render justice, I will not say to great men, but to virtuous men who have merited confidence. Roland is my friend; I know him to be an honest man; all the departments know him as well as I do. If Roland remains, it is a sacrifice he makes to the public good; for he thus renounces the honor of retaining his seat among you as deputy; if he does not remain, he loses the esteem of all honest men." "I demand," said Phillipeaux, "that the invitation be extended to Danton." "I declare," replied Danton, "that I refuse an invitation, because I believe such is not worthy of the dignity of the Convention." "And I," resumed Barrère, "oppose any proceeding of the Convention to retain the ministers." Danton rose again, impatient at a debate which, in itself, was a homage to the name of Roland. "Nobody," said he, with feigned deference, "renders more justice than myself to Roland; but if you give him this invitation, act similarly to his wife; for every one knows that Roland was not alone in his department: for myself, I was alone in mine." Roars of malevolent laughter broke out from the benches of the Jacobins at these words; murmurs of the majority checked and reproached Danton for the indecorum of his allusion: this discontent irritated him. "Since I am compelled openly to avow what I think, I can recall the moment when confidence was so entirely destroyed, that the ministry was at an end, and Roland himself contemplated leaving Paris." "I have a knowledge

of that fact," replied Louvet: "it was when the streets were hung with disgusting placards of the most atrocious calumny (numerous cries of, 'it was Marat'): alarmed for public affairs, frightened for Roland himself, I went to speak to him of his danger. 'If death menaces me,' said he, 'I must await it—that will be the last crime of the faction.' Roland might then have lost some confidence, but he retained his courage." Valazé supported Louvet, and defended Roland. "Aristides has been cited to you. If the Athenians inflicted the punishment of ostracism upon this just man, they expiated their injustice by recalling him. If Rome exiled Camillus, Camillus was avenged by his return to his country. The names of Roland and Servan are sacred to me." (This effusion of friendship was applauded.) "What signifies it to the country," resumed Lasource, "whether Roland possesses an intelligent wife, who inspires him with her resolutions, or that he draws them up himself? (Applause.) This little matter is unworthy of Danton's talent. (General applause.) I will not say, with Danton, that it is Roland's wife who governs; that would be to accuse Roland of inaptitude. As regards want of energy, I will say that Roland has replied with courage to the defamatory placards with which it was sought to stain the virtue of an honest man. Has he not constantly extolled order and the laws? Has he ever forborne to unmask the agitators? (Applause.) Ought one, however, to invite him to remain in the ministry? No! Misfortune of grateful nations! I say with Tacitus: 'Gratitude has been the misfortune of nations, because it is that which has constituted kings.'" (Fresh applause.)

This clever intervention of a friend of Roland's eluded the question without determining it, and left the honor of magnanimity to the Girondists. On the following day Roland wrote one of those letters to the Convention, read in the public meeting, and which gave him indirectly speech in the Convention, and the influence of his wife's talent in general opinion. These letters to the constituted authorities, to the departments, and to the Convention, were the discourses of Madame Roland. She competed thus with Vergniaud, she wrestled against Robespierre, she crushed Marat. Her genius was felt, her sex unknown. She fought masked in the *mêlée* of parties. "The Convention," said Roland in his letter, "has shown its wisdom in not desiring to grant to a man the importance which a solemn invitation

to remain in the ministry would appear to bestow upon his name. But its deliberation honors me, and has very clearly pronounced its desire. That request satisfied me. It opens to me the career. I espouse it with courage. I remain in the ministry. I remain because there are dangers to court. I brave them and fear nothing, since the salvation of my country is the object in view. I devote myself even to the death. I have been accused of wanting courage. I ask where was the courage during those mournful days which succeeded the 2d of September, in those who denounced, or those who protected assassins?"

These direct allusions to the Commune of Paris, to Danton, and to Robespierre, were a declaration of war, or the irritation of an outraged woman, which rendered her superior to the cold-blooded feeling of policy. She thus thrust the indecisive Danton back into the ranks of the enemies of the Girondists.

Danton became irreconcilable. They endeavored still to remove Danton, and to bring him over to the party which was the most analogous to his disposition as a statesman. He lent himself to their views for a moment. Prolonged anarchy was repugnant to him. He feigned more deference toward Robespierre than he really felt. He openly avowed his disgust toward Marat. He esteemed Roland, he had admired his wife. The eloquence of Vergniaud filled him with enthusiasm. His mind was too strong to entertain a sentiment of envy. His heart could not bear malice. His alliance with the Girondists was easy, and would have armed the theories of Vergniaud with the power of execution, in which that Platonic author was deficient.

The Girondist party had but heads—Danton would have been their hand.

XXX.

Dumouriez was most anxious for this reconciliation between Danton and the Girondists. It afforded to France a government which he had endeavored to carve out with his sword. At his table he associated Danton with the principal leaders of the Girondist party. In Paris, the assemblies of the Convention, ruled by the friends of Roland and Danton; at the frontiers, Dumouriez insuring the army to the Convention, and dazzling public opinion by fresh victo-

nes, would certainly save the nation without, and consolidate the government within. This plan, developed by Dumouriez, and adopted by the majority of his guests, seduced every mind.

Pétion adhered to it; Siéyès, Condorcet, Gensonné, Brissot recognized its necessity.

But Buzot, Guadet, Barbaroux, Ducos, Fonfrède, Rebecqui, whose ideas of republicanism were of unspotted purity, only bound themselves to these concessions with visible repugnance, as they made them tacitly agree to the assassinations of September. "All! except impunity to murderers and their accomplices," cried out Guadet on withdrawing. Danton, irritated, but restraining his anger, under the appearance of indifference, went to him and endeavored to bring him over to more moderate views.

"Our separation," said he, taking him by the hand, "is the rending into pieces of the republic. The factions will devour us one after the other, if we do not choke them at the first moment. We shall all die—you the first." "It is not by pardoning crime that the pardon of the wicked is obtained," replied Guadet, dryly. "A pure republic or death; this is the combat we are about to abandon." Danton sorrowfully let fall the hand of Guadet. "Guadet," said he to him, with a prophetic voice, "you know not how to sacrifice your resentment for the good of your country. You know not how to forgive. You will be the victim of your own obstinacy. Let us act together, or the wave of the Revolution overwhelms us. We could stem it united—disunited it will overpower us! Adieu!" The conference was broken; Danton was thrown back on Robespierre, and the direction of the Convention left to chance.

Nevertheless Danton, who foresaw anarchy, and who dreaded Robespierre, privately contracted with Dumouriez an offensive and defensive alliance against their common enemies. A glance had sufficed the hero of Valmy to form his judgment of the Girondists. "They are exiled Romans," said he to his confident, Westermann. "The republic, as they understand it, is but the romance of a woman of mind. They are about to intoxicate themselves with fine words, while the people will get drunk with blood! There is only one man here, and that man is Danton." From that day Dumouriez and Danton secretly laid open their thoughts to each other. These two men, henceforth united, had, however, still a last interview with the Girondists at Madame

Roland's. It had been said that the instinct of the future warned them of the danger of their rupture, and they sought still to coalesce. Madame Roland covered the gulf which separated the two parties with seductions and allurements. Vergniaud tendered his pure and generous hand to that of the repentant Danton. Louvet immolated Robespierre and Marat under his sarcasm, at the price of the bitter laugh of his friends, and the contempt of his rival. Dumouriez told of his wars, and promised Belgium to the republic in the spring, if the republic would only exist till then. All hearts appeared to open themselves. Enthusiasm for the country transported their minds for the moment to a region inaccessible to the schisms of factions.

But each time that the road of reality, and the question of the day was recurred to, there was again found the blood of September. Danton excused it by his embarrassment. The Girondists accused it by their horror. They avoided touching on the subject. They separated with regret, but they parted without hope of return.

BOOK XXXI.

I.

It was the moment when Dumouriez tasted the triumph of Paris, and when all parties disputed the honor of bearing with them the savior of the republic. Dumouriez, with the martial grace of his exterior, from his character, and from his mind, lent himself to all and gave himself to none. The diplomatic talent which he had acquired formerly by treating with the confederated factions in Poland rendered the management of the revolutionary factions in Paris easy to him. His genius played with intrigue, and the thread of his ambition mingled with all without losing itself in any, offering him a participation in the plot of every party. Marat alone pursued him with his menaces and anticipated accusations. His instinct revealed to him a traitor in Dumouriez before the treason appeared.

Dumouriez, on his side, despised Marat. But this man braved the public favor which surrounded and attached itself to Dumouriez, as did the hired bullies of Rome the

steps of the conqueror. The general had caused a republican battalion, which had massacred some emigrant prisoners of war at Rhetel, to be disarmed and punished. A certain Palloy, an architect, was lieutenant-colonel of this battalion. Palloy had joined in the excess of his soldiers. Dismissed by Beurnonville, the lieutenant and friend of Dumouriez, Paloy had arrived in Paris to make his complaints.

The general refused to receive them. Marat and his two colleagues provoked Dumouriez even in the midst of a triumphal fête, which Madame Simons-Candeille, the friend of Vergniaud and of the Girondists, gave to the victor of Valmy. Marat, rudely interrupting the fête at the moment when the music, the banquet, and the dance enraptured all the guests, among whom was Danton, approached Dumouriez, and challenged him in the tone of a judge who interrogates an accused party with the excess of power which he was blamed for having exercised toward approved patriots. Dumouriez disdained to answer him; but, leveling a look of contemptuous curiosity upon the person and costume of Marat, "*Ah, it is you,*" said he to him, with an accent and smile of military insolence; "*it is you, whom they call Marat—I have nothing to say to you;*" and he turned his back upon him. Marat retired full of rage, amid the sneers and whisperings of his enemies.

The following day he avenged himself in the republican journal, which he still edited.

"Is it not humiliating for legislators," wrote he, "to go and seek the generalissimo of the republic in the house of courtesans, and find him surrounded with aides-de-camp worthy of him! the one, that Westermann, capable of all crimes, provided one pays him for them; the other, that Saint George, a bully by grace of the Duc d'Orléans!" Louvet and Gorsas answered him in the same tone in the Girondist journals, the *Sentinelle*, and the *Courier des Departements*. "As it is demonstrated that the nation regards thee as a venomous reptile and a sanguinary maniac," said Gorsas ironically to him, "continue to excite the people against the Convention—continue to say that the deputies ought to be stoned, and the laws made by the casting of stones.

"What joy for thee, O Marat, to see the blood flowing in the streets!—what a delicious spectacle to behold them strewed with corpses, scattered limbs, and still palpitating

entrails!—and what delight for thy soul, to bathe thyself in the hot blood of thine enemies, and redden the pages of thy sheets by the recital of these glorious expeditions. Daggers! daggers! friend Marat! But torches, torches, likewise! It appears that thou hast too much neglected this last mode of crime. Blood must be mingled with ashes! The *feu de joie of carnage is incendiarism.* It was the opinion of Masaniello—it ought to be thine."

II.

While the Girondist writers, secretly paid by Roland and inspired by his wife, thus trailed the name of Marat in the fierce ridicule of his own theories, the soldiers of Dumouriez in garrison in Paris, and particularly the cavalry, took part with their general, and insulted the ferocious demagogue wherever they found him. They hung him in effigy at the Palais Royal. A band of Marseillais and of dragoons, billeted at the Ecole-Militaire, defiled together in the street of the Cordeliers, and stopped under the windows of the *friend of the people*, demanding his head, and those of the deputies of Paris, and threatening to set fire to his house. Marat, trembling, sought refuge again in his cave.

One day that he hazarded going out, escorted by some men of the people, who were bill-stickers, he was met by Westermann upon the Pont Neuf; Westermann, enraged at the abuse which Marat lavished on him every day in his pages, seized the *friend of the people* by the arm and belabored his shoulders with the flat of his saber. The people, dazzled by the uniform, and intimidated by the boldness of the action, cowardly allowed their tribune to suffer this martyrdom. The action of Westermann encouraged the sarcasms of Louvet. "People," wrote on the following morning this young journalist in Roland's closet, "People, I am going to relate to you a humorous fable, but one which will touch to the quick the folly of your friend Marat. Imagine that a hair of my beard possessed the faculty of speech, and said to me, Cut off thy right arm, because it has defended thy life; cut off thy left arm, because it has conveyed bread to thy mouth; cut off thy head, because it has directed thy members; cut off thy legs, because they have borne thy body! Tell me now, sovereign people, whether I should not do better to preserve my arms, my legs, and my head, and only cut off this morsel of beard,

which gave me such absurd advice? Marat is the bit of the republic's beard! He says, Kill the generals, who defeat your enemies! kill the Convention, which directs the empire! kill the ministers, who cause the government to proceed! kill all, except myself! The wretch knows that he can only become great by remaining alone!"

Marat, on his side, accused, and not without the semblance of truth, the Girondists of fomenting disorder in Paris, finding in these same disturbances an opportunity of a reaction against the Commune. A detachment of emigrant prisoners of war actually walked through Paris in broad daylight, preceded by a trumpet, which sounded the march, and escorted only by some soldiers, as if to incite the emotion and vengeance of the faubourgs. More than 20,000 men, troops of the line, or of *fédérés* of the departments, were assembled under various pretexts in Paris, or encamped below Paris. The patriotic enrollments continued in the city, and purged the capital of more than 10,000 of the rabble, licentiates of sedition, who departed for the frontier. The prisons of the departments were no longer capable of containing the prisoners, and every town converted ancient monasteries into strong-holds.

The municipality of Paris was reconstructed, and the elections for the purpose of naming a mayor attested the immense majority of the party of order among the sections, when they were not intimidated by the agitators who ruled them. Pétion, the representative of the moderate party, and the friend of Roland, obtained 14,000 votes. Antonelle, Billaut-Varennes, Marat, Robespierre, candidates of the Jacobins, had scarcely any. But Pétion declared to his co-citizens, in a letter, that, called upon by the National Convention, he would not fill two stations incompatible with each other.

Brissot, expelled by the Jacobins, attacked the mother-society of Paris in an address to all the Jacobins of France. His motto, borrowed from Sallust, recalled the most hopeless time of Rome: "*Who are they who seek to asperse the republic? Men of blood and rapine! That which constitutes union among good citizens is faction among the perverse.*" "Intrigue," said Brissot, "has caused me to be erased from the list of Jacobins. I come to unmask them. I will tell what they are, and what they meditate. This superstition which is entertained for the parent society, and by whose aid some evil-disposed persons wish to seize

on France, will have its fall. If you desire to know these disorganizers, read Marat—listen to Robespierre, Collot d'Herbois, Chabot, in the tribunes of the Jacobins—witness the placards which deck the walls of Paris—search the registers of the proscription of the *comité de surveillance* of the Commune—dig up the corpses of the 2d of September, recall to yourselves the predictions of the inciters of the assassination in the departments. And I am accused because I believe in this party! Accuse, then, the Convention, which judges them; the whole of France, which execrates them; Europe, which groans at seeing the most holy of revolutions stained by them. They call me factious! I belong to that faction which desired a republic, and which for a considerable period was composed of only Pétion, Buzot, and myself. Behold the faction of Brissot, the faction of the Gironde, the national faction of those who desire order and security of persons! You do not know those whom you calumniate in belonging to this faction. Gaudet possesses too proud a mind; Vergniaud relies too implicitly on that genius which trusts to itself and its power, and walks alone; Ducos is too witty and too honest; Gensonné thinks too deeply to submit his thoughts to a superior. They accused me of having calumniated the 2d of September! Say rather that the 2d of September has calumniated the revolution of the 10th of August, with which you would wish to confound it. The one the most glorious day; the other the most execrable in our calendar. But the truth will display itself at some future period. The day of the 2d of September unpunished, has caused Europe to reject our principles. Let *him* arise, let him appear before the eyes of France, the wretch who can say I have ordered these massacres, I have executed with my hand twenty, thirty of these victims; let him arise, and if the earth do not open to swallow this monster—if France recompense him instead of crushing him, we must fly to the end of the universe, and conjure Heaven to eradicate even the remembrance of our Revolution. I deceive myself if he should be transported to Marseilles. Marseilles has effaced the horror of the 2d of September. Fifty-three individuals, arrested there by the people, have been judged by the popular tribunal. They have been acquitted. The people have not assassinated; they have executed the sentence themselves, opened the prisons, embraced the miserable who lamented therein, and conducted them

to their homes. These are the true republicans. Will their calumniators now keep silence?"

III.

Brissot, carried away by the logic of his republican principles to the 10th of August, had displayed, since the conquest of the republic, a force of resistance to the factions equal to the power of impulse he had previously communicated to the opinion of freemen. A stranger to power, his hands uncontaminated by blood or spoil, as poor after three years of the Revolution as he was on the day he began to wage war in its cause, he dwelled for five years in an apartment on the fourth story, which was almost unfurnished, surrounded by his books and the cradles of his children. Every thing attested the mediocrity of his asylum, poor almost to indigence. After the tumult of the day, and the fatigue of labor undergone in the conducting of his journal, Brissot walked home to rejoin his wife and young children, sheltered in a thatched cottage at St. Cloud. He cherished them by his labor as a workman of the mind. Destitute of that exterior of eloquence which gives fire to discussion, and bursts out in gesture and accent, he left the tribune to Vergniaud. He had created a tribune for himself in his journal. In that he wrestled each day with Camille, Robespierre, and Marat. His articles were speeches. He voluntarily devoted himself to the hatred and the poniards of the Jacobins. The sacrifice of his life was made. But nature had created him rather to influence ideas than men. His short and slender stature, his meditative and placid figure, the palor and severe expression of his features, the melancholy gravity of his physiognomy, prevented him from displaying outwardly the antiquity of soul which burned within.

IV.

Such were the irritation between parties and men when Brissot, Vergniand, Condorcet, and their friends, induced Roland to bring before the Convention his report upon the situation of Paris. Battle was there boldly offered to the factions. It was read on the sitting of the 29th of October. This report, favorably heard by the majority, intimidated Marat, Robespierre, and Danton himself, and re-

stored confidence to the Girondists. The *fédérés* of the departments presented themselves on the following morning at the bar, and demanded that the Assembly would restore the agitators of Paris, and grant prevalence of the national government over the usurpation of a few malcontents. They spread themselves afterward in public places, loudly demanding the heads of Marat, Robespierre, and Danton. Legendre denounced these wicked attempts of the friends of La Gironde at the sitting of the 3d of November. Bentabolle relates that, on the previous evening, six hundred dragoons, sword in hand, upon the boulevard, had threatened the citizens, and cried, "No trial for the king, but the head of Robespierre."

Among the Jacobins, Bazire denounced the party of Brissot as solely occupied in assuring the government to him. Robespierre the younger denounced Roland as having printed, at the expense of the state, Louvet's accusation against his brother, and of having caused its distribution among the departments.

V.

Robespierre, however, after some days, appeared no more in the Convention or among the Jacobins. Humbled by the superiority of Marat and Danton in the first struggle he had to sustain with them against the Girondists, he awaited for the moment to reinstate himself in the esteem of the people and the admiration of the tribunes. A lapse in oratory was more grievous to him than a fall from power. His enemies were not long in providing him with an opportunity of replacing himself in the light in which he loved to present himself to the people.

"I demand the accusation against Robespierre," suddenly exclaimed the rash Louvet. "And I also present myself again to accuse him," said Barbaroux. One could discern, by their impatience, that their accusation was prepared, and their opportunity watched.

"Listen to my accusers," coolly replied Robespierre.

Louvet and Barbaroux already disputed the tribune, when Danton thrust himself forward and interposed for the last time. "It is time that we should understand," said Danton, "it is time that we should know of whom we are the colleagues; it is time that our colleagues know what they ought to think of us. The seeds of mutual mis-

trust exist in the Assembly. This must be put a stop to. If there be any guilty party among us, let him be made an example of. I declare to the Convention—to the whole nation, that I dislike the individual Marat. I have tried his disposition: it is not only grasping and volcanic, but it is unsociable. After such a warning, let me be permitted to say that I myself am clear of party and faction.

"The minister, Roland, has yielded to a resentment which I respect without doubt; but his impassioned love of order and the laws has caused him to regard, under the color of faction and a state conspiracy, that which is but the reunion of little miserable intrigues, of which the end outstrips the means. Search into this truth, that no faction can exist in a republic.

"And where are these men who are designated as conspirators—as pretenders to the dictatorship and the triumvirate? Let them be named. I declare that all those who speak of the faction of Robespierre are, in my eyes, upstarts or bad citizens."

VI.

The first words of Danton had been received with a favor which the freedom of his attitude and the manly energy of his words involuntarily inspired around him. In disavowing Marat he threw a gage of reconciliation to the Girondists. His last words died away amid murmurs. He protected Robespierre, whom they desired to smite. Buzot disdainfully demanded that Robespierre should address the tribunals if he found himself calumniated by Roland. Robespierre interrupted him and hurried to the tribune. "I demand," cried Rebecqui, "that no individual exercises the despotism of speech which he exercises in another place." Robespierre insisted in vain. A young man of from twenty-eight to twenty-nine years of age, of small stature, feminine form, delicate feature, light hair, blue eyes, a pale complexion, and pensive brow; of melancholy cast, but in which sorrow, in lieu of resembling weakness, bore the appearance which precedes strong resolution, appeared at the tribune. He held a rouleau of paper in his left hand. His right hand, resting on the marble, seemed ready for the struggle. His confident glance traversed the benches of the Montagne. He awaited silence. This young man was Louvet.

VII.

Louvet was one of those men whose political destiny only endures for a day; but this day acquires them posterity, for it attaches to their name the remembrance of sublime talent and sublime courage. The orator and the hero were combined, sometimes in the same act and at the same moment. Louvet was born in Paris, of one of those citizen families of middle rank, between the aristocracy and the people, loving order as an established necessity, detesting social superiority, as that which rises detests that which is below. Disdaining the commerce of his father, this young man had sought the level of his mind in literature. He had written a book, then celebrated as a manual of elegant libertinism. This book, drawn from the corrupted society of the period, was a reversed ideal of a society which laughs at itself, and which admires itself only in its vice.

This infamous production had gained him fame. His wit alone had taken part in this work: his heart had preserved the germ of virtue, in cherishing a faithful and ardent affection. Almost in youth he had loved, and had been loved with equal passion. This mutual inclination of two hearts had been thwarted by the two families. The female he loved had been given to another. The two lovers had ceased to see, but not to adore each other. Lodoiska, the name he bestowed upon her, having recovered her liberty, was reunited to her lover. She possessed the same enthusiasm for literature, liberty, and glory as Louvet. She assisted him in his studies; one soul, one genius existed between them. Love was for them not only felicity, it was an inspiration. They lived retired in a little retreat on the borders of the large royal forests which surrounded Paris. Lodoiska was a more tender and happy Madame Roland. Imagination had less influence on her life than sentiment. What she adored in the Revolution, above all, was the fortune and celebrity of Louvet. Her love was entirely in her opinions. They reveled in books of philosophy and republicanism before the hour arrived to occupy themselves in action. As soon as the press was free, and the hall of the Friends of the Constitution was open, Louvet quitting his retreat by day, to which he returned each evening, mingled in the commotion of par-

ties. He changed his licentious pen into the weapon of the public writer, and used it against the Jacobins.

Under the Legislative Assembly, Louvet had ranked himself in the party of Brissot against Robespierre: Lanthenas, the friend and table companion of Madame Roland, had introduced him to the intimacy of that lady. "Oh Roland! Roland!" he exclaimed afterward, "how many virtues are murdered in thee! what virtue, charms, and genius are immolated in thy wife—a greater man than thyself!" These words of Louvet attested the impression Madame Roland had made upon him. Madame Roland paints with no less grace the sentiment which drew her toward Louvet. "Louvet," said she, "could, like Philopœmen, afford to pay the tribute of his unattractive exterior. Short, slight, near-sighted, and negligent in his dress, he appeared nobody to the vulgar, who remarked not at first sight the nobility of his forehead, the fire which beams in his eyes, and the play of his features, expressive of perfect truth and fine sentiment. It is impossible to unite more intelligence, more simplicity, more ease. Courageous as a lion, mild as a child, he can cause Catiline to tremble on his throne, wield the graving tool of history, or lavish the tenderness of his soul upon a beloved female." A firm and manly friendship soon attached these minds together. Louvet discovered to Madame Roland his love, and made her acquainted with Lodoiska. These two females were bound together by policy and love. They saw each other seldom and by stealth. The mistress of Louvet passed her life in seclusion. The chaste and honored wife of the minister could not avow an intimacy with the woman whom love alone united to Louvet.

VIII.

Louvet wrote "La Sentinelle" for Roland, a Girondist journal, in which the most ardent republicanism was associated with the worship of order and humanity. On the 10th of August he had saved victims. On the 2d of September he had heaped disgrace upon the executioners. Elected in the Convention, he had quitted his hermitage. He dwelt now in a humble apartment in the Rue St. Honoré, near the hall of the Jacobins. Devoted by conviction and friendship to the opinions of the Gironde, he formed, with Barbaroux, Buzot, Rebecqui, Sattes-Lasource,

Ducos, Fonfrède, Rabaut de Saint-Etienne, Lanthenas, and some others, the advanced guard of the youthful party of the departments impatient to purify the republic. Vergniaud, Pétion, Condorcet, Siéyès, Brissot, strove in vain to moderate these young men. The spirit of Madame Roland burned within them. To engage their party in spite of him in a decisive combat was all their aim. To temporize appeared to them as impolitic as cowardly. Louvet had offered to sustain the first shock.

The discourse which he carried about him had been concerted in common at the council-room of Madame Roland. She had fired his sentiments, sharpened his eloquence. Louvet was but the voice. This speech was rather that of a man who effuses the hatred of a whole party than that of himself.

Louvet braved even the displeasure of his own party. He felt the hand of Madame Roland behind him, urging him forward to the struggle. He spoke thus:—"A great conspiracy menaced France with its weight, and had for long laid heavily on the city of Paris. You arrived. The Legislative Assembly was not known, abased, trodden under foot. At this moment they wish to degrade the National Convention: open insurrection against it is declared. It is time to understand if a faction exists among seven or eight members of this Assembly, or if the 730 members of the Assembly constitute a faction themselves. You must abandon this insolent struggle as conquerors or degraded men. In vain will you dispense partial measures, if you do not attack in men the evil of which they are the authors. I am about to denounce their treason. I shall have all Paris as my witness. I might have been astonished at first that Danton, whom no one assails, should have rushed here to declare that he was unattackable and to disown Marat, of whom every use has been made as an instrument and accomplice of the great conspiracy which I denounce." (Murmurs.) Danton: "I demand that Louvet be permitted to examine the malady, and probe the wound." Louvet continued: "Yes, Danton, I am about to examine it, but do not cry out first.

"It was in the month of January last, that we beheld among the Jacobins those profound and brilliant discussions which had gained us honor throughout all Europe, succeeded by those miserable debates which all but destroyed us, and in which they first commenced to calumniate the

Legislative Assembly. A man was then seen who desired always to speak, to speak incessantly, to speak exclusively, not to enlighten the Jacobins, but to throw among them division, and, above all, to be heard by some hundreds of spectators, whose applause he wished to obtain at any price. The confidents of this man consecutively presented such and such a member of the Assembly to the suspicion and animadversion of the credulous spectators, and showed forth to their admiration a man whom they most vaingloriously praised, at least if he did not do so himself. It was then that the subaltern intriguers declared Robespierre to be the only virtuous man in France, and that the safety of the country ought to be confided to this individual, who lavished the basest flattery upon some hundreds of fanatic citizens, designated as the people. It is the policy of all usurpers, from Cæsar to Cromwell, from Sylla to Masaniello. We, however, faithful to equality, thoroughly resolved that the idolatry of one man should not be substituted for the country. Two days after the 10th of August, I sat in the General Provisional Council: a man enters, he causes much commotion about him—it was he, it was Robespierre. He seated himself among us: I am wrong, he occupied the principal seat in the court. Confounded, I questioned myself—I could not believe my own eyes.

"What! Robespierre, the incorruptible Robespierre, who in the hour of danger had abandoned the post wherein the citizens had placed him, who, after having twenty times taken a solemn oath not to accept any public office, Robespierre suddenly takes his place in the general council of the Commune! From that period I concluded that the council was destined to reign. Robespierre, you know, attributes to himself the honor of that day, the 10th of August. The Revolution of the 10th of August is the work of us all. But that of the 2d of September belongs to you—ye barbarous conspirators, it is yours, and yours only. (Sensation of horror.)

"They themselves gloried in it; they themselves, with ferocious contempt, designated us but as patriots of the 10th of August, reserving to themselves the title of patriots of the 2d of September. The people of Paris know how to fight, but not to assassinate. They were wholly at the Tuileries during the glorious day of the 10th of August: it is false that they were seen in the prisons on the frightful day of the 2d of September. How many murderers were

there in the prisons? Not two hundred. How many spectators outside? Not double the number. Ask Pétion, he will attest it himself. Why were they not prevented? Because Roland spoke in vain—because the minister of justice, Danton, did not speak! because Santerre, commandant of the sections, hesitated! because the municipal officers, in their scarfs, presided at these executions! because the Legislative Assembly was governed, and an insolent demagogue appeared at its bar to demonstrate to it the decrees of the Commune, and to sound the tocsin! should they not be obeyed?"

IX.

Billaut-Varennes rose, and endeavored to protest. A general murmur of indignation toward him spread through the Assembly. Many members pointed with their fingers to Robespierre. Cambon was prominent from the energy of his gesture. He stretched out his arm to the Montagne, and exclaimed, "Wretches! behold the judgment of the death of the dictator." "Robespierre to the bar; let Robespierre be accused!" exclaimed denunciatory voices from every side. The president restored order. Louvet continued. He accused Robespierre of every crime of the Commune; and afterward, regarding Danton, "It was then," resumed he, "that placards were posted, wherein all the ministers were designated as traitors—with one sole exception—one alone, and always the same; and can you, Danton, exculpate yourself in the eyes of posterity for this exception. It was then we beheld with dread a singular man appear in the light of day, who was until this period in the pride of crime. (All eyes turned toward Marat.) And do not think to appease us by disavowing to-day this outcast of assassination. How can you account for my being insulted under your auspices in this electoral Assembly—for having had the courage to demand your voices against Marat? Good God! I have named him. (Movement of horror.) Yes; the body-guards of Robespierre—those men armed with sabers and cudgels who accompany him every where—insulted me when departing from the electoral Assembly, and told me they would shortly make me pay dearly for my audacity in attacking a man whom Robespierre protected! And by what means did these conspirators proceed in concert to the premeditated execution of

their plan of government? By terror. More massacres were required by them before it was complete; and they could effect the dispersion of those generous citizens more attached to liberty than their life. Lists of proscriptions were circulated, signed by the complaisance, and at the risk of the scattered Mountain party. They coveted blood; they divided themselves in the hope of the spoil of their victims. For forty-eight hours the consternation was general: 30,000 families are there to attest it. I recall to myself Sylla, who commenced by striking some unarmed citizens, but who soon caused the heads of the most illustrious citizens to appear in the tribune amid their orations, and in the forum. Thus did these wicked men advance toward their end, in the road of supreme power; but they found some resolute men (we had sworn it by Brutus), who would not have left them the dictatorship above a day. (Unanimous applause.) Who checked them, however? Some intrepid patriots. Who resisted them? Pétion, Roland, who displayed in denouncing them before France, more courage than would have sufficed to denounce a perjured king. Robespierre, I accuse you of having calumniated without intermission the purest patriots. I accuse you of having spread calumny abroad in the first week of September—that is to say, in those days when calumny was the stroke of the poniard! I accuse you of having, as far you were capable, debased and proscribed the representatives of the nation, their character, their authority! I accuse you of having constantly shown forth yourself as an object of idolatry—of having permitted yourself, before yourself, to be styled the only virtuous man in France who could save the people, and of having said so yourself. I accuse you of having clearly endeavored to attain supreme power."

X.

Every look, every gesture, was directed toward Robespierre, as so many tacit witnesses of the accusation which the orator thundered against him. Robespierre, pale, agitated, his features distorted with anger, saw himself abandoned by his colleagues, and felt himself weighed down by the reprobation of that vast assembly. Still his physiognomy betrayed that secret joy of being judged worthy of dictatorial accusation, which, by the very terms in which it

was conveyed, bore witness to the power of his name, and a nominal appointment to the attention of the people. Louvet paused in his discourse for a moment, as if to allow it to have all its weight upon the accused, and on the minds of his judges. He resumed, turning, with an expression of contempt upon his lips, toward the side of Marat. "But among you there is another man whose name shall no more pollute my tongue, a man whom it is not necessary to accuse, for he accuses himself, and who dreads not to tell you that 260,000 heads must yet fall! and this man is still among you. France blushes at it. Europe is astounded at your continued imbecility. I demand that a decree of accusation be issued against Marat."

XI.

Louvet descended from the tribune amid applause. Some applauded his eloquence, others his courage; the one party from hatred to Robespierre, the other from horror of Marat. The spirit of the orator seemed to have diffused itself among the Assembly. Robespierre, warned by a first defeat of the inadequacy of an extempore speech against an accusation which was meditated and pointed beforehand, asked some days to prepare his defense. The Assembly granted them with an indulgence approaching to contempt.

On the following day Barbaroux enlarged upon and designated the conspiracies of Robespierre.

The Jacobins and the sections trembled for their idol. The people, after these harangues, assembled every evening about Robespierre's dwelling. He was to answer on the Monday, the 3d of November. The tribunes of the Convention, surrounded from daybreak by the adherents of the two parties, were divided in two lists, which, by their gestures and speech, preluded the oratorical conflict. The president at length called Robespierre to the tribune. He ascended it paler than ever. While awaiting silence, his trembling fingers struck the table of the tribune, as a musician who distractedly strikes the notes of the harpsichord. No single gesture, no affectionate smile throughout the Assembly encouraged him. Every look was hostile, every lip contemptuous, every heart closed. He commenced in a shrill and piercing voice, in which could be discerned the emotion of anger controlled by the appearance of indifference.

XII.

"Citizens! of what am I accused?" said he, after a short appeal to the justice of his colleagues. "Of having conspired to arrive at the dictatorship, to the tribune, or the triumvirate. You will allow that if such an object were criminal, it was yet more daring; for, to execute it, it was necessary first to overturn the throne, annihilate the legislation, above all, to prevent the formation of a National Convention. But how does it then occur that I first, in my speeches and in my writings, called a National Convention the only remedy for the evils of the country? To arrive at the dictatorship it would be necessary to conquer Paris and enslave the departments. Where are my treasures? where are my armies? where are the great officers with whom I was doubtless provided? All this lies with my accusers. Let us come to facts. With what am I reproached?—of a friendship to Marat. I could profess my faith in Marat without attaching to it more right or wrong than I myself imagine. But I am not going to betray my feelings in order to flatter public opinion. I had, in 1792, a private conversation with Marat. I reproached him with the exaggeration and violence which prejudiced the cause which he espoused. He declared, on parting from me, that he had not perceived *either the designs or the audacity of a statesman in me.* This assertion answers the calumny of those who desire to associate me with this man. But I have spoken, they say, incessantly to the Jacobins, and have exercised an exclusive influence over that party. Since the 10th of August I strove with them to establish the holy insurrection against the tyranny and treason of the court and La Fayette. La Fayette also required decrees against the Jacobins. Do you desire, like him, to divide the people into two classes, the one educated, the other reviled and intimidated—respectable people and *sans-cullottes*, or the rabble? But I have accepted the title of a municipal officer? I answer, firstly, that I abdicated, since the month of January, 1791, the lucrative, and by no means perilous, office of public accuser. I was only named on the 10th of August. I am far from pretending to wrest the honor of the combat and the victory from those who sat in the Commune before me on that terrible night, who armed the citizens, directed their movements, baffled trea-

son, and arrested Mandat, the bearer of the perfidious orders of the court! There were intriguers in the general council, it was said; who knows it better than I? They are among my enemies. When the consul of Rome had stifled the conspiracy of Catiline, Clodius accused him of having violated the laws. I have seen here such citizens, who are not like Clodius, but who, some time previous to the 10th of August, had the prudence to seek refuge out of Paris, and who, after the Commune of Paris had triumphed for them, denounced it. Citizens, do you desire a Revolution without a Revolution? What is this spirit of persecution which wishes to revive, if I may so term it, that which has broken our fetters? And who can then, after the blow, limit the precise point where the waves of the popular insurrection are to exhaust themselves? What people, at this price, would ever succumb to despotism?

"As regards the days of the 2d and 3d of September, those who state that I took the least part in those events are either very credulous or very perverse men. I abandon their minds to remorse, if their conscience can counterfeit mind. At this period I had left my seat in the Commune, and I was living retired at home." Robespierre here explained the relation of the 10th of August and 2d of September, and the impossibility of the Commune preventing the general agitation without justifying its horrors. "Bewail the guilty victims reserved for the vengeance of the law, and who have fallen under the infliction of popular vengeance; but limit your grief, as every other human feeling. Let us restrain our tears for more touching calamities. Weep over 100,000 patriots slain by tyranny! bewail our citizens expiring beneath their blazing roofs, and the children of citizens massacred in their cradles, or in the arms of their mothers! Have you not also brothers, children, wives to avenge? The family of French legislators is the country; mankind in general, tyrants and their accomplices apart. The sentiment which laments almost exclusively over the enemies of liberty I suspect. Refrain from shaking the bloody robe of the tyrant, or I shall believe that you desire again to shackle Rome. Eternal calumniators! do you desire to avenge despotism? Will you disgrace the cradle of the republic? Let us bury," said Robespierre, in conclusion, "these wretched manœuvers in eternal oblivion. For myself, I shall draw no conclusion which may be personal to me. I yield to

the just vengeance with which I shall have the right to pursue my calumniators. I wish only, in revenge, the return of peace and liberty. Citizens, advance in your brilliant career with a firm and rapid step; and may I, at the expense of my life, and even of my reputation, concur with you in effecting the glory and happiness of our common country!"

Hardly had Robespierre ceased to speak, when Louvet and Barbaroux, weary of the applause which the Assembly bestowed upon the orator and his speech, both sought to speak; but the impression of the discourse was already voted by the Convention. In the eyes of Vergniaud, Pétion, Brissot, Condorcet, Gensonné, and of Guadet, the most experienced of the Girondists, their enemy had issued from the debate too powerful—they were unwilling he should reap more credit. Marat saw his own victory in that of Robespierre, despite of the softened denials of which his opinions had been the subject. Danton rejoiced within himself at seeing the dictation of the Commune justified, and the crimes of the 2d of September veiled under the canopy of public safety.

XIV.

But Barbaroux, indignant at the obstinate refusal of speech, which was opposed to his supplications and those of Louvet, quitted his seat in the center, and descended to the bar, in order to have the right of speech as a citizen which was denied him as a deputy. "You shall hear me," exclaimed he, striking his clenched fists on the bar, as if to offer violence to the Convention, "you shall hear me! If you do not hear me, shall I then be reputed a calumniator? Well! I shall engrave my denunciation upon marble." The murmuring, the sarcasms, and the laughter of the tribunes drowned Barbaroux's voice. Barrère, one of those men who watch fortune carefully, so as not to depend upon chance, and who never commit themselves sufficiently to be drawn down by the party whose cause they have espoused, rose from the middle of the platform and demanded the right of address. Young, elegant of form, of lofty stature, free action, and fluent speech, that mixture of reserve and boldness which characterized Sejanus was perceptible in his countenance, the whole exterior of inspiration concealing the egotism within.

XV.

Barrère, born of a respectable family in Tarbes, an advocate at Toulouse, educated in Paris, and who had set off his plebeian name by that of Vieuzac, had brought with him from the heart of his province that name, the manners, the language which opened to him every door, and which were then a sort of natural guides to fortune. Madame de Genlis had received him and introduced him to the intimacy of the Duc d'Orléans. That prince, to attach him to his house, had confided to him the guardianship of a young English lady of extreme beauty, who passed for his natural daughter. Madame de Genlis bestowed upon this pupil all the cares of a mother. She was called Paméla. Barrère was courteous and eloquent. His sentimental philosophy resembled a parody of Bernardin de Saint Pierre. Barrère, Robespierre, Couthon, Marat, Saint Just, all these five had been at first insipid and tame.

Bailly, Mirabeau and the Duke of Orleans had been the patrons of Barrère, in naming him to the National Convention. He had there filled with assiduity a part rather literary than political, and his numerous reports were replete with philosophical maxims. He had afterward edited the "*Point du Jour*," and was one of the first to demand a republic when he saw the throne totter. On the day of the 10th of August, sent with Gregoire before the king, in the garden of the Tuileries, he had carried the young dauphin carefully in his arms. Appointed to the Convention, his republican opinions, his studies, his connections, his southern extraction, and his talent, more florid than popular, appeared to attach him, as a matter of right to the Girondists. He leaned in effect to their side at first; he placed faith in their talent, he admired their eloquence, he felt the dignity of their minds, he relished the moderation of their system. But he had seen the power of the people on the 10th of August and the 2d of September; the look of the lion had fascinated him. He feared Marat, Danton astonished him, he distrusted Robespierre. He was placed, at equal distance from the two parties, in the center called *La Plaine;* a mediator or auxiliary by turns, according to the men, the day, and the majority. This Plaine, composed of prudent or of ordinary men, who were silent from caution or mediocrity, required an orator.

Barrère offered himself. He rose for the first time, and in his attitude, in his disputation, and in his words, were found all that equivocal hesitation of those minds who borrowed his voice.

"Citizens," said Barrère, "in seeing Barbaroux, one of our colleagues, descending to the bar, I can not prevent myself from opposing his being heard. Does he desire to be a petitioner? He then forgets that he ought, as deputy, to judge the petitions which he would model as a citizen. Does he wish to become accuser? It is not at the bar: it is here or before the tribunals he should explain himself. What signify all these accusations of the dictatorship and of the triumvirate! Grant no importance to men whom public opinion will know how to put in their place. Do not raise pedestals for pigmies. Citizens! if there existed in the republic a man born with the genius of Cæsar and the boldness of Cromwell—a man who, with the talent of Sylla, proposed his dangerous means—such a man might be feared, and I would accuse him before. But men of a day, paltry undertakers of revolutions, of politics which will never enter the field of history, are not made to occupy the precious time which we owe to the nation." (Applause.) He proposed the order of the day. (Sign of contempt.) The Convention voted indifference and neutrality between the accusers and accused. "Let the ambitious perish, and with them our suspicions and mistrust." exclaimed Rabaut Saint-Etienne.

XVI.

The news of Robespierre's triumph spread like a public rejoicing among the crowd which had congregated about the Tuileries to lament or avenge their tribune. The presence of Robespierre in the evening brought a concourse to the Jacobins. On his entrance into the hall the spectators clapped their hands. Manuel demanded to read the discourse he had prepared to defend Robespierre. "Robespierre is not my friend," said he, in this speech; "I have hardly ever spoken to him, and I have opposed him in the moment of his greatest power. He has come forth pure from the Constituted Assembly. Robespierre has never desired to be any thing. He is uncontaminated by those days of September, when wicked people, like kings, wished also to have their Saint Bartholomew. Who

knows it better than myself? Mounted upon heaps of corpses, I preached respect for the law."

Collot d'Herbois justified the massacres. Barrère excused them.

Fabre d'Eglantine accused the Girondists of desiring to remove the sitting of the national representation from Paris. "I have seen," said he, "in the garden of the minister of foreign affairs, the minister Roland, pale and dejected, his head reclining against a tree, demanding earnestly that the Convention might be transferred to Tours or Blois. I have seen these same men, who worry each other here to-day about the 2d of September, come to Danton's and testify their joy at the recital of these murders. Danton alone displayed, during these days, the greatest energy of character. Alone he did not despair of the safety of his country. By stamping his foot upon the earth he could cause thousands of soldiers to spring up."

Fabre d'Eglantine extended his flattery so far as to denounce Madame Roland, whom he had praised the day before. Fabre, Danton's secretary, less his friend than his courtier, was born at the foot of the Pyrenees, as was Barrère. At first a comedian, afterward a hanger-on in society, his talent for playing on various instruments, his wit, which excelled in pleasing, his comic verses, and his vein of debauchery had made him sought after by men of pleasure.

XVII.

Pétion, who had not been able to address the Convention, and who desired no further speech with the Jacobins, had the discourse printed on the following morning, which he had prepared, less to accuse, than to judge Robespierre. He therein abused Marat, and reviled the Commune; he cast with horror the blood of September to the assassins. "As for Robespierre," said he, "his character explains his fame. Deceitful, mistrustful, seeing conspiracies and ruin in every direction, his bilious temperament, his choleric imagination color all objects in his eyes with crime. He aspires only to the exclusive and jealous regard of the people for him." Garat had just been named minister of the interior, after Danton had quitted the jurisdiction. He was a writer, born also in the Pyrenees, revolutionary by

philosophy, learned by profession—one of those men whom circumstances drag forward contrary to their minds.

"I have often recalled with fear," said he, in his Souvenirs, "two conversations, with two or three days' interval, which I had with Salles and with Robespierre. I had known both of them in the Constituted Assembly; I thought both very sincerely devoted to the Revolution. I had no doubt of their probity. Had I been compelled to doubt one of them, the last whom I should have suspected was Robespierre. Salles possessed an uneasy imagination, disturbed by the fever of the Revolution. In the confused, insignificant, and vague verbiage of Robespierre, when he spoke of inspiration, I thought I perceived the germ of talent, which would increase. He marked his language carefully, to mold it in the rules of antiquity and Jean Jacques Rousseau. I believe that Robespierre has religion; but never had man, knowing how to write elegant and persuasive phrases, a falser soul. One day, when I begged him to reflect upon some ideas that I had submitted to him, 'I have no occasion to reflect,' said he; 'I always report upon my first impressions. All the deputies of the Gironde,' said he to me—'that Brissot, that Louvet, that Barbaroux, are counter-revolutionists and conspirators.' 'And where do they conspire?' said I to him. 'Every where,' resumed Robespierre; 'in Paris, in France, throughout all Europe! La Gironde has long formed a project to separate itself from France, to become again La Guyenne, and to unite itself to England. Brissot conspires in his journal, which is a tocsin of civil war. He is gone to London; and it is known why. His friend Clavière has conspired all his life. Roland is in correspondence with the traitor Montesquiou. They work together to open Savoy and France to the Piedmontese. Servan is only appointed general of the army of the Pyrenees, that he may deliver the key of the frontiers to the Spaniards. Dumouriez menaces Paris more than Belgium and Holland. That charlatan of heroism, whom I should desire to have arrested, dines every day with the Girondists. *I am weary of this Revolution!*'"

XVIII.

"I withdrew," relates Garat, "astonished and alarmed. I met Salles coming out of the Convention. 'Well!' said

I to him, 'are there no means of preventing these mortal schisms in the country?' 'I hope so,' said he; 'I shall soon raise the veil which conceals all the projects of these villains. I know their plans; their plots commenced before the Revolution. It is Orléans who is the secret chief of this band of brigands; it is Laclos who has woven their wefts. La Fayette is their accomplice. It is he, who, under pretense of banishing him, sent Orléans to England, to manage an intrigue with Pitt. Mirabeau meddled in these plots. He received money from the king to conceal his connection with Orléans; he received more from Orléans for serving him. It behooved them to admit the Jacobins into their conspiracies. They have not dared to do it. They addressed themselves to the Cordeliers. The Cordeliers have always been the nursery for conspirators. Danton molds them to his policy—Marat familiarizes them to crime. They negotiate with Europe; they have emissaries in the courts. I have had proof of it. They have absorbed a throne in blood; from fresh blood they want a new throne to proceed. D'Orléans will ascend the throne. Marat, Robespierre, and Danton will assassinate him. Behold the triumvirs! Danton, the most clever and most wicked of the three, will impeach his colleagues, and will reign alone—at first as dictator, soon as king.'

"I was stupefied by the credulity of such a man. 'And are these thoughts cherished among your friends?' said I to Salles. 'By all, or nearly all,' said he; 'Condorcet still doubts, Siéyès is reserved, Roland sees the truth. All feel the necessity of preventing these crimes and misfortunes.' I endeavored to dissuade Salles. Hatred and fear blinded both parties."

XIX.

Vergniaud alone, more calm because he was more powerful, preserved the *sang-froid* of impartiality amid prejudice and hatred. He wrote at this time to his friends at Bordeaux those lines of melancholy serenity, restored for the first time to history; they depict the state of the country by the state of his mind. "In the difficult circumstances in which I am, my heart finds it necessary to open itself to you. Some men, who boasted of having alone effected the 10th of August, supposed they had the right to conduct

themselves as if they had conquered France and Paris. I would not abase myself before these ridiculous despots. I was called an aristocrat. I foresaw that, should the existence of the revolutionary Commune be prolonged, the revolutionary movement would be prolonged also, and would draw on the most horrible disorder. I was called an aristocrat; and you know the deplorable events of the 2d of September. The spoil of the emigrants and the churches was a prey to the most scandalous rapine. I denounced them. I was called an aristocrat. On the 17th of September the massacres recommenced: I had the happiness of passing a decree which placed the lives of the *detenus* under the responsibility of the Assembly. I was called an aristocrat. In the commissions, my friends and myself were occupied night and day in devising means to repress anarchy, and drive the Prussians from the territory. We were threatened, night and day, by the knife of the assassin. The Convention opened. It was easy to foresee that if she retained in her bosom the men of September, she would be agitated by perpetual tempests. I announced it. My denunciation produced no effect. Well, what do these increasing defamers do? They redouble their furious calumny in the Convention, in the army, in all important places, against the men most useful to the republic. They accuse the whole universe of intrigues, in order that the general attention may be drawn from their own conspiracies. Whoever disapproves of the massacres is an aristocrat. He who applauds them is virtuous. They press us to utter acclamations upon the fate of Louis XVI., without form, without proofs, without judgment. They cause infamous libels against the Convention to be circulated, and ridiculous panegyrics of the Duc d'Orléans. They stir up new insurrections, not, as the 10th of August, in the sections—they preach up the agrarian laws. The murderers of the 2d of September, associated with priests calling themselves patriots, consider of and affix lists of proscription.

"I write to you seldom; pardon me. My head is often filled with painful thoughts, and my heart with melancholy sentiments. I have at times scarcely moral force to fulfill my duties. I have but one wish, and that is, to be able one day to enjoy with you in retirement the triumph of our country and liberty!"

XX.

The accent of this letter possessed all the gravity, the melancholy, and disinterestedness that characterized Vergniaud. Boyer, Fonfrède, and Ducos, wrote in a similar strain of confidence to their friends at Bordeaux. Fonfrède wrote to his father: "We are surrounded by traitors, and beset by cabals. Siéyès, Brissot, and Condorcet, our friends, are the only men in France capable of giving us a good constitution. You know the talents, the patriotism, and the probity of Vergniaud; I see him more closely; he is the glory of the Convention, and alike inaccessible to seduction as to fear. He possesses but one defect—a slight degree of apathy, and a propensity to discouragement. Guadet, a man of splendid talent and sublime courage, immortalized himself on the 10th of August. His life gives the lie to the calumnies that have been heaped on him. Grangeneuve is the personification of patriotism; his head takes fire too soon, but he diffuses light around as he burns. Gensonné is a man of resource and argues well. During some time, he had a violent passion for governing, but this has died away."

Brissot, linked through his young friends with the patriots of the South, complained to them in these lines, found in one of the Girondist papers: "The enemies of real liberty overwhelm me with grief, and I support day and night a severe contest with these men, who have sworn to destroy the republic. Our convulsions have not as yet terminated; the anarchical faction gains strength, and it now will be more difficult for us to conquer."

XXI.

Vergniaud, Ducos, Fonfrède, Grangeneuve, Condorcet, Siéyès, discussed every evening the situation of the republic, at the house of a female, alike remarkable for her talents and republicanism, to whom the Girondists had been introduced by their banker, at Bordeaux. Married to a man of large fortune, she lived in the Quartier de la Chaussée d'Antin, not far from the house in which Mirabeau died, after having attempted, like the Girondists, to moderate the Revolution. But molten metal does not assume a form until it has cooled, and the torrent of the Revolution was still

heated. At these meetings, Condorcet was sententious; Vergniaud, eloquent, but with that calm and serene eloquence that looks from on high at storms, as though it could calm their fury by judging of them; Fonfrède and Ducos, ardent, rash, and elegant as inexperience and youth; Siéyès, profound, concise, luminous, fed upon the writings of the ancient historians, and darting from the obscurity of his habitual silence flashes of forethought that lighted up the future. The Girondists listened to Siéyès with respect: the prestige of the Constituent Assembly and the friendship of Mirabeau was thrown around him; inflexible as a principle, he recked not of the daily obstacles, the difficulties and dangers his plans would arouse; but, abstracted as an oracle, he issued his axioms and disdained to discuss them. To purge the legislative and executive committee of the Convention, expel the demagogues, crush Robespierre, seduce or destroy Danton, repress the Commune, concentrate twenty thousand men chosen from the departments, to surround the Convention and keep the people in cheek, risk a battle with the faubourgs, seize on the Hôtel-de-Ville—that bastille of popular despotism, concentrate the power in a republican directory, send Dumouriez into Belgium and Custine into Germany, cause all the thrones, theocracies, and aristocracies of the continent to tremble for their existence, negotiate secretly with Prussia and England, save Louis XVI. and his family, detain them as hostages until peace, and then condemn them to an eternal ostracism; such were the plans with which Siéyès flattered and inflamed the Girondists.

Behind these republican plans, and in the shadow of their afterthoughts or reservations, was perhaps concealed a constitutional throne, and the ascension of a revolutionary dynasty. Siéyès, who had been the soul of the Constituent Assembly, of which Mirabeau had been the voice, hoped to regain his ascendency over opinion and affairs through Vergniaud.

Condorcet, Brissot, Vergniaud, had no prejudices against the monarchy, and their disgust at the popular excesses was beginning to lead them to the concentration of public authority; but the very name of royalty was an insult to the ears of the men of the 10th of August, and fanatical hatred of the king was almost the whole policy of the young deputies of the Gironde; the Republic or death was for them the cry of necessity.

XXII.

Fonfrède, the son of a merchant of Bordeaux, and himself engaged in trade, was only twenty-seven years of age. He had passed many years in Holland, and had acquired the old republican feelings of the United Provinces, where riches and liberty spring from each other. On his return to France, Fonfrède had married the young sister of Ducos, and this served as a fresh bond of union between them. Rich, and established at Paris, they offered their house to Vergniaud as his own. The other Girondists, Pétion, Buzot, Salles, Louvet, Lasource, Rebecqui, Lanthenas, Lanjuinais, Valazé, Durand de Maillane, Feraud, Valady, the Abbé Fouchet, Kervelegan, and Gorsas, met at the house of Madame Roland. Less ardent than Fonfrède, Ducos, and Grangeneuve, less prudent than Vergniaud, they regulated their actions by the interests of their party rather than the impulse of their feelings. To triumph over the Jacobins, by disputing at all risks popularity with them—deprive Robespierre and Danton of all pretexts for accusing the *modérés* of royalism—drown Marat in the blood of September, which was unceasingly displayed, in order to arouse the indignation of the Convention—create and retain in their own hands an armed force and an executive power—introduce their friends *en masse* into the *comités*, and bind the majority to their interests, by threads that the hand of Roland would guide; such was their plan. Part of Robespierre's power arose from the fact that he constantly communicated with the multitude through the Jacobins, while the Girondists shut themselves up in their own atmosphere. By these tactics they governed the *comités* by the Jacobins, but Robespierre ruled public opinion. Both sides felt that the victory would belong to the most popular party; popularity, therefore, was necessary, and the two factions sought it on every side.

XXIII.

The Jacobins at this moment believed they should find it at the Temple. According to their ideas, that party, who by its actions displayed the most inveterate hatred to royalty, and who best served the resentment and vengeance of the nation, by casting them the head of the king, would

acquire such a title to the confidence of the nation and republic, that both the nation and republic would surrender themselves to them. The price of the head of Louis XVI. was the dictatorship.

XXIV.

Robespierre had no personal hatred to the king; and had even augured from the virtues of this prince an accession to the throne that promised a reign to philosophy. Danton also wished to save Louis XVI. His mysterious connection with the queen and Madame Elizabeth—his promises to them to watch over them amid their enemies—the pity he felt for this prince, whose only crime was being born at a revolutionary period, too devoid of genius to comprehend, too clement to combat, and too feeble to direct it. Compassion for these children, who found a crime in their name, and a prison for their cradle; the secret pride of saving a royal family—the policy of guarding these valuable hostages, and making their life and liberty the subject of negotiation with the foreign powers—all induced Danton to lean to moderation, and he did not conceal this feeling. "Nations save, but do not revenge themselves," said he one day to a group of Cordeliers, who reproached him with not insisting on the trial of Louis XVI. "I am a revolutionist, not a ferocious beast. I do not love the blood of vanquished kings; address yourselves to Marat." Marat was himself indifferent to the trial of the king, and only demanded it in his papers, to show himself more politic than Robespierre and more pitiless than Danton. Thus challenged, the Girondists, could no longer elude it. To propose to the Convention an entire amnesty toward Louis XVI., was to display themselves to the irritated people in the light of traitors, who only pardoned the tyrant to restore to him the tyranny. Their party was divided into two opinions on this question; Vergniaud, Roland, Lanjuinais, Brissot, Siéyès, Condorcet, Pétion, and Fouchet felt an irresistible repugnance to erect the scaffold of the king on the threshold of the republic. In their eyes there was in Louis XVI. a defeated but not an accused man; in the nation a conqueror, but not a judge; in death vengeance, but not necessity.

Those of the other opinion, while they partook of this horror of blood, and confessed the inutility of this murder

after the contest, looked on Louis XVI. as a criminal that the nation had a right to punish as a vengeance of the people and an example to kings.

"Louis XVI. will lose his head on the scaffold," wrote Fonfrède, about this time, to his brothers of Bordeaux. "The majority desire it, and liberty and equality demand it as much as universal JUSTICE. The sacrifice is great. Condemn a man to death! my heart revolts at the idea, but duty speaks, and I bid my heart be still."

"We wish to direct the Revolution, for fear the Revolution carry us away with it," said the Girondists of this party. "To direct a revolution, it is necessary to remain at the head of the passion that urges it on—this passion is Liberty. Liberty seeks to avenge and defend itself; and the people will not be certain of freedom until they have passed over the dead body of a king. The victim is culpable: to slay him is not a crime. Our pity would be our crime, and the scaffold of the king the throne of the opposite faction. We should perish without saving the head of Louis XVI: we should leave power to scoundrels, and by our fatal scruples destroy the Revolution. Empires are sometimes saved with a drop of blood—never with tears."

XXV.

This hesitation lasted for a long time between the two factions of the Gironde, and threatened to destroy their union until Siéyès reconciled them. Alike devoid of hatred or attachment, he was only guided by the dictates of reason. He was equally averse with Vergniaud to this judgment pronounced by victory on a king, and he hoped that reflection and justice would lead back opinion to ostracism, the only sentence and punishment of fallen monarchs. But Siéyès, who possessed the *sang-froid* of intelligence, had not intrepidity of soul, and his opinions were rather counsels than resolutions. He advised his friends, the Girondists, to adjourn the difficulty by a part concession, which would leave to each freedom of opinion on the trial of the king, and refer the last sentence and decision to the people, and thus relieve themselves of all responsibility. This measure was termed *l'appel au peuple*. Under the reservation of this measure, which appeased the conscience of the one party, sheltered the popularity of the other, and which conceded to circumstances, not the head, but the judgment of

the king, the trial was resolved upon. The trial, granted under the dominion of a national resentment, which three months had been unable to allay, and under the threats of foreign armies, which drove the people to despair, it was easy to foresee that neither party could save the victim.

XXVI.

Neither Robespierre, Danton, Marat, nor the Girondists thirsted for the blood of Louis XVI., or believed in the political utility of his sentence. Had they been isolated, each of these parties and these men would have saved the king; but face to face, and struggling to display most patriotism and attachment to the republic, these parties and men accepted the challenge mutually given. It was no faction, no opinion, no individual, that immolated the king; it was the antagonism of all these opinions and factions. His trial became their field of battle, and his head was not the spoil, but the apparent and cruel sign of patriotism; and in this struggle the king was destined to fall by the hands of all.

This plan resolved on, the Girondists and Roland hastened to remove this ground for trouble and division in the republic. As officers of the legislative body, they first charged Valazé, and afterward Mailhé, to make a report on the *crime*, and afterward on the judgment of the king. They desired to take from Robespierre the liberty of commencing the accusation, and to impress a judicial character on the process against the king, that the dilatoriness and solemnity of the form should give time to indifference, to justice, and the return of opinion in favor of clemency.

Valazé made the first report, a long catalogue of the crimes of Louis XVI. Danton rose after the reading of this report, and demanded the printing, in order for the calm reflection upon every matter and every opinion which should attach to this great cause. The secret intention of eluding the discussion by the delay of instructions was visible in the words of Danton. "In such a matter," said he, "the expense of printing must not be spared. Every opinion which should appear matured, even though it contain but one good idea, should be published. The dissertation of the reporter upon inviolability is not complete. There will be many ideas to add to it. It will be easy to prove that the people are also inviolable, that there is no contract without reciprocity, and that it is evident that if

the *ci-devant* king has desired to violate, betray, and lose the French nation: it is in eternal justice that he be condemned."

Pétion and Barbaroux made also temporizing motions, and attempted to conceal their secret desire by imprecations against the treason of the king.

XXVII.

The real or affected impatience for judgment on Louis XVI. agitated equally the sections, the newspapers, the Jacobins, and the Cordeliers. Wandering orators stood upon portable tribunes in the middle of the public gardens, and excited the mob to vengeance and blood. The people, leaving off their labors before the close of the day, oscillated at the voice of these tatterdemalions, and the inspiration of placards between the door of the Convention and that of the Jacobins and Cordeliers, taking part more and more with Robespierre, and demanding aloud the proof of traitors in the judgment of the king. Meanwhile, public rumor accused the Girondists of famishing Paris by refusing to establish a maximum in the price of provisions for the benefit of the people, as well as of disorganizing the army, and extinguishing the patriotic motion upon Savoy, the province of Nice, upon Belgium and Germany, almost, in short, of covenanting with the royalists, and exempting in the person of the king the victim of the people and the holocaust of the country. Marat threw daily the spark of his language upon these ferments of hatred. His pages broke out every morning like those cries of insurrection which issue at intervals from a thronged multitude. It was the increasing echo multiplied by the fury of the nation. Danton, while reserved, silent, and rather apart from the two parties, preserved a certain ascendency in the Cordeliers, and a correspondence cemented by terrible participation with the chiefs of the Commune.

Robespierre gloried in being in himself a faction, and remained immovable in his principles and in his disinterestedness; apparently aspiring to nothing, he expected all to come to him. Thus, on one side, Marat, Danton, Robespierre, the Jacobins, the Cordeliers, the Commune, and the people of Paris; on the other, Roland, Pétion, Brissot, Vergniaud, the Girondist deputies, the *fédérés* of the departments, the Marseillais of Barbaroux, and the citizens

of Paris, formed two factions, which endeavored to destroy each other in disputing the republic.

XXVIII.

But it was not only the ambition of governing the republic which created these two factions. These divisions had their origin in the revolutionary dogmata professed by each of the two parties, and in the different policy with which this diversity of dogmata inspired their chiefs. The Girondists were only democrats of circumstance. Robespierre and the Montagnards were democrats in principle. The first did not aspire, as did the Constituent Assembly and Mirabeau, merely to overthrow the old aristocracy of the church, of the nobility, and the court, to replace it by the more modern aristocracy of intelligence, learning, and fortune. The social overthrow of matters, excited by the Girondists, stopped short at the first ranks of society. A throne, a church, and a nobility once suppressed, at the summit of the state, they desired to preserve all the remainder.

They did not conceal their predilection for the British form of government, or for the senatorial institutions which constituted, if not the royalty of a man, at least the supremacy of a class.

Without descending to the demagogueship of Marat, the policy of Robespierre embraced in his plans of emancipation and of organization the whole people. All men citizens, all citizens sovereigns, and exercising, according to forms determined by the constitution, their equal part of sovereignty, justice, and equality perfected, founded upon the rights of nature, and distributing in equal parts, among every condition and all individuals, the benefits and charges of the common association; fruits of labor preserved in property, that basis of family; but the law of succession and the equity of the state incessantly affecting the rich with the heaviest amount of taxation, incessantly succoring the poor with abundant relief, and thus incessantly tending to level fortunes in proportion to the claims upon it, and the reduced classes; a civic religion, comprising in its symbol and expressing in its simple form of worship rational dogmata, moral observances, and pious aspirations, which bade human kind to believe, hope, and do: in three words, a people, a magistracy, a God—the divine law as much as possible expressed and enforced in social law—

this was the ideal polity of Robespierre, and this was the polity of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and it was a system calculated to fascinate the people; and in this lay Robespierre's power. The people saw in the Girondists only an ambitious party, while in Robespierre they relied on a liberator.

XXIX.

Moreover, the members of the Commune and the Cordeliers had another motive for hating and pulling down the Girondists, who, masters of Paris since the 10th of August, were unwilling to concede their power to the Convention. The instinct of the Revolution assured them that it was necessary to give a dictatorship to France—to act on all its springs at once, and communicate to the departments, to the remote and cooling members of the republic, that warmth and feverishness which at certain moments concentrates itself in the head of nations. Paris alone, the center and focus of revolutionary ideas for the last half century, had enough of ardor, passion, fanaticism, and authority, to cause itself to be imitated or obeyed, and to exercise over the deputies wavering or scattered over the departments a pressure of will, terror, and sometimes of insurrection, which would make of them, in spite of themselves, the instruments of the desperate energy of principles. The Cordeliers, the Commune, and Danton, agreeing with them on this point, despised in the Girondists this moderation of idea, and these legal scruples, which only tended, in their opinion, to enervate every thing at a moment when all ought to be as firm and bold as circumstances themselves. "What are your laws and theories to us," said Danton brutally to Gensonné, "when the only law is to triumph, and the sole theory for the nation is the theory of existence? Let us first save ourselves; we can discuss matters afterward. France at this moment is neither at Lille nor Marseilles, nor at Lyons, nor at Bordeaux, but is every where where men think, or act, or fight for her! We have no longer departments or separate interests. Geography is at an end: there is but one people—there should be but one republic! Was it at Lyons they took the Bastille? Did Marseilles effect the 20th of June? Do we owe to Bordeaux the 10th of August? Every where, where she has been saved, there is France—there the one, entire, indivisible nation. What mean you by the tyranny of Paris?

It is the tyranny of the head over the limbs—the tyranny of life over death! You seek to parcel our liberty so as to make it weak and vulnerable in all its members; we would declare liberty as indivisible as the nation, so that it may be unassailable in its head. Which of us are statesman?" Decidedly it was Danton.

BOOK XXXII.

I.

While the republic, thus rent at its very birth by contending factions, menaced without by the coalition of thrones, advanced her battalions upon the frontiers, was agitated by its internal spasms at Paris, and not knowing on whom to turn its rage, called loudly for a head to sacrifice to the irritated passion of the people, the king and his family, imprisoned in the Temple, heard confusedly, in the depth of their cells, the hollow noise of these convulsions. Day by day they approached them nearer, and threatened them more closely.

II.

We left Louis XVI. at the threshold of the Temple, where Pétion had conducted him, without his being able to know as yet whether he entered there as suspended from the throne or as a prisoner. This uncertainty lasted some days.

The Temple was an ancient and dismal fortress, built by the monastic order of Templars, at the time when sacerdotal and military theocracies, uniting in revolt against princes with tyranny toward the people, constructed for themselves forts for monasteries, and marched to dominion by the double force of the cross and the sword. After their fall their fortified dwelling had remained standing, as a wreck of past times neglected by the present. The Chateau of the Temple was situated near the Faubourg Saint Antoine, not far from the Bastille; it inclosed with its buildings, its palace, its towers, and its gardens, a vast

space of solitude and silence, in the center of a most densely populated quarter. The buildings were composed of a *prieuré*, or palace of the order, the apartments of which served as an occasional dwelling for the Comte d'Artois, when that prince came from Versailles to Paris. This dilapidated palace contained apartments furnished with some ancient movables, beds, and linen for the suite of the prince. A porter and his family were its only hosts. A garden surrounded it, as empty and neglected as the palace. At some steps from this dwelling was the donjon of the chateau, once the fortification of the Temple. Its abrupt dark mass rose on a simple spot of ground toward the sky; two square towers, the one larger, the other smaller, were united to each other like a mass of walls, each one having at its flank other small suspended towers, in former days crowned with battlements at their extremity, and these formed the principal group of this construction. Some low and more modern buildings abutted upon it, and served by disappearing in its shade to raise its height. This donjon and tower were constructed of large stones, cut in Paris, the excoriations and cicatrices of which marbled the walls with yellow livid spots, upon the black ground which the rain and smoke incrust upon the large buildings of the north of France.

The large tower, almost as high as the towers of a cathedral, was not less than sixty feet from the base to the top. It inclosed within its four walls a space of thirty square feet. An enormous pile of masonry occupied the center of the tower, and rose almost to the point of the edifice. This pile, larger and wider at each story, leaned its arches upon the exterior walls, and formed four successive arched roofs, which contained four guard-rooms. These halls communicated with other hidden and more narrow places cut in the towers. The walls of the edifice were nine feet thick. The embrasures of the few windows which lighted it, very large at the entrance of the hall, sunk as they became narrow, even to the crosswork of stone, and left only a feeble and remote light to penetrate into the interior. Bars of iron darkened these apartments still further. Two doors, the one of doubled oak wood, very thick, and studded with large diamond-headed nails; the other plated with iron, and fortified with bars of the same metal, divided each hall from the stair by which one ascended to it.

This winding stair-case rose in a spiral form to the plat-

form of the edifice. Seven successive wickets, or seven solid doors, shut by bolt and key, were ranged from landing to landing, from the base to the terrace. At each one of these wickets a sentinel and a key-bearer were on guard. An exterior gallery crowned the summit of the donjon. One made here ten steps at each turn. The least breath of air howled there like a tempest. The noises of Paris mounted there, weakening as they came. Thence the eye ranged freely over the low roofs of the Quartier Saint Antoine, or the streets of the Temple, upon the dome of the Pantheon, upon the towers of the cathedral, upon the roofs of the pavilions of the Tuileries, or upon the green hills of Issy, or of Choisy-le-Roi, descending with their villages, their parks, and their meadows toward the course of the Seine.

The small tower stood with its back to the large one. It had also two little towers upon each of its flanks. It was equally square, and divided into four stories. No interior communication existed between these two contiguous edifices; each had its separate stair-case; an open platform crowned this tower in place of a roof, as on the donjon. The first story inclosed an antechamber, an eating-hall, and a library of old books collected by the ancient priors of the Temple, or serving as a depôt for the refuse of the libraries of the Comte d'Artois; the second, third, and fourth stories offered to the eye the same disposition of apartments, the same nakedness of wall, and the same dilapidation of furniture. The wind whistled there, the rain fell across the broken panes, the swallow flew in there at pleasure; no beds, sofas, or hangings were there. One or two couches for the assistant jailers, some broken straw-bottom chairs, and earthen vessels in an abandoned kitchen, formed the whole of the furniture. The low-arched doors, whose freestone moldings represented a bundle of pillars, surmounted by broken escutcheons of the Temple, led to the vestibules of these two towers.

Large alleys paved with flagstone surrounded the building; these were separated by barriers of planks. The garden was overgrown by vegetation—thick with coarse herbs, and choked by heaps of stones and gravel, the relics of demolished buildings. A high and dull wall, like that of a cloister, made the place still more gloomy. This wall had only one outlet, at the extremity of a long alley on the Vieille Rue du Temple.

Such were the exterior aspect and interior disposition of this abode, when the owners of the Tuileries, Versailles, and Fontainebleau arrived at nightfall. These deserted halls no longer expected tenants since the Templars had left them, to go to the funeral pile of Jacques Molay. These pyramidal towers, empty, cold, and mute for so many ages, more resembled the chambers of a pyramid in the sepulcher of a Pharaoh of the West than a residence.

IV.

On his arrival at the Temple, the king was placed by Pétion under the surveillance of the municipal body and the guard of Santerre. The procureur-syndic of the municipality, Manuel, a man equally of kindly feelings and revolutionary excitement, accompanied the king. His demeanor proved that he already felt sympathy, and that his inward respect for fallen greatness struggled with the official austerity of his language. His dejected look and flushed countenance betrayed the secret shame which he felt at confining this king, this queen, this princess, these children, in an abode so different from that of the palace they had just quitted. A degree of hesitation gave an appearance of uncertainty to the conduct of Santerre, Manuel, and the municipal officers charged with installing the royal family at the Temple. This installation resembled an execution, and the magistrates of the people were as troubled as the captives themselves.

The king did not for a moment doubt but that this was the residence assigned to him by the nation until his fate should be decided, and did not enter it without that feeling of internal satisfaction, which makes a man experience, when long tossed about by uncertainty, that happiness which is imparted even by the rock on which he is dashed. If he had no confidence in security, at least he relied on peace in this shelter. He made all haste to take possession, and conform to it as well as possible. He measured with his eye the gardens for the promenades of his children, and the daily exercise which his robust temperament, and his habits as a sportsman, rendered absolutely necessary. He had all the apartments opened, examined the linen, the furniture, selected certain chambers, arranged the queen's room, his own, that of his children and his

sister, the Princesse de Lamballe, and the persons whom their tenderness or fidelity attached to the royal family even in their present refuge.

V.

The evening repast was served to the royal family. The king supped with calmness and resignation. Manuel and the municipals stood during the meal. The young dauphin slept on his mother's knees; the king commanded that he should be carried to bed, and this was about to be done, when an order of the Commune was handed to Manuel which troubled their tranquillity—it was an order to evacuate the palace, and to shut up the royal family at once in the little tower of the Temple. The king felt this blow with more anguish than even when quitting the Tuileries. The gunners and municipal guard hastily conveyed some matresses and linen into the unoccupied apartments of the tower. A corps de garde was established there. The king, the queen, the princesses, the children, reunited in the salon of the chateau, and collecting the articles absolutely required by them, waited several hours in silence until their prison was ready to receive them.

An hour after midnight, Manuel came to request them to repair thither. The night was intensely dark. The municipals carried lanterns before the party: the gunners, with drawn swords, formed the line. The insufficient lights only shed their faint rays a few paces around, while the lamps lighted in the windows and suspended in the *cordons* of the fortress of the Temple, made visible the high steeples and the black mass of the towers toward which they silently advanced. The edifice, thus lighted, presented gigantic and fantastic outlines to the king and his attendants. A valet-de-chambre of the king having in a low tone inquired of a municipal officer whither his master was to be conducted, the other replied, "Thy master has been used to gilded roofs; well, now he will see how the assassins of the people are lodged."

VI.

The entrance to the tower was by a narrow and oblique door, which shut in the winding stair-case. At each story a portion of the royal family and their servants was lodged:

Madame Elizabeth in a kitchen with a truckle bed in it, on the ground floor; the men in waiting on the second, and the king on the third floor; a wooden bed without curtains, and a few seats, were the only furniture of this room. The walls were bare, except some coarse pictures, which had been left there by a footman of the Comte d'Artois. The king looked round as he entered, and seeing the drawings, took them down and placed them with their faces to the wall. "I would not have my daughter see such things," he exclaimed. The queen's chamber, as well as that of the children, was equally mean.

The king laid down and slept. Two of his attendants, Messrs. Hue and Chamilly, passed the night on chairs near his bed; the Princesse de Lamballe, at the foot of the queen's bed; the other women attached to the service of the royal family lay in the kitchen, on matresses placed around the truckle bed on which the king's sister reposed. Turnkeys and municipal officers kept watch.

The night passed with the queen and princesses in sighs, suppressed tears, and sinister anticipations exchanged in a low voice as to the destiny in store for them. The children slept as calm and soundly as if they were under the gilded canopies of Versailles. The next and following days, the queen and princesses went to see each other in the king's apartment, and from one story to the other of the tower. They visited all the apartments, and definitively arranged the disposition of the family, friends, and domestics. They obtained some pieces of tapestry for the walls, and put up several beds. Those of the king and queen were taken from the furniture used in the palace of the Temple, and had been those of a gentleman-in-waiting of the Comte d'Artois: only one—the king's bed—had curtains, and those were worn and ragged, as beseemed such a wretched place.

After the first breakfast, served with some show of decency, the king went into the small side tower, and there turned over, with interest, some old Latin books put away in this place by the record keepers of the order of the Templars—volumes long buried in dust. He found a Horace, the poet of careless pleasure, forgotten there as if in contempt of their fallen greatness—these young creatures incarcerated—these discrowned beauties. He discovered also a Cicero, that great mind in which calm philosophy predominates over the vicissitudes of politics, and wherein

virtue and adversity, struggling in a genius worthy to contain them, present a spectacle worthy of consideration by those who have to contend against misfortune. He also disinterred several religious works, which his piety, renewed by misfortune, contemplated as a gift from Heaven; old breviaries containing portions of the Psalms arranged for daily use, and an *Imitation of Jesus Christ*. These the king carried away, as treasures, to his small closet, desirous to use them for his own benefit, and to exercise the memory and understanding of his son in the study of the Latin tongue.

VII.

The princesses met in the queen's apartment, in the second story, beneath the king's chamber. The queen had her own bed and that of her son in the room in the center of the tower. Madame Elizabeth, her niece, and the Princesse de Lamballe were in a small and darker apartment, which, in the daytime, the municipal guards, turnkeys, and servants passed through to go to other rooms used for the vilest purposes.

A walk of an hour in the garden, under a somber alley of old chestnuts, was allowed to the family before dinner, which was served at two o'clock. Santerre and two of his aides-de-camp were present, without insolence as without respect. At nine o'clock supper was brought into the king's chamber; after which the queen, her sister, and the princesses again went down to the apartments; and the king, going into his little closet, gave himself up to reflection, reading, and praying until midnight.

VIII.

Thus passed the first day of captivity. On the following morning the prisoners tried to distract their thoughts by visiting the apartments in the larger tower of the Temple, where Santerre informed them preparations were making for their reception. Manuel, Santerre, and a strong escort of the municipal guard accompanied them thither, and subsequently into the gardens.

On the night of the 19th to the 20th of August, during the first sleep of the prisoners, an unusual noise aroused the royal family. The municipal officers entered the cham-

bers of the king and queen, and read to them an imperative mandate which ordered the immediate expulsion of all persons not of the royal family, without exception—the women servants and the two men servants attached to the royal person. They were all overwhelmed with consternation.

Madame de Tourzel, the dauphin's *gouvernante*, brought the sleeping boy to the bed of the distressed queen. Mademoiselle Pauline de Tourzel was clasped in the arms of the young princess royal, to whom age and friendship attached her like a sister. Madame de Navarre, maid of honor to Madame Elizabeth, the three waiting-maids of the queen, princesses, and children, Mesdames Saint-Brice, Thibault and Bazire, burst into tears at the feet of their mistress. Marie Antoinette and the Princesse de Lamballe, locked in each other's arms, sobbed in deepest agony. Violence alone could separate them. The municipal officers dragged Madame de Lamballe, who had fainted, outside the walls. The king could not sleep again. Madame Elizabeth and the young princess royal passed the remainder of the night weeping in the queen's apartment. It was from this day forward that Marie Antoinette dated her captivity. Friendship was taken from her.

IX.

To replace these women attendants and friends, the need of the heart as well as habit, the commissaries of the Commune installed in the tower a man and woman named Tison, who had the sole charge of waiting on the prisoners. The man Tison was a cross old fellow, who had been a clerk at the barriers of Paris, accustomed, by his calling, to suspect, and full of inquisitiveness and rudeness to every body. Brutality had become his characteristic, and this converted all his services into insults.

Tison's wife, younger and more sensitive, wavered between her sympathy for the queen's misfortunes and her fears lest this sympathy should be imputed to her by her husband as a crime. She was constantly varying from devotion to treason, and from tears, copiously shed at the knees of the queen, to revelations against her mistress. Her heart was good, but to have a queen of France at her mercy exalted and disturbed her ideas. This struggle of sensibility and terror in a weak mind terminated with this

woman in loss of reason, and she brought charges against Marie Antoinette which had no foundation but in her own delirium.

A shoemaker, named Simon, commissary of the Commune to inspect labor and expenses, was the only one of the municipal guard who was never relieved from his occupation at the Temple. All the attendants, jailers, and turnkeys, took their orders from that man. A workman, ashamed of labor, and ambitious of playing a part, however abject, Simon desired that of jailer, and exercised it like a hangman. He was assisted by a man who had been a saddler, named Rocher.

X.

Rocher was one of those men for whom misfortune was a sport, and who growled at victims as curs do at rags. He had been chosen for his bulky stature, his hang-dog look, and malevolent features. Hideously ugly, insolence in his look, grossness in his gestures, foulness in his language, with a hairy cap, a long beard, a hoarse and hollow voice, reeking with the smell of tobacco and wine, the fumes of his pipe which he incessantly smoked—all combined to make him the visible incarnation of the dungeon. He trailed a heavy saber along the pavement and staircases. From a leathern girdle was suspended an enormous bunch of keys, the noise of which as he clashed them on purpose, the rattling of the bolts which he was drawing and undrawing the whole day long, pleased him as other men are pleased by the noise and clanking of arms. It seemed as though this noise, while it bespoke his importance, made captivity sound more dismally in the ears of his prisoners. When the royal family went out for their noon-day walk, Rocher, pretending to be looking for the proper key, and trying the locks in vain, made the king and the princesses wait behind him. Scarcely was the door of the first wicket open than he descended with all haste, brushing rudely with his elbow against the king and queen, while he advanced to place himself as a watchman at the last gate; then, standing erect, obstructing the free passage, examining their countenances, he puffed from his pipe clouds of smoke in the faces of the queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the princess royal.

These outrages, applauded by his brutal comrades, en-

couraged him to their daily renewal. The national guard on duty assembled daily to witness the repetition of the turnkey's insult to royal dignity. While those who in their hearts resented it, dared not avow their indignation, others offered every insult and mark of disrespect. Shouts of laughter, gross epithets, obscene remarks and songs, followed the king and the princesses. Some wrote on the walls brutal comments on the stoutness of the king, the illness of the queen, or threats of death to the children, as *whelps who ought to be strangled before they were grown to an age to devour the people!*

XI.

This hour of communication with heaven and nature, which the pity of the most cruel laws permits to the greatest criminals, was thus transformed into an hour of humiliation and torture to the captives.

Santerre, and the six municipal officers in the service of the Temple, preceded the royal family in these walks, and watched them closely during the airing. The numerous sentinels, before whom they were compelled to pass, made the military salute to the commandant of the armed force in Paris, and carried arms to the municipals; they reversed their arms, and lifted the butt-end on high, in sign of contempt, at the approach of the king.

The steps of the royal family were counted, and limited in the garden to half the length of an alley of chestnut-trees. Demolition, destruction, and the workman obstructed the other half. This short and narrow space, traversed slowly by the king, his wife, and sister, answered for the run and games of the young princess royal and her brother. The king feigned to participate in these sports to encourage them.

Occasionally also, and particularly during the early period, the princesses had in these promenades communications from without. The vigilance of the executioners could not intercept looks. From the top of the highest stories of the houses which bordered the inclosure of the Temple, eyes could cast themselves upon the garden. These houses, occupied by poor families, offered no pretext of suspicion of violence to the Commune. People in small traffic, workmen, and huckster-women, could not be accused of complicity with tyranny, nor of plots against equality. No

one had dared to interdict the opening of these windows. As soon as the hour of the king's promenade was known in Paris, curiosity, pity, and fidelity filled them with numerous spectators, whose countenances could not be recognized from such a distance, but whose attitudes and gestures revealed tender curiosity and compassion; the royal family raised stolen glances at these unknown friends. The queen, to correspond silently with the desires of these visitors, threw back the veil purposely from her face, and stopped to converse with the king under the looks of the most eager, or directed the steps or the games of the young dauphin, as if by chance, to that side whence the charming figure of the child could be the best perceived. Then some heads bent, some hands made the mute sign of gratification; some flowers fell, as if by chance, from the little gardens suspended on the roofs of poverty; some writings in capital letters unrolled themselves from one or two garrets, and allowed them to read a tender word, a happy presage, a hope, or token of respect.

Restrained but still intelligible gesture answered from below. Once or twice the king and the princesses believed they had recognized among these countenances the features of devoted friends, of former ministers, of women of high rank attached to the court, and of whose existence they had become uncertain. This mysterious intelligence, thus established between the prison and the faithful part of the nation, was so sweet to the captives, that it made them brave, to enjoy it every day, rain, cold, and snow, even the most intolerable insults of the cannoniers of the guard. They formed intimacies at a distance, anonymous friends. The queen and her sister said to each other, "Such a house is devoted to us; such a story is for us; such a room is loyal; such a window friendly."

XII.

But if some joy came from without, sorrow and terror arrived also to them, by the resounding noises of the city. They had heard, almost at the foot of the tower, the howling of the assassins of September, desiring to force the *consignes*, cut off the queen's head, or, at the very least, display at her feet the mutilated trunk of the Princesse Lamballe. The 24th of September, at four in the afternoon, the king being asleep after his dinner, by the side of

the princesses, who were silent that they might not disturb his slumber, a municipal officer, whose name was Lubin, came, accompanied by an escort of mounted *gendarmerie*, and a tumultuous crowd of people, to make at the foot of the tower proclamation of the abolition of royalty, and of the establishment of the republic. The princesses did not desire to arouse the king. They related the proclamation to him on his awaking. "My kingdom," said he, to the queen, with a sorrowful smile, "has passed away like a dream, but it was not a happy dream. God had imposed it on me; my people discharge me from it. May France be happy; I will not complain." On the evening of the same day, Manuel having come to visit the prisoners: "You know," said he to the king, "that democratic principles triumph; that the people have abolished royalty, and have adopted a republican government?" "I have heard it," replied the king, with serene indifference, "and I have made vows that the republic may be favourable to the people. I have never placed myself between them and their happiness."

The king, at this time, yet retained his sword—that sceptre of a gentleman in France—and the insignia of the orders of chivalry, of which he was chief, still adorned his coat. "You must know, also," resumed Manuel, "that the nation has suppressed these baubles; it is but right to tell you to strip them off. Descended into the class of other citizens, you must be treated as they are. For the rest, ask the nation for what you require, and the nation will grant it to you." "I thank you," said the king, "I want nothing;" and he resumed his reading.

XIII.

Manuel and the commissaries, in order to avoid all useless trouble and all violent degradation of the personal dignity of the king, retired, making a sign to his valet-de-chambre to follow them. They charged this faithful servant to take away the insignia from the king's coat when he should have undressed for the night, and to send these spoils of royalty and blazons of nobility to the Convention. The king himself gave orders to Cléry. Only he refused to part with these insignia, which he had received with his life in the cradle, and which appeared to him to belong more to his person than the throne itself. He caused them

to be shut up in a small trunk, and kept them as a remembrance of the past, or as a hope for the future. The fiery Hébert, afterward so famous under the name of Père Duchesne, then a member of the Commune, had asked to be on service this day, to rejoice in that rare derision of fate, and to contemplate, in the king's features, the moral torment of degraded royalty. Hébert scrutinized with his eye, and with a cruel smile, the countenance of the king. The calmness of the man, in the features of the deprived sovereign, disappointed the curiosity of Hébert. The king did not desire to afford his enemies the joy of beholding any emotion upon his face.

He affected to read quietly Montesquieu's History of the Fall of the Roman Empire, while his own history was fulfilling itself, and his catastrophe was read to him—more attentive to the reverses of others than to his own. The king was great in his calmness, the queen sublime in her pride.

The trumpets having sounded in the courts, after the installation of the republic, the king appeared for a moment at the window, as if to behold the appearance of the new government. The multitude perceived him. Imprecations, sarcasms, abuse, rose as a last adieu to monarchy, from the bosom of this crowd. The *gensdarmes* brandished their sabers, amid cries of *Vive la republique!* and made an imperative sign to the king to retire. Louis XVI. shut the window. After so many ages of monarchy, thus separated the people and the king.

XIV.

The Convention had assigned a sum of 500,000 francs, for the expenses relative to the establishment and maintenance of the royal family in their prison. The Commune, by the intermediation of successive commissions, had employed the greater part of this alimentary subsidy in constructions for the security and oppression of captivity. That which should have been instrumental in consoling the existence of the prisoners served to aggravate their fetters, and to fee their jailers. The king had not at his disposal any sum to clothe the queen, her sister, or his children; nor to recompense the services which he was obliged to ask without; neither to procure for his family, in the furniture, and in the occupations of the prison, those alle-

viations which the private fortune of prisoners permits to penetrate even into the cells of criminals. Having left the Tuileries suddenly, without other clothing than that they wore on the morning of the 10th of August, their wardrobes, their dresses, their treasure-boxes having been pillaged during the struggle, removed from thence to the Temple without other linen than the linen sent to the Manège by the English embassadress, or lent to the royal family by some servants, the prisoners, at the commencement of a rigorous winter, presented an appearance of downright nudity. The queen and Madame Elizabeth passed their days like poor workwomen in mending the linen of the king and the children, and repairing their summer garments.

At the period when the Prussian negotiators exacted from Dumouriez, to cover their retirement, a secret report of the Temple, and the respectful indulgence requisite to dissemble the imprisonment to the eyes of Europe, Manuel and Pétion, at the solicitation of Westermann, went to the Temple, and fulfilled, with respect, the orders of Dumouriez. The king demanded that Pétion should deliver to him a sum of money for his personal wants and those of his family. Pétion sent him 100 louis, the alms of a republican to a sovereign fallen into indigence. A list of every thing necessary for the royal family was drawn up, linen, furniture, clothing, fuel, and books, and it was liberally provided at the expense of the Commune, and through the interposition of its commissaries, all these expenses, in suitable proportion, not to the wants of a family, but to the generosity of the nation and the respect due to fallen greatness. The republic at this moment exercised its ostracism with profusion.

XV.

But Pétion and Manuel were no more than official magistrates of the Commune. They softened its orders in executing them; they did not suggest them. The spirit of reprisal, of vengeance, suspicion, and low persecution of unlettered demagogues prevailed in the commissions. Each day produced some new accusers who came to render themselves popular with the council of the Hôtel-de-Ville, by denunciations against the prisoners of the Temple. The general council selected commissaries delegated by it to

the surveillance of Louis XVI. from among the most bigoted and brutal men.

The administration and the interior government of the Temple had thus devolved upon a few men, the scum of the council of the Commune, almost all artisans, without education, without modesty, glorying with pride in the arbitrary power which fortune had given them over a king *fallen* lower than themselves, and thinking they saved their country every time they drew a tear.

XVI.

Toward the end of September, at the moment when the king was about to leave the queen's apartment, after supper, and ascend to his own, six municipal officers entered with a retinue into the tower. They read to the king an arrest of the Commune, which ordered his removal into the large tower, and his complete separation from the rest of his family. The queen, Madame Elizabeth, the princess royal, the young dauphin, embracing the king in their arms, and covering his hands with kisses and tears, in vain essayed to soften the municipals, and obtain that last consolation of the unfortunate—to suffer together. The municipals, Simon, Rocher himself, though moved, dared not modify the inflexibility of the order. They searched, with the strictest examination, the furniture, beds, and clothes of the prisoners; they deprived them of all means of correspondence without—of paper, ink, pens, and pencils; thus preventing the lessons which the prince royal had commenced to receive from his parents, and condemning the heir of a throne to that ignorance of the art of writing, at which even the lowest children of the people blush. The king, torn from the embraces and cries of his family, was conducted to a scarcely finished apartment, which they had destined for him in the great tower. The workmen were still employed there. A bed and a chair, in the midst of dirt, rubbish, planks, and bricks, formed the whole furniture. The king threw himself, dressed as he was, upon the bed. He passed the hours in counting the steps of the sentinels that were relieved at his door, and shed the first tears which the prison had yet wrung from his firmness. Cléry, his valet-de-chambre, passed the night upon a chair, in the embrasure of a window, awaiting the day with impatience, to know if he would still be permitted to go and

bestow upon the princesses those attentions to which they had been accustomed. It was he who attired the dauphin, and dressed the long hair of the queen and Madame Elizabeth since their captivity.

Having requested to leave for this purpose: "You will have no further communication with the prisoners," brutally replied the commissary of the Commune, Veron; "your master must not even see his children again." The king having addressed some touching observations to the commissaries, upon a barbarity which outraged nature, which murdered five hearts to punish one, and which caused to living beings the torture of a separation more cruel than death, the commissaries did not deign to answer him. They turned from him as men without ears, importuned with supplication.

XVII.

A morsel of bread, insufficient for the nourishment of two persons, and a small bottle of water, into which the juice of a lemon had been expressed, was on that day all the breakfast brought to the king.

The prince advanced toward his servant, broke the bread and presented him the half of it. "They have forgotten that we are yet two," said the king to him; "but I do not forget it: take this; the remainder is enough for me." Cléry refused—the king insisted. The servant at last took the half of the bread from his master. His tears bedewed the morsels which he carried to his mouth; the king saw these tears, and could not retain his own. They ate, thus weeping and regarding each other without speaking, the bread of tears and equality.

The king again besought a municipal to give him some news of his wife and children, and to procure him some books to relieve him from the weariness of mind caused by his isolation. Louis XVI. pointed out some volumes of history and religious philosophy. This municipal, more humane than the others, consulted his colleagues and prevailed upon them to execute this mission with the queen. This princess had passed the night in lamentation in her chamber, in the arms of her sister-in-law and her daughter. The paleness of her lips, the furrows of her tears, her thick hair, in which white veins of gray hairs were discernible, as ravages of her youth—the fixed gaze of her dried eyes,

the obstinacy with which she had refused to touch the food provided for her breakfast, vowing she would allow herself to perish with hunger if they persisted in separating her from the king—startled and intimidated the municipals. The responsibility of the lives of their prisoners weighed upon them.

The Commune itself would demand an account from them of a victim saved, by a voluntary death, from the scaffold and the judgment of the people. Nature also spoke in their heart that language of tears which makes even the most hardened obey it. The princesses, on their knees before these men, conjured them to permit a reunion with the king, at least for some moments, during the day, and at the hour of repast. The attitudes, the cries from the very soul, the drops falling from their eyes upon the floor, lent all their power to these suppliants. "Well, they shall dine together to-day," said a municipal officer, "and to-morrow the Commune shall decide upon it." At these words, the cries of grief of the princesses and the children changed into a shriek of joy and benedictions. The queen, holding her children in her arms, threw them and herself upon bended knees, and thanked God. The members of the Commune regarded each other with moistened eyes. Simon himself, wiping his eyes, said, "I believe these infernal women would make me weep." Then turning to the queen, and as if ashamed of his weakness—"You did not cry thus," said he to her, "when you caused the people to be assassinated on the 10th of August." "Ah! the people are much deceived as to our sentiments," replied the queen.

These men enjoyed, for the moment, the sight of their *clemency*. The prisoners again saw each other at the hour of repast, and felt more than ever how much misfortune rendered them necessary to each other.

XVIII.

The sensibility of the king was brought out by his afflictions; the mind of the queen was sanctified by adversity. All the virtues of Madame Elizabeth were converted into active pity for her brother and sister-in-law. A day's captivity taught the children more of real life than twelve months at court. The Commune did not oppose the reunion of the prisoners, founded on the fear of the queen's

suicide. From this time the captives met three times a-day in the great tower, where they took their meals. The municipal guard present at these meetings prevented all confidential conversations with their prisoners, who were interdicted from speaking low, or in foreign languages. Their orders were to talk aloud, and in French.

Madame Elizabeth, having once forgotten this order, and spoken a few words in a low voice to her brother, was violently scolded by a municipal: "The secrets of tyrants," said this man, "are conspiracies against the people. Speak out or else be silent. The nation should hear every thing."

Two prisons for one family increased the difficulties of surveillance and the suspicions of the jailers, but they also increased the facilities for the servants of the king to deceive the *consignes* of the prison. Cléry, whose revolutionary opinions had led to his being selected by Pétion as a man more devoted to the nation than to his master, had allowed his patriotism to be softened by the tender reproaches of Madame Elizabeth, and by the spectacle of these hearts made so wretched by suffering and ill usage. His love of liberty penetrated him with remorse, when he saw the punishment which the royal family underwent. He had soon no opinion but his attachment, and he contrived to commence some secret relations outside. Three men, employed in the king's kitchen at the Tuileries, named Turzy, Marchand, and Chrétien, who, by affecting patriotism, had contrived to obtain admission into the kitchens of the Temple, to give to their ancient masters all the kind offices of captivity, seconded Cléry. Cléry, mixing with the municipal guard, and rendering them little services during their nights in the Temple, sometimes detected among them tokens of interest in the royal family, and sometimes by their aid, or by that of his wife, who came once a-week to see him at the wicket, he forwarded notes from Madame Elizabeth and the queen to certain persons. They kept a pencil from the search of the commissaries, and leaves torn from their prayer-books received the rare confidence of their hearts. They were but a few innocent words, free from all plottings, and destined to give to their former friends information of their situation, and to inform themselves of the fate of the persons they had loved.

The bosom friend of Madame Elizabeth was the Mar-

quise de Raizecourt; and to her Cléry contrived to send two or three last sighs of prison, and then the silence of the grave interposed between these kindred souls, and anticipated the scaffold by a year.

The queen also corresponded with friends without; but her language would only be understood by eyes accustomed to read the heart which dictated them.

Cléry also succeeded sometimes in informing the king of the state of public affairs; and when his channels of communication failed, public criers, trustworthy and paid, came and called out beneath the windows of the Temple the principal events of the day. The king, warned by Cléry, opened his window, and thus learned, in part, the decrees of the Convention, the victories and defeats of the armies, the condemnations or executions of his former ministers, the decrees or hopes of his own destiny.

XIX.

The princesses and children were never more allowed to be with the king in the grand tower. The second and third stories of this building, each divided into four apartments by planks, were assigned to the royal family and the persons charged with attendance or surveillance. The king's chamber contained a bed with curtains, an arm-chair, four other chairs, a bath, and a glass over the mantel-piece. The window was barred with iron and darkened by oak planks, so placed as to intercept all view of the gardens or the city, leaving nothing visible but the sky. The king's apartment was hung with a paper intended to pain the royal prisoner, as it represented the interior of a prison, with jailers, chains, fetters, and all the horrid paraphernalia of dungeons. The brutal mind of Palloy, the architect, had sought, with refinement of cruelty, to add the tortures of the eye to those of reality.

Marie Antoinette slept in the apartment of her daughter; Madame Elizabeth, in a dark closet; the jailer, Tison, and his wife in a place at hand; and the municipal guard in the antechamber, which the princesses were obliged to pass through from time to time. Two wickets, with turnkeys and sentinels, were established between the apartments of the king and the queen on the stair-case. The fourth story was not tenanted.

XX.

Such was the abode of the royal family, which still had a cause of joy, in which all its members assembled together; but this was soon changed to tears, by an order from the Commune the same evening, which ordered the dauphin to be taken from his mother, and to reside with the king. The Commune refused "to allow the son any longer to be brought up by the mother in the hatred of the revolution." The boy was therefore left with his father until he should be consigned to Simon. The queen and princesses, however, saw him daily with the king, at meal times and in their walks, in presence of the commissaries.

The father alone survived in Louis XVI. The princesses forgot that they had been queen, sister, or daughter of kings, in order to remember that they were wife, sister, or daughter of a husband, brother, and captive parent.

The king rose at daybreak, and prayed for a long time on his knees at the foot of his bed; after his prayer he approached the window, where he read the psalms in the breviary. The Commune had refused him the presence of a priest and the ceremonies of his faith. Pious, but free from weakness or superstition, Louis XVI. addressed his Maker without the mediation of any other man, and used the words and forms consecrated by the religion of his race and his throne. The queen and her sister did similarly. After prayers the king read in his tower, sometimes Latin books, sometimes Montesquieu, Buffon, history, or voyages; and this reading seemed entirely to occupy his mind. At nine o'clock the family came to him to breakfast, and the king kissed his wife, sister, and children on the forehead. After breakfast the princesses, deprived of dressing-women, had their hair dressed by Cléry in the king's chamber; during this time the king gave his son his first lessons in grammar, history, geography, Latin, &c.

XXI.

The boy, as precocious as the fruit of an injured tree, seemed to outstrip in intelligence and perception the suggestions of thought and delicacies of sentiment. His memory retained every thing, and his sensitiveness enabled him to comprehend every thing. The prison—the jailers—the

degradations to which his father was subjected—his constant seclusion with beings whose anguish he witnessed—the necessity of keeping guard over every gesture, even his tears, in presence of the enemies who watched over him—had, as it were, instinctively initiated him into the situation of his parents and of himself. His very gestures were serious; his smiles sad. He seized with rapidity on the moments when the vigilance of the jailers relaxed, to exchange in a low voice certain signs and words of intelligence with his mother or his aunt. He was the adroit accomplice of all those pious frauds which victims invent to escape the eye and the denunciations of their guards. He avoided, with a tact beyond his years, any recurrence to the painful circumstances of their lives, or the happy days of their greatness, as if he had guessed that the memory of former felicity gives a bitterness to degradation.

When he recognized in the antechamber a commissary more than usually respectful to the prisoners and less offensive to the queen, he always hastened to his mother, clapping his hands, to announce to her this more promising day. The sight of this dear child almost always soothed harshness. The most prejudiced commissaries, the artillerymen, the jailers, and even the fierce Rocher, played with the dauphin. Simon alone spoke to him roughly, and regarded him with a distrustful eye, as if in the child he anticipated a concealed tyrant. The features of the young prince recalled the somewhat effeminate look of Louis XV. his grandfather, and the Austrian hauteur of Maria Theresa. His blue eyes, aquiline nose, elevated nostrils, well-defined mouth, projecting lips, chestnut hair, divided on the top of his head and descending in thick curls on his shoulders, resembling his mother before her years of tears and torment. All the beauty of his race, by both descents, seemed to reappear in this its latest offspring.

XXII.

At noon they came to seek the royal family, in order that they might take the air in the garden. Whether it was cold, rain, or sunshine, the prisoners descended. They took their walk under the inspection, and amid the insults of their guardians, as one of the most necessary duties of their captivity. Violent exercise in the court-yards, the sports of the child with his sister in the apartments, the

regular and sober life, the familiar and agreeable studies with his father, the tender care of the three females, preserved to him the ardor natural to his years, and the freshness of complexion which belongs to childhood.

The princess royal was already at an age when youth is verging upon womanhood, and feels all its consciousness. Pensive as her father, proud as her mother, pious as her aunt, she bore in her mind the impress of the three minds amid which she had been nurtured. Hers was that shadowy and pale beauty which, like the fantastic creations of Germany, partook more of the ideal than of the real. Never quitting the side of her mother or aunt, she seemed as though afraid of life. Her light hair, still hanging down her shoulders in curls, like those of childhood, almost concealed her features, and her look was full of intimidation. All who beheld her were struck with mute admiration. The turnkeys and sentinels moved on one side as she passed. Her aunt had perfected her education by teaching her piety, patience, and forgiveness; but the feeling of birth innate in her soul, the humiliations of her father, and the anguish of her mother, caused internal wounds always bleeding, and which produced, if not feelings of resentment, at least those of ceaseless sorrow.

XXIII.

At two o'clock the royal family dined. The unreserved conversation and familiar pleasures which are enjoyed at the meals of the humblest were interdicted to them. The king could not give way to his hearty appetite. Eyes counted every morsel, and sneering comments were made. The robust health of the man was designated as a disgrace to the king. The queen and princesses ate with the utmost slowness, in order to protract the meal, to give the king time to satisfy his appetite. After dinner the family remained together. The king and queen played at cards, or sometimes at chess, which afforded them, at times, the means of exchanging a few words of confidence, in spite of their watchers. At four o'clock the king slept for a short time, and the females occupied themselves with needlework, preserving the strictest silence. At six the king resumed his lessons with his son, and this continued until supper time, when the queen herself undressed the dauphin, who said, in a low tone, the following prayer, com-

posed by the queen, and remembered and recorded by her daughter:—"Almighty God, who created and redeemed me, I love you! Preserve the days of my father and my family. Protect us against our enemies. Give my mother, my aunt, my sister the strength they need to support their troubles!"

XXIV.

This simple prayer of a child demanding the life of his father, and resignation and fortitude for his mother, was a crime that required to be concealed. When the infant was asleep, the queen read aloud for the instruction of her daughter and the amusement of the king and princesses. The king, at the close of the evening, went for an instant into the apartment of his wife, and wished her good night. He then embraced his sister and daughter, and retired into the tower, at the side of his chamber, where he read, meditated, and prayed until midnight. When he quitted this cabinet, his look was calm, sometimes smiling; but his contracted brow, his swelled eyes, and the marks of fingers on his cheeks told his valet-de-chambre that he had for a long time buried his head in his hands, and that his thoughts had been of the gravest and most melancholy nature.

XXV.

Before retiring to rest, the king always awaited the arrival of the municipal commissary, who was relieved at midnight, in order to learn his name, and thus judge how far the morrow promised respect or rudeness to his family, and then fell into a sound sleep; for days of misfortune fatigue equally with days of happiness. Since the king's captivity, all the defects of his youth had gradually disappeared; and the somewhat rough *bonhommie* of his character was changed into grace and sensibility toward those who were about him. His *brusquerie* was no longer perceptible, and all the petty defects of his character were effaced by the grandeur of his resignation. His children adored, his sister admired him, while the queen was astonished at the treasures of tenderness and courage she each day discovered in his heart; and his very jailers no longer recognized in him the vulgar and sensual man public prejudice had described to them.

XXVI.

All the family having been confined by turns to their beds, through the humidity of the walls and the cold of the winter, the Commune, after long formalities had been gone through, authorized the introduction of the king's physician, M. Lemmonier, into the prison; and under his care the queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the children speedily recovered. The illness of the king was of longer duration, and alarmed even his guardians. The queen and his daughter never quitted his side, and made his bed themselves. Cléry watched in his master's chamber every night; but no sooner was he convalescent than Cléry fell dangerously ill, and was unable to attend on the dauphin. The king filling, for the first time in his life, the place of a mother, washed and dressed his son. The child passed the whole day in the dark and cold chamber of Cléry, giving his medicine and performing all those offices for him which his tender age rendered possible. The king himself, during the night, watching the moment when the commissary was asleep, went with naked feet and in his shirt to carry him some medicine.

XXVII.

The Commune having ordered still more rigorous measures for the security of the royal family, a stone-mason was sent for, who hollowed out sockets for bolts in the lintel of the door of the antechamber. At twelve o'clock, when this man went to his dinner, the dauphin began to play with the tools he had left. The king came by, took them from him, and remembering his ancient skill as a locksmith, showed him how to use them, and himself completed the sockets in the door. The mason returned, and finding the king hard at work, could not look at him without being touched at this sudden reverse of fortune. "When you leave this tower," said he to the king, with an instinctive compassion, that spoke of hope as a certainty, "you will be able to say that you worked yourself at your prison." "Alas, my friend," replied the king, giving him the mallet and chisel, "when and how shall I leave it!" Then taking his son by the hand, he retired to his chamber, and paced up and down in silence for a long time.

XXVIII.

Insensible to the privations that only fell on himself, the comparison of the past splendor of his wife and sister with their present distress often passed through his mind and sometimes escaped his lips. The anniversaries of his coronation, his marriage, the birth of his son and daughter, and his *jour de fête*, were often marked by the most cruel outrages. On the day of Saint Louis, the *fédérés* and artillerymen on guard danced and sang the "*Ca Ira*," under his windows.

XXIX.

The uniformity of this life began to change to custom and peace of mind. The daily presence of beings mutually beloved—their mutual tenderness—more felt since the etiquet of a court no longer opposed the effusion of the sentiments of nature—the regularity of the same acts at the same hours, the passage from one apartment to another, the lessons of the children, their amusements, their walks in the garden—where a look of compassion often consoled them—their meals taken together, their conversations, the profound silence that prevailed around the prisoners, while afar off so much noise accompanied their names—some furtive communications with their friends without, some vague plan of escape increased by hope, that mirage of captivity, insensibly accustomed the prisoners to their adversity, and made them even discover the consoling side of their misfortunes, when a redoubled rigor and rudeness in their jailers again agitated them, and filled them with sinister conjectures.

Their strict surveillance became odious and insufferable to the modesty of the females. The bread of the prisoners was broken to search for letters; the fruit opened, and even the kernels of the peaches split for the same reason. After each meal, the knives and forks were removed, and the needles they used for their work were measured, under pretense that they might be made a means of suicide. They even followed the queen into the apartment of Madame Elizabeth, whither she went every day at noon to take off her morning gown, until the queen, indignant at this constant surveillance, no longer changed her dress during the day. Their linen was unfolded piece by piece. The king

was searched, and even the small golden toilet apparatus he used was taken from him. He was compelled to let his beard grow, and its harshness irritated his skin, and compelled him to wash his face repeatedly in cold water every day. Tison and his wife watched and reported to the commissaries every look, word, and gesture. Men were allowed to enter the court of the Temple, who loudly demanded the heads of the king and queen. Rocher sang the *Carmagnole* before the king, and taught the dauphin licentious complets against his father and mother, which the child innocently repeated to his aunt. This man, softened for a time, had derived more insolence from frequent potations; and the intoxication of the evening was renewed the next morning. The princesses, obliged to cross his chamber to pass into that of the king, invariably found this fellow in bed at supper time and even during the day. He burst forth into imprecations against them, and compelled them to wait until he was dressed. The workmen employed on the outside of the tower threatened the king and queen, and brandished their tools over their heads. One of them aimed a blow at the queen with a hatchet that would have proved fatal, had not his arm been arrested. A deputation from the Convention came to visit the Temple. Chabot, Dubois Crancé, Drouet, and Dupont formed part of it; and at the sight of Drouet, the postmaster at Sainte-Menehould, who had occasioned the arrest of the king at Varennes, and thus been the primary cause of all their sufferings, the queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the children turned pale, and thought they saw the same evil genius that appeared to Brutus on the eve of the battle of Pharsalia. Chabot and Drouet seated themselves and interrogated the queen, who disdained to reply. They then inquired of the king if he demanded any thing. "I complain of nothing," returned the king; "I only demand that my wife and children be supplied with the linen and garments of which, as you see, they stand so much in want." Their gowns were literally in rags, and the queen was obliged to mend the king's coat while he was asleep, in order that he might not be obliged to wear a vestment in holes.

XXX.

However, in proportion as the hate and persecution of their captors increased, so did the anguish for their fall

and grief for their situation inspire some of their friends with interest and daring. The daily spectacle of the sufferings, the dignity, and perhaps the touching beauty of the queen, had caused even members of the Commune to turn traitors. If great crimes sometimes tempt ardent souls, great devotions equally tempt generous minds, and compassion has its fanaticism. To snatch the family of the king from their prison, their persecutors, and the scaffold by an heroic stratagem, and restore them to liberty, happiness, and perhaps to the throne, was a temptation, destined to seduce men by the very magnitude of the perils and dangers, and to rouse imaginations capable of meditating and daring such attempts.

At this period there was among the commissaries a young man named Toulan, born at Toulouse, in an inferior position. Passionately attached to those literary pursuits that elevate the mind, he had established himself at Paris. The trade of bookseller, which he followed, satisfied at once his tastes and his wants. His volumes, which he was constantly turning over in his business, had fired his imagination with the love of liberty and those romantic emanations that intoxicate the mind. He had cast himself into the Revolution as a waking dream—his ardor and eloquence had rendered him popular in his section—one of the foremost in the attack on the Tuileries on the 10th of August, he had also been one of the first in the council of the Commune. Marked by his inveterate hatred of tyranny, he had been chosen as one of the commissaries of the Temple, which he entered with the most profound horror of the tyrant and his family, and quitted the first day with passionate adoration for the victims. His was one of those minds whose emotions carry them from one extreme to another; and before he had taken time to reflect, he had already devoted himself in his heart; for every thing that was noble seemed in his eyes possible. He sought on all occasions to attract the attention of Marie Antoinette by signs, which, without exciting the suspicions of his colleagues, would yet acquaint the queen that she had a friend among her persecutors; and he succeeded.

Toulan was very young, of small stature, and possessed one of those delicate and expressive faces of the south, in which the eyes reveal the thoughts, and sensibility speaks in the mobility of the features. His look was a language which the queen had long since comprehended. The pres-

ence of a second commissary had prevented Toulan from more fully declaring his sentiments; but he at last succeeded in gaining over one of his colleagues named Lepitre, by the greatness of the project and the splendor of the recompense, to join in a plan of escape.

The queen beheld the two commissaries fall at her feet in the gloom of her prison, and offer her a devoted attachment, which the place, the peril, and impending death, elevated above all that had been shown her in her prosperity. She accepted and encouraged it, and gave Toulan a lock of her hair, with this device in Italian, "He who fears to die, knows not how to love." This was the letter of credit she gave Toulan to her friends. Soon after she added a billet in her own hand to the Chevalier de Jarjais, her secret correspondent, and the chief of this plot. "You may fully confide," she wrote, "in the person who remits you this; his sentiments are well known to me—they have not varied during five months."

A certain number of trusty royalists, concealed at Paris, and distributed in the ranks of the national guard, were vaguely initiated into this plan of escape. It consisted in bribing some of the commissaries charged with the surveillance of the prison, drawing up a list of the most devoted royalists in the national guard, in order that these men might, on a fixed day, compose the majority of the troops on guard at the Temple, disarm the rest of the detachment during the night, set the royal family at liberty, and escort them by relays prepared beforehand to Dieppe, where a fishing-bark would convey them to England with their principal liberators.

Toulan, intrepid and indefatigable in his zeal, and furnished with considerable sums, which a word from the king had procured him from his adherents in Paris, matured his plans in obscurity, transmitted intelligence of his partisans, sounded the principal leaders of the Convention, and in the Commune strove to obtain the aid even of Marat, Robespierre, and Danton, tempting the generosity of some and the cupidity of others; and each day more fortunate in his enterprises, and more certain of success, already reckoned several of the guardians of the tower, and five members of the Commune among the accomplices of his perilous designs. Thus a ray beamed into the hitherto dark dungeon, and kindled, if not the hope, at least the dream of liberty.

BOOK XXXIII.

I.

The Jacobins were now eager to wrest from the Girondists, in the face of the people, their secret, as to the life or death of the king. Impatient to arm themselves by raising the suspicion of royalism against their adversaries, they required the immediate discussion of this great text, in order to class their opponents among the weak or the traitorous. They knew the repugnance of Vergniaud to this cold-blooded immolation, made rather to the vengeance than the safety of the republic. They suspected the intentions of Brissot, Siéyès, Pétion, Condorcet, Guadet, and Gensonné, and they were eager to behold their repugnance or these scruples openly declared, in order to use them as a means of reprobation against the friends of Roland. The trial of the king was about to separate the strong from the weak; the people demanded this judgment as a satisfaction, the parties as a last struggle, the ambitious as a pledge that the government of there public should be in their hands.

II.

Pétion was the first to demand at the Convention that the question of the inviolability of the king should be put, and that they should deliberate on this indispensable preliminary of any trial, "Can the king be judged?" Morisson asserted that the inviolability declared by the constitution of 1791 protected the person of the sovereign from all other judgment than that of victory, and that any violence offered him in cold blood would be a crime. "If on the 10th of August," said he, "I had beheld Louis XVI. holding in his hand the poniard reeking with the blood of my brethren—if on that day I had clearly seen that he had given the order to massacre the citizens, he should have fallen by my hand. But several months have passed since then. He is in our power, without arms, defenseless, and we are Frenchmen. This situation is the law of laws."

III.

Saint Just rose at these words. Saint Just was from this moment, as it were, the exponent of Robespierre's

ideas, and developed them in anticipation. This young man, mute as an oracle and sententious as an axiom, seemed to have laid aside all human sensibility, to personify in himself the cold intelligence and pitiless march of the Revolution. He had neither eyes, ears, nor heart for every thing which appeared to oppose the establishment of the universal republic. Kings, thrones, blood, women, children, people—all that stood between him and his object—disappeared, or was destined to do so, for his passion had literally petrified him. Motionless at the tribune, frigid as an idea, his long, fair hair falling on his neck, the calm of absolute conviction imprinted on his almost feminine countenance, compared by his admirers to the *Saint John of the Messiah of the people*, the Convention contemplated him with that restless fascination exercised by some men who are placed on the uncertain limits that divide madness and genius. Attached to Robespierre alone, Saint Just held but little intercourse with the other members. He left his place in the Convention to appear as the precursor of the doctrines of his master, and when his speech was finished, he returned to it silent and impalpable—not a man, but a voice.

IV.

"You are told," said Saint Just, "that the king should be judged as a citizen, and I take it on myself to prove to you that he should be judged as an enemy. We have not to judge, but to combat him. The most fatal of those delays which our enemies seek to cast in our way will be that which would lead us to temporize with the king. At some future period the nations, as far above our prejudices as we are above the prejudices of the Vandals, will be astonished that a people could deliberate whether they had the right to judge a tyrant. They will be astonished to find the eighteenth century less enlightened than the age of Cæsar. That tyrant was immolated in the senate without any other formality than twenty-two poniard stabs, without any other law than the liberty of Rome; and to-day you try with respect an assassin of the people, a man seized with his hand red with blood from his crime. Those who attach any importance to the just chastisement of a king will never constitute a republic. You talk of inviolability: perhaps it once existed from citizen to citizen, but between

a king and the people no natural connection can exist; for the king is beyond the pale of that social contract that united the citizens, and can not be shielded by a bond to which he formed a tyrannical exception.

"Yet the laws are invoked in favor of him who destroyed them. What trial, what witness do you require of those crimes, which are every where written with the blood of the people? Did he not review his troops previous to the combat? Did he not fly, instead of preventing them from firing on the nation? But what avails it to seek for his crimes. No man can reign innocently, and every king is a rebel. And what justice could the tribunal to whom you would intrust his trial show him? Could it restore him his country, and call before it the will of the people, to make him reparation? Citizens, the tribunal that must judge Louis is a political council. What avails even an appeal to the people? The right of men against the king is personal, and the whole people could not constrain one single citizen to pardon his tyrant. But hasten, then, for there is not a man who has not the same right over him that Brutus had over Cæsar, Ankastroem over Gustavus. Louis is another Catiline. The murderer would swear, like the Roman consul, that he had saved his country by destroying it. You have seen his perfidious designs, and you have counted his armies; the traitor was not the king of the French, but the king of a few conspirators. He raised troops, he had private ministers, he had secretly proscribed all men of courage and resolution, he is the murderer of Nancy, Courtrai, the Champs-de-Mars, and the Tuileries. What foreign enemy has done us more injury? And you seek to excite pity for him; tears will soon be purchased, as they were at the Roman interments of the people, if the king be ever acquitted. Bethink thee that we are unworthy of thy confidence, and only view in us traitors!"

V.

The Mountain appropriated these words to itself by the enthusiasm with which it hailed them. Fouchet, braving the fury of the Assembly, made (but without being able to obtain a hearing) a courageous speech on the uselessness of death and the policy of magnanimity. "No, let us preserve," said he, "this criminal, who was a king. Let him

remain a living proof of the absurdity and the degradation of the monarchy. We will say to the nation, Behold this antropophagus, who laughed at you, at us—this was a king. No previous law had provided for his crime; he had passed the limits of all those foreseen in our penal code, and the nation avenges itself by a punishment more terrible than death; she exposes him to the universe by placing him on a scaffold of ignominy."

Grégoire, in one of the following sittings, attacked the theory of the inviolability of kings. "This fiction," said he, "does not survive the constitutional fiction which creates it." He demanded, not the death, but the sentence, with all its consequences, even were they death; and he prefaced this demand by these terrible words: "Is there a relation, a friend of our brothers who has been slain at our frontiers, who has not a right to bear his body to the feet of Louis XVI., and say, Behold thy work? And yet this man is not amenable to the justice of the people!"

"I disapprove," continued Grégoire, "of the punishment of death, and I trust that this remnant of barbarity will disappear from our laws. It is sufficient for society that the criminal can no longer injure it. What will be the consequence if, at the moment when the nations are about to burst their fetters, you proclaim the impunity of Louis XVI.? Europe would doubt your courage, and despots would take heart in that maxim of slavery that they hold their crown from God and their sword."

Numerous addresses from the departments and towns were read at the following sittings, all demanding the head of the assassin of the people. The first desire of the nation seemed to be to avenge rather than to defend itself.

VI.

A stranger sat among the members of the Convention—the philosopher, Thomas Paine, born in England, the apostle of American independence, the friend of Franklin, author of *Good Sense*, *The Rights of Man*, and *The Age of Reason*—three pages of the New Evangelist, in which he had brought back political institutions and religious creeds to their primitive justice and lucidity; his name possessed great weight among the innovators of the two worlds. His reputation had naturalized him in France, for that nation, who thought, who combated not for herself alone, but

for the whole universe, recognized as countrymen all those zealous in the cause of reason and liberty. The patriotism of France, like that of religion, was not in the same language, or the approximation of frontiers, but in the fellowship of ideas. Paine, the friend of Madame Roland, Condorcet, and Brissot, had been elected by the town of Calais; the Girondists consulted him, and had placed him in the Comité de Surveillance. Robespierre himself affected for the cosmopolite radicalism of Paine the respect of a neophyte for ideas that are but dim and indistinctly understood. Paine had been loaded with favors by the king at the time when he had been sent to Paris to entreat succor from France for America, and Louis XVI. had given the nascent republic 6,000,000 francs (£250,000). It was into the hands of Franklin and Paine that the king had confided this gift; and gratitude for past kindness should have sealed the lips of the philosopher; but he had neither the memory nor the dignity befitting his station. Unable to express himself in French at the tribune, he wrote and read to the Convention a letter, ignoble in its language as cruel in its intentions, a long series of insults, heaped, even in the depths of a dungeon, upon a man whose generous assistance he had formerly solicited, and to whom he owed the preservation of his own country. "Considered as an individual, this man is unworthy the notice of the republic, but as an accomplice of the conspiracy against the people, you are bound to judge him," said Paine. "As regards inviolability, that must not be mentioned; only look upon Louis XVI. as a man of limited abilities, badly brought up, like all kings, subject, it is said, to frequent fits of intemperance, and whom the Constituent Assembly would imprudently re-establish on a throne for which he was never fitted."

VII.

It was in these terms that the voice of America, freed by Louis XVI., resounded in the dungeons of that monarch. An American, a citizen, a philosopher, demanded, if not the life, at least the ignominy of the king who had sheltered with French bayonets the cradle of the liberty of his country. Ingratitude expressed itself in outrages; and the philosopher degraded himself below despotism in the language of Paine. Madame Roland and her friends

loudly applauded the republican rudeness of this act and these expressions, and the Convention unanimously voted the impression of this letter; but public feeling was indignant; it was rather the world that should hate Louis XVI. than the apostle of America and the friend of Franklin.

VIII.

The Duc d'Orléans, whom Hébert had baptized by the name of Philippe Egalité, and who had accepted this name in order to abandon all vestige of that of the Bourbons, mounted the tribune after Paine's letter had been read. "Citizens," said he, "my daughter, aged fifteen years, went to England in the month of October, 1791, with the citizen De Genlis-Sillery, her governess, and two young persons, brought up with her from their infancy; the one is the citizen Henriette Sercey, an orphan, and the other the citizen Pamela Seymour, who has been naturalized in France for several years. The citizen Sillery has educated all my children, and their conduct proves that she early instilled into them republican principles. One of the motives of this journey was to remove her from the influence of the principles of a woman (her mother), no doubt very estimable, but whose opinions on the present state of affairs have not always been in conformity with my own. While such cogent reasons retained my daughter in England, my sons were with the army. I have not ceased to be amid you; and I may safely assert that myself and children would not have been among those citizens who would have incurred the least danger, had not the cause of liberty triumphed. It is absurd, it is impossible to look upon the absence of my daughter as emigration; but the slightest doubt is sufficient to torment a father, and I therefore entreat you, citizens, to calm my uneasiness. If, however —and I can not believe it possible—you exercise the whole rigor of the law on my child, however painful it may be to me, the sentiments of nature shall not overpower the duty of a citizen, and by removing her from this country in obedience to the law, I shall prove again how great a value I attach to this title of citizen, which I prefer above all."

The Assembly disdainfully referred the demand of the Duc d'Orléans to the Comité de Legislation. The Convention, who no longer needed accomplices, began to dread

the presence of a Bourbon among its members—too near the throne to be employed without danger, too faithful to the Revolution to be accused by it, it covered him with a tolerance closely resembling forgetfulness—it wished to blot out all recollection of him, and he sought to do the same; but his too illustrious name denounced him to the republic. It was the crime from which his prostration before the people could not absolve him, and his name, though repudiated, crushed him. France and Europe asked themselves how his patriotism would support the terrible test of the trial of his kinsman, and friend, and king.

Nature refused, and opinion demanded from him the head of Louis XVI., and they trembled to say whether nature or opinion would triumph.

IX.

At the same moment, Paris and the departments, threatened by famine, were excited more by the effect of the panic than the reality of the dearth. The discredit into which the *assignats*, a paper currency, had fallen, augmented the price of grain, and this scarcity of corn led to robberies of the markets and granaries. All the small towns near Paris—that granary of France—were in a perpetual state of sedition; and the commissaries of the Convention, sent to the spot, were insulted and driven away. The people demanded from them bread and priests, and they returned to the Convention to declare their alarm, and their impotency to quell those tumults. "We are fast tending to anarchy," said Pétion. "We destroy ourselves with our own hands: there are hidden causes of all these disturbances, for they invariably break out in the departments best supplied with corn. Conspirators, who degrade the Convention, tell us what you demand. We have abolished all tyranny; we have abolished the royalty; what more would you have?"

Religious ideas agitated the departments at this period, and the seditious adopted the cross as a standard; Danton became alarmed at this. "All the evil is not in the panic caused by the dearth," said he to the Convention; "an imprudent idea has been awakened in this assembly—that of no longer paying the priests. This has been supported by philosophical ideas dear to me, for I know no other God

than that of the universe—no other religion than that of justice and liberty, but I think that it would be advisable that the Convention should issue an address, to assure the people that it wishes to destroy nothing, but to perfect every thing; and that if we pursue fanaticism, it is because we desire perfect freedom of religious opinion. But there is another measure which demands the prompt decision of the Assembly," continued Danton, who was rather forced into this manifestation against Louis XVI., than induced to bring it forward of his own free will. "The judgment of the *ci-devant* king is anxiously expected; on the one side the republicans are indignant, because this process seems interminable, while, on the other, the royalists are straining every nerve; and as they yet retain their fortune and their pride, you will perhaps behold the conflict of two parties. Every thing urges you to accelerate the trial of the king."

X.

Robespierre, who would not yield to Danton the priority of this motion, joined in the demand, that "the last tyrant of the French, the rallying point of all the conspirators, the cause of all the troubles of the republic, should be promptly sentenced to the punishment of his crimes."

Marat, Legendre, and Jean-Bon-Saint-André burst into the same cry of impatience, and poured on the king alone the tide of anger, alarm, and agitation that threatened the republic. The trial of the king became the order of the day at the Convention.

It was the same at the Jacobins: there Chabot inveighed against Brissot, and reproached him with having secretly rejoiced in the massacre of September, in the hope that his former accomplice and present enemy, the libeler Morande, the depositary of his secrets, would perish by the hands of the people.

XI.

The conclusion of all these philippics of the Jacobins against Roland, Brissot, Pétion, and Vergniaud, was the defiance thus hurled at the Jacobins, to shrink from the trial of Louis XVI., and refuse the people his head, unless they avowed themselves traitors to their country.

At the same sitting of the Jacobins, Robespierre repel-

led, as Danton had done at the Convention, the idea of withdrawing the government salary from the priests. Robespierre and others recoiled timidly in the interest of their party from the rational application of the dogma of the independence of religious belief, and the absolute emancipation of the reason of the people.

They proclaimed their religion a falsehood, and they demanded that the republic should pay the priests charged to preach that faith which they termed a falsehood. Thus the most firm believers in the Revolution, who did not recoil from the blood of their fellow-citizens—Europe in arms—and the scaffold, recoiled before the influence of national custom, and adjourned the truth of the intercourse between God and man, rather than adjourn their own power. How closely is weakness allied to strength. "My God," said Robespierre, in a letter to his constituents, "is that divinity, who created all men to enjoy equality and liberty—who protects the oppressed and destroys the tyrants? My religion is that of justice and humanity; and I do not particularly love the power of the priests. It is another chain on humanity, but it is an invisible chain that fetters the mind. The legislator may assist reason to free itself from it, but not to break it. Our situation in this respect appears to me favorable, for the empire of superstition is almost entirely destroyed. Already it is less the priest who is the object of veneration, than the idea of that religion that the priest personifies in the eyes of the people. Already the torch of philosophy, penetrating the darkest spots, has dispelled all those ridiculous phantoms that the ambition of priests and the policy of kings order us to adore in the name of Heaven. Naught now remains in our minds save those eternal dogmata on which our moral ideas rest, and the touching and sublime doctrines of charity which the son of Mary formerly taught. Soon, doubtless, the evangelist of reason and liberty will be the evangelist of the universe. The dogma of the Divinity is implanted in every mind; the people connect it with the religion they have hitherto professed; and to attack this dogma would be to attack the morality of the nation. Do not say that is not a question as to whether we shall abolish this religion, but only of not paying it, for those who believe in it think that not to pay it, or to suffer it to perish, is the same thing. Besides, do you not perceive that by giving up the citizens to the individuality of religion, you kindle the sig-

nal of discord in every town and every village? Some would wish for a religion, others would wish for none, and would thus become mutual objects of contempt and hatred."

XII.

Thus Danton and Robespierre himself, by a strange and cowardly concession of their principles, wished to re-establish in the name of the republic that official uniformity of conscience, which they reproached in the policy of the kings. They deprived the people of a king, and yet they did not venture to declare that the pay of the clergy should cease. This inconsistency of Robespierre, who masked his weakness under a sophism, afforded food for the sarcasms of his enemies. Carra, Gorsas, Brissot, the editors of the principal Girondist journals, affected to pity *his superstition*, and to construe his complaisance into ridicule: "We ask ourselves," said they, "why there are so many females at Robespierre's house, at the tribunes of the Jacobins, at the Cordeliers—at the Convention? Because the French Revolution is a religion and Robespierre wishes to form a sect of it. He belongs to that class of priests who have their devotees, and all his power is in a distaff. Robespierre preaches, Robespierre censures; he is furious, grave, melancholy, and thunders against the rich and great. He lives on a trifle, he has but one mission—to speak, and he talks unceasingly. He has all the characteristics of the founder of a religion. He has made himself a reputation for sanctity; he talks of God and Providence, and terms himself the support of the poor and oppressed: he causes himself to be followed by women and men of small intellect. Robespierre is a priest, and will never be any thing else."

XIII.

On the other hand, Marat, absent from the Convention and concealed in the vaults of the Cordeliers since the insult of Westermann and the threats of the *fédérés*, denounced thence the faction of the Gironde, as a constant conspiracy against the country. "I am not the only one," he wrote, "whom they compel to seek his safety in an obscure cavern, in order to escape their daggers; this atrocious faction assail Robespierre, Danton, Panis, and all the

deputies whom they can not silence through fear. They make out their lists of proscribed men, under the auspices of their leader Roland. And who are these public enemies of every upright man? Those who in the Constituent Assembly have sacrificed the rights and interests of the people to the court—Camus, Grégoire, Roland, Siéyès, Buzot: these are the men who in the Legislative Assembly have conspired with the executive power, and declared a disastrous war in concert with Narbonne, La Fayette, and Dumouriez—these are the men who demand the dismemberment of France, and the removal of the National Assembly to Rouen; I speak of such men as Lasource, Lacroix, Fouchet, Gensonné, Vergniaud, Brissot, Kersaint, Barbaroux, Guadet—these vile conventional puppets of Roland. I am reproached with concealing myself from the poniards of these hired assassins, but when I can by my death insure the happiness of the people, they shall see if I fear to die."

Marat soon after reappeared, escorted by men armed with sabers and clubs, and followed by groups of women and children in rags. He went with this train to the door of the Convention. "And I am accused," he wrote the next day, "of advocating murder and assassination; I, who have only demanded a few drops of impure blood, in order to avoid the effusion of torrents of innocent. It is the pure love of humanity which has induced me to veil for a moment my sensibility, to demand the death of the enemies of the human race. Sensible and just hearts, to you I appeal against the calumnies of these men of stone, who would behold, unmoved, a handful of scoundrels immolate the nation. It is at the country house of Vermerange, of Thilles, near the village of Gonesse, that the leaders of this faction meet once a-week—at the same place and table where, two years ago, Chapelier, Dandré, Maury, and Cazalès met.

XIV.

At the same period, Camille Desmoulins, together with Merlin de Thionville, published a journal to defend the cause of Robespierre, with this heading, which revealed the daily thought of the Jacobins: *There is no victim more agreeable to the gods than an immolated king.* "I do not know," said Camille Desmoulins, "whether Robespierre

should not tremble at the success he has obtained over his cowardly accusers. What is virtue, if Robespierre be not its image? what are eloquence and talent if the speech of Robespierre be not their *chef d'œuvre:* this speech, in which I have found all the irony of Socrates with all the keenness of Pascal, and two or three passages equal to the finest bursts of Demosthenes? Robespierre, Lacroix accused thee of having uttered a word that merited condemnation; but such is the idea I have formed of thy virtue, that I concluded this word could not be criminal, since thou hadst used it. As for Marat, who often terms me his son, this relationship does not sometimes prevent me from keeping aloof from my father. But Marat is not a party; Marat stands alone. Brissot—Brissot—here is a party; glance at the committees of the Convention. Brissot every where; Robespierre nowhere. Do you know what unites the Girondists? The hatred of Paris, the hatred of the people. They hate Paris because Paris is the head of the nation, and contains a vast populace—the terror of traitors."

XV.

One of those fortuitous chances which occasionally happen in the midst of events, to aggravate and unravel them, suddenly furnished the Jacobins with fresh arms against the Girondists and accusations against Louis XVI. It will be remembered that this prince, mistrusting the safety of the Tuileries, some days before the 10th of August, had constructed, in the wall of a dark passage, leading to his cabinet, a secret closet, covered with an iron door and a wooden panel. The king had been assisted by the companion of his manual toil, when he, in other days forgot the cares of royalty in the labor of the smith. This man, of whom we have already spoken, was a locksmith of Versailles, named Gamain. He was tenderly attached to Louis XVI., and nothing could have induced him to betray him, had not the general delirium and the entreaties of his wife gradually eradicated from his heart his love for the king. But this robust workman, having been attacked by slow fever immediately after the construction of this hiding-place, reflected with all the ardor of a heated imagination, by what means his body, until that time strong and healthy, could suddenly have lost all its strength, and wasted away as though stricken by the hand of death.

He at last called to memory a circumstance, trifling in appearance, but which his disordered brain perverted into food for suspicion. From suspicion to accusation there is but a short transition in the mind of a simple and impressionable man, and his imagination cleared it at a bound. Gamain remembered that during the hard labors of the forge, the king had offered him some refreshment, and given him, with his own hand, a glass of cold water. Whether the chill of the water had struck him, or that the commencement of his illness naturally coincided with this epoch in his life, Gamain believed himself poisoned by the hand of his king and friend, whose interest, he said, it was to rid himself of the only witness of the treasure contained in the walls of the palace.

Gamain communicated these suspicions to his wife, who shared in and increased them. He strove for a long time against the suggestions of his heart; but at last, overpowered by despair at perishing by so infamous a plot, and fearing lest his silence might, at some future period, be imputed against him as a crime, he resolved to revenge himself ere he died, and reveal this mystery, of which he alone was cognizant. He went to Roland and made his deposition. Either from his desire to seize these fresh *pièces de conviction* against royalty, from a hope of finding written proofs of the corruption of Danton, Marat, and Robespierre himself; or that he feared surrendering to the Convention correspondences which would compromise his own friends, he hastened to clutch his prey like a man whose eye and hand are equally prompt to detect a secret. Roland did not reflect on the immense responsibility he took upon himself by a discovery without witnesses. He did not summon any members of the Convention to break the seals; but he made Gamain get into his carriage, went to the Tuileries, burst open the door of the closet, collected its contents, and took them to the ministère de l'intérieur, to examine them before producing them in the Convention. At the announcement of the discovery of this treasure of accusation, a cry of joy arose in Paris; a murmur of indignation burst forth in the Convention at the temerity of the minister. All the parties mutually accused each other of some occult complicity, of which the iron chest contained the proofs, and all trembled lest Roland had examined and sorted these proofs of treason. All, with the exception of the Girondists, made a crime of his impatience, and

of having substituted the hand of a minister for the eye of the nation in the examination of this *dépôt* of treason and intrigue. Although in the course of the day Roland laid the contents of the iron chest on the table of the president, yet the fact of his having been the only person present at their discovery, and of having perused ere he surrendered them, laid him open to a suspicion of abstracting and partiality. The Convention charged a committee of twelve to draw up a report on these papers, and the members therein implicated. They contained the secret treaty of the court with Mirabeau, and positive proofs of the corruption of this great man. The truth quitted the walls of the palace in which it had been inclosed, to accuse his memory in his tomb. Barrère, Merlin, Duquesnoy, Rouger, the most eminent members of the Legislative Assembly—and under this denomination came Guadet, Vergniaud, and Gensonné—were mentioned, if not accused, of having been in secret communication with Louis XVI. These correspondences, for the most part, rather revealed those vague plans which political adventurers offer in exchange for a little gold to power in distress, than decided plans or actual participation; and nearly the whole of them terminated by immense demands (amounting to millions of francs) on the king's treasury. They promised the sovereign names and consciences, that were, themselves, unaware that they were made matters of barter. Barrère, Guadet, Merlin, Duquesnoy, easily absolved themselves from fictitious accusations. One man only in the Assembly had negotiated for "his most sweet voice" and his influence at court—this was Danton. However, the proofs of his connection with the monarchy were in England, in the hands of a minister of Louis XVI. The iron chest was silent with respect to him.

XVI.

Barbaroux, in order to divert the suspicions which were excited against Roland, demanded that Louis XVI. should be the first accused. Robespierre, who had been silent until then, spoke, not as a judge who holds the balance, but as an enemy who grasps the sword. Robespierre had at least the merit of depriving this state murder of the hypocrisy of the usual forms of proceeding. He condemned Louis as if he had been supreme judge, and executed him

as if he had only been lopping off a principle. It was this frank audacity which subsequently led away so many minds, and caused the admirers of Robespierre to forget that in this principle there was a king—in this king a man—in this man life—life, of which society deprives no man for the crime of his situation, but for the crime of his acts and his intentions.

"You are drawn away from the real merits of the question; there are no proceedings here!" he said. "Louis is not accused—you are not judges. You have no sentence to pass for or against a man, but a measure of public safety to take—an act of national providence to enforce. (Applause.) What is the line prescribed by sound policy to cement the new-born republic? It is to engrave deeply into all hearts a contempt for royalty, and to strike with affright the partisans of the king. But to present to the universe his crime as a problem, his cause as the object of the most important, the most vital discussion that ever existed; to place an immeasurable space between the memory of what was, and the title of a citizen, is the precise mode of making him most dangerous to liberty. Louis XVI. *was* king, and the republic *is* founded. The great question that now occupies you is solved by this one word—Louis is dethroned by his crimes: he conspired against the republic; he is condemned, or the republic is not acquitted. (Loud applause.) To propose to arraign Louis XVI. is to put the Revolution on its trial. If he may be tried, he may be acquitted; if he may be acquitted, he may be innocent; and if he be innocent, what becomes of the Revolution? If he be innocent, what are we but his calumniators!

"Be on your guard, citizens; they seek to deceive you with false notions. The majestic movements of a great people, the sublime impulses of virtue, are represented to us as the eruptions of a volcano; and, like the overturning of political society, when a nation is compelled to have recourse to insurrection to obtain its rights it returns to a state of nature. With respect to its tyrant—how can he appeal to the social compact, when he has by his own act destroyed it? What laws replace it? Those of nature, and the people's safety. The right to punish the tyrant or to dethrone him is the same thing. The proceeding against the tyrant is insurrection—his sentence is his fall from power; his punishment that exacted by the liberty of the people. The people dart their thunderbolts, that is, their sen-

tence: they do not condemn kings, they suppress them—thrust them back again into nothingness.

"Two months since, and who would ever have supposed there would be a question here of the inviolability of kings? Yet to-day a member of the National Convention, citizen Pétion, brings the question before you as though it were one for serious deliberation! What a shame! What a crime! The tribune of the French people has echoed the panegyric of Louis XVI. Louis still fights against us from the depths of his dungeon, and you ask if he be guilty, and if he may be treated as an enemy? Will you allow the constitution to be invoked in his favor? If that should be so, the constitution condemns you, and forbids you to overturn it. Go, then, to the feet of the tyrant, and implore his pardon and clemency.

"But there is another difficulty—to what punishment shall we condemn him? The punishment of death is too cruel, says one. No, says another, life is more cruel still, and we must condemn him to live. Ye, his advocates, would ye, by pity or from cruelty, avert from him the punishment of his crimes? For myself, I abhor the penalty of death. I have neither love nor hate for Louis; I hate nothing but his crimes. I have demanded the abolition of the punishment of death in the Constituent Assembly, and it is not my fault if the first principles of reason have appeared moral and judicial heresies. But you have never been of opinion that this relaxation of punishment should be exercised in favor of the unhappy persons whose offenses are pardoned and pardonable. By what singular fatality are you reminded of your humanity, in order to plead the cause of the greatest of criminals? Do you ask an exception from the pain of death for him who alone could render it legitimate? A dethroned king in the very heart of a republic not yet cemented!—a king whose very name drew foreign hostilities on the nation! Neither prison nor exile can render his an innocent existence. It is with regret I pronounce the fatal truth. Louis must perish rather than a hundred thousand virtuous citizens! Let Louis perish that the country may live!"

XVII.

The speech of Robespierre, interrupted by sinister applause, had the same effect on opinion as a weight in the

balance; and the eloquence and boldness of his sophistry astonished and overpowered the conviction of all. In his majestic axioms, Robespierre not only placed the king beyond the pale of the law, but of nature; and in these magnificent but erroneous invocations of natural rights, the eloquent sophist did not, doubtless, perceive that he gave every citizen the right of striking himself, disarmed and without trial, by the right of his doctrine or his rage. He confounded insurrection with murder, and the right of combat with that of immolation.

XVIII.

Buzot, in one of the sittings that followed this discussion, proposed to punish with death any one who should propose the restoration of the royalty under what form soever; and he also demanded that the king should be interrogated, were it only to learn the names of his accomplices: his gesture and smile pointed out Robespierre and Danton.

Roland continued to read the report on the papers found in the iron chest. One letter was a secret communication from the king to the bishops of France, demanding whether he could receive the sacraments at the festivals commemorative of the birth and death of Christ. "I have accepted," said he to them, "the fatal civil constitution of the clergy: I have always considered this acceptance as forced on me, firmly resolved, if I regain my power, to re-establish the Catholic faith." The bishops replied by a severe admonition, and a prohibition from receiving the sacraments, until he had expiated, by numerous good works, the crime of having aided in the Revolution. A demand was made that the ashes of Mirabeau, convicted by these documents of venality, should be removed from the Pantheon. "Arrest his memory if you will," said Manuel, "but do not condemn it unheard."

XIX.

The people, however, excited by the apprehension of famine and invasion, grew impatient at the delays of the Assembly, crowded round the doors, and declared that there would be no wheat in the market, or victory on the frontiers, until the death of Louis XVI. had expiated his faults, and destroyed the hopes of the monopolists and con-

spirators. Tumultuous bodies of men surrounded the Temple, threatened to force the gates, and drag out the prisoners. These agitations served Robespierre's party as a pretext for demanding that sentence without judgment, and immediate death.

The Convention nominated twenty-one members to draw up the questions to be addressed to Louis XVI. and his *acte d'accusation*. It moreover decided that the king should be called to the bar to hear this accusation read, that two days should be granted him to reply to it, and that the day after his reply his sentence should be pronounced by *appel nominal* of all the members present.

Marat mounted the tribune after this decree, denounced Roland and his friends as systematically starving the people, to urge them to excess; then, suddenly turning against Robespierre and Saint Just, "Attempts are being made," said he, "to urge the patriots of this Assembly into inconsiderate measures, by demanding that we vote the death of the tyrant by acclamation. I recall you to the greatest composure. It is with prudence we must decide. (The deputies looked at each other as though they doubted their ears.) Yes," continued Marat gravely, "let us not afford the enemies of liberty the pretext for the atrocious calumnies they would heap on us if we abandon ourselves, as regards Louis XVI., to the dictates of our force and our anger, to discover the traitors; and there are many in this Assembly. (Several voices, 'Name the traitors!') There is an infallible means; let the vote of all the deputies be published." Loud applause followed Marat to his seat.

XX.

Chabot, after Marat, upon the denunciation of Achille Viard, an adventurer who sought importance by equivocal connections with all parties, accused the Girondists, and especially Madame Roland, of secret correspondence with Narbonne, Malhouet, and other constitutionalists who had taken refuge in London, for the purpose of saving the king, and intimidating the Convention by an assemblage of ten thousand *modérés*, who did not desire the death of the tyrant.

This imaginary conspiracy, of which Chabot, Bazire, and Merlin, and a few *exaltés*, members of the Convention, had dreamed, occasioned a scene of invective between the two parties, in which words, gestures, and looks were exchang-

ed, that placed the representatives of the republic on a level with the lowest dregs of the populace.

From that day their language changed like their manners, and assumed the rudeness and the triviality of the people instead of the effeminacy and affectation of the court. The two parties, in their fury, used the ignoble expressions of the populace. The blood of September seemed to flow in their discussions. "These men are blockheads, knaves, and scoundrels," cried Marat, pointing to Grangeneuve and his friends. "I demand from thee," returned Grangeneuve, "what proof thou hast of my infamy?" The tribunes took the part of Marat, and loaded the Girondists with abuse.

XXI.

Amid all this tumult and mutual outrage, Madame Roland, summoned by the Convention to confront her accuser, Viard, appeared at the bar of the Assembly.

The aspect of a young and beautiful woman, the chief of a party, combining in herself the seductions of nature with the *prestige* of genius, at once confused and proud at the part her importance in the republic assigned her, inspired the Assembly with silence, decency, and admiration. Madame Roland defended herself with the simplicity and modesty of an accused person conscious of her innocence, and who disdains to refute these charges by aught save truth. Her clear voice trembled amid the favorable and attentive silence of the Assembly. This voice of a woman which for the first time succeeded the hoarse clamors of irritated men, and seemed to lend a new tone to the accents of the tribune, added a fresh charm to her eloquence. Viard, convicted of impudence, remained silent, and loud applause acquitted Madame Roland, who quitted the Convention amid universal marks of respect and enthusiasm, and bearing with her the secret triumph of having appeared amid the senate of her country, of having for a moment attracted the eyes of all France, avenged her friends, and confounded her enemies. "Behold this triumph," said Marat to Camille Desmoulins: "these tribunes that remained unmoved, this people that remains silent, are more wise than we." Robespierre himself despised this ridiculous conspiracy of Chabot, and smiled for the last time at the beauty and innocence of Madame Roland.

XXII.

The Girondists, in their turn, wished to cause a diversion from the king's trial, and defy the Jacobins, by proposing the expulsion from the territory of all the members of the House of Bourbon, and especially the Duc d'Orléans. Buzot undertook to pronounce this fresh ostracism. "Citizens," said he, "the throne is destroyed; the tyrant will soon perish; but despotism still exists. Like the Romans, after the expulsion of Tarquin, who swore never to suffer a king in the city, so do you owe to the republic the banishment of the family of Louis XVI. If an exception could be made, it would be in favor of the Orléans branch. From the commencement of the Revolution, D'Orléans riveted the attention of the people; and his bust, carried about Paris the day of insurrection, presented a new idol. He was soon accused of projects of usurpation, and if it be true he did not conceive them, they at least existed, and were sheltered beneath his name. An immense fortune, intimate connections with the English nobility, the name of Bourbon for the foreign powers, of Egalité for the French, children whose youthful and daring courage may easily be seduced by ambition, render it impossible for Philippe to remain in France without alarming liberty. If he love, if he have served his country, he will complete his sacrifice, and deliver us from the presence of a descendant of the captives. I demand that Philippe, his wife, and children, bear into some other country the misfortune of being born near a throne, of having learned its maxims and received its example, and of bearing a name which might serve as a rallying cry for faction, and with which the ears of a free citizen should no longer be wounded."

This proposal, seconded by Louvet, combated by Chabot, supported by Lanjuinais, and suspected by Robespierre, agitated for some days the Convention and the Jacobins, and was adjourned until after the trial of the king. The aim of the Girondists in making this proposal was double: on the one hand, they wished to gain credit with the violent party, by flattering the passion and even the ingratitude of the people; and, on the other, cast on Robespierre, Danton, and Marat, the suspicion of secret connivance in the future royalty of the Duc d'Orléans.

XXIII.

But these powerless diversions distracted, without suspending, public passion, which invariably returned to the Temple. While the commissioners chosen by the Convention fulfilled their mission to the king, Robert Lindet, deputy of the Eure, read the second *acte d'accusation*. The trial being resolved upon already, a dispute arose on the *appel au peuple*. The Girondists persisted in demanding this revision of justice after the trial, and they were supported in this opinion by all those members of the Convention who, without belonging to either party, wished to refuse the cruel vengeance of the republic blood it had no right to shed, and for which it did not thirst. Their speeches, hailed by the sarcasms and threats of the tribunes, were lost in the general clamor, but were destined at a later period to find an honorable echo for their name in the consciences of the people themselves. Truth finds its revenge in the lapse of time.

XXIV.

Buzot, while voting the death of Louis XVI. as the punishment of his crimes, also reserved the appeal to the people. "You are placed, I know, between two perils," said he to his colleagues. "If you refuse the appeal to the people, you will have a rising in the departments to oppose the execution of your sentence. If you grant it, you will have a rising in Paris, and the assassins will endeavor to massacre the victim. But because villains can murder Louis XVI., that is no reason why we should be guilty of this crime. As for the outrages which would assail us in this case, and though I become the first victim of the assassins, I will yet dare to speak the truth, and at least I shall have the consolatory hope that my death will be avenged. Just and equitable men, pronounce a conscientious opinion on Louis XVI., and thus fulfil your duty." Robespierre, in another discourse, accused the Girondists of wishing to perpetuate the danger of the country, by perpetuating a trial which they sought to have decided by forty-eight thousand tribunals. Then quitting the question itself to grapple with his enemies, and turn against them the indulgence they showed the tyrant—"Citizens," said

he, "the man who told you yesterday you were hastening to the dissolution of the Convention, told you a great truth. Do you need any other proof than this discussion. Is it not evident that it is less Louis XVI. who is to be tried than the most strenuous defenders of their country? Is it against the pretended tyranny of Louis XVI. that men revolt? No, it is against the pretended tyranny of the few oppressed patriots. Are the plots of the aristocracy exposed? No, it is the *soi-disant* dictatorship of some deputies of the people, who are in readiness to affect the tyranny. They wish to preserve the tyrant to oppose him to the powerless patriots. The traitors, they dispose of the whole public power and the state treasures, and yet accuse us of despotism. There is not a single hamlet in the republic in which they have not slandered us. They violate the secrecy of letters, to arrest all patriotic correspondence, and yet they cry shame. Yes, doubtless, citizens, there does exist a plot to degrade and perhaps dissolve the Convention on the occasion of this trial. This project exists, not in the people, not in those who, like ourselves, have sacrificed every thing for liberty, but in a score of *intrigants*, who set all these springs in motion, who remain silent, and who carefully abstain from pronouncing their opinion on the late king, but whose silent and underhand activity produces all the troubles that agitate us. Let us, however, console ourselves: virtue was always in the minority on earth. (Here the Montagne rose, and loud applause for a long time interrupted Robespierre.) Virtue was ever in the minority on earth, and without that, the earth would be peopled with tyrants and slaves. Hampden and Sidney were in the minority, for they fell on the scaffold. Cæsar and Clodius were in the majority; but Socrates was in the minority, for he drank of the hemlock; and Cato, for he died by his own hand. I know many here who would serve liberty in the same manner as Hampden and Sidney. (Applause from the tribunes.) People," continued Robespierre, "spare us at least this disgrace, and reserve thine applause for the day when we have merited it by passing a law useful to humanity. Citizens, whoever you are, watch well the Temple: confound the plots of your enemies. Fatal care," continued he, with a gesture of despair, "was it not sufficient that despotism had so long oppressed the earth? must its very guardianship be another source of calamity for us?"

Robespierre ceased, having excited attention by these last words, and the desire of terminating, by a speedy death, a situation that weighed heavily on the republic.

XXV.

Vergniaud, whose silence had been too clearly accused by Robespierre, hesitated between the dread of rendering these dissentions irreconcilable and the horror he felt at immolating in cold blood a king whom he had dethroned, for this orator conceded nothing to motion, ambition, or fear. He possessed that genius that elevates itself to impartiality, and beheld every thing with the eye of posterity. He at length yielded to the entreaties of his friends, the urgency of the moment, and the impulse of his own sensibility, and mounted the tribune. Public attention was already awakened, and all Paris was impatient to listen to him, for men felt that until Vergniaud had spoken the greatest truths of the Revolution had not been uttered.

After having proved that the power of the Convention was but a delegation of the power of the people; that if the tacit ratification of the nation sanctioned the secondary acts of the government and the administration, it was not the same with regard to great constitutional acts, in which the people reserved the direct exercise of their sovereignty; after having proved that the condemnation or acquittal, the punishment or pardon, of the head of the former government, was one of those essential acts of power which the nation could not alienate from itself; and after having shown the futility of the objections to the primary assemblies, to whom the *appel au peuple* would be referred, the Girondist orator turned, with all the power of his eloquence, and passion against Robespierre. "Intrigue, you are told, will save the king, for virtue is always in the minority on earth; but Catiline was in the minority in the Roman senate; and, had the insolent minority prevailed, Rome, the senate, and liberty would alike have perished; but in the Constituent Assembly, Cazalès and Maury were a minority, and if this minority—half aristocratic, half sacerdotal—had succeeded in stifling the majority, the Revolution would have been crushed, and you would now grovel at the feet of the king who now possesses nothing of his past grandeur save the remorse of having misused it. But, kings are in the minority on earth; and to enslave the peo-

ple they, like you, assert that virtue is in the minority. Thus, in the idea of those who profess this opinion, there are no really pure, devoted, and virtuous men in the republic but themselves, and, perhaps, a hundred of their friends, whom they will have the generosity to associate with their glory. Thus, in order that they may found a government worthy the principles they profess, it would be necessary to banish from the French territory all those families whose corruption is so profound, change France into a vast desert, and, for its prompter regeneration and its greater glory, surrender it to their sublime conceptions. To weaken beforehand the force of our replies, they have had recourse to the most vile, the most dastardly of all weapons—calumny. We are likened to Lameth, to La Fayette, to all these courtiers in whose downfall we have taken so great a share. We are accused—*certes* I am not astonished at it, for there are men whose every word is a lie, as it is the nature of the serpent to exist only to distill venom—we are accused, we are denounced, as on the 2d of September, to the pikes of the assassins; but we know that Tiberius Gracchus perished by the hands of the mistaken people whose cause he had constantly defended. Our fate does not appall us, for our blood belongs to the people, and in shedding it for them our sole regret will be that we have no more to offer them.

"We are accused of wishing to kindle civil war in the departments, or at least of causing troubles in Paris, because we maintain an opinion that displeases certain friends of liberty. But why should this opinion cause disturbances in Paris? Because these friends of liberty threaten with death the citizens who have the misfortune not to agree with them. It is thus they wish to prove that the National Convention is free. There will be disturbances in Paris, and you foretell them: I admire the sagacity of such a prophecy. Does it not seem very difficult to you, citizens, to predict that a house will be burned, when you yourselves bear in your hand the torch destined to kindle it?

"Yes, they wish for civil war, these men who make assassination a principle, and who, at the same time, designate as friends of tyranny the victims they seek to immolate to their fate. They desire civil war, these men who direct the murderer's steel against the representatives of the nation. They wish for civil war, these men who demand the dissolution of the government and Convention,

and who proclaim a traitor every man who does not revel in violence and bloodshed. I understand you: you wish to reign.

"I know that in revolutions we are forced to veil; the statute of the law that protects the tyranny it is necessary to veil. When you veil that law that consecrates the sovereignty of the people you commence a revolution in favor of tyrants. Courage was required on the 10th of August to attack Louis in the plenitude of his power; does it require as much to send him to death, disarmed and vanquished? A Cimbrian soldier entered the prison of Marius to slay him; but, terrified at his aspect, fled without daring to harm him. If this soldier had been a senator, think you he would have hesitated to vote for the death of the tyrant? What courage do you find in performing an act of which a coward is capable? (Immense applause.)

"The glory of my country is too dear to me to propose that the Convention should permit itself to be influenced, on so solemn an occasion, by the consideration of what other powers would or would not do; yet, from constantly hearing that we should act in this affair as a political power, I think it would be neither beneath your dignity or reason to speak for a moment politically. Whether Louis lives or dies, it is possible that England and Spain would declare themselves our enemies; but if the condemnation of Louis XVI. be not the cause, it is certain that his death will be the pretext. You will, I am confident, vanquish these new enemies: the courage of our soldiers and the justice of our cause are sufficient assurance. But what debt of gratitude will your country owe you for having shed torrents of blood by sea and land, for having executed in her name an act of vengeance, though it has become the cause of such calamities?

"When Cromwell wished to prepare the downfall of the party by whose aid he had destroyed the throne and brought Charles I. to the block, he made insidious propositions to the parliament, at which he well knew the nation would revolt, but which he caused to be supported by hired orators and loud outcries. The excitement soon became general, and Cromwell broke, without an effort, the instrument he had used to obtain the supreme power.

"Do you not hear every day, both here and in the streets, men exclaim, 'If bread is dear, the cause is at the Temple; if money is scarce and our troops ill fed, the cause is

at the Temple; if we suffer every day the sight of public disorder and misery, the cause is at the Temple!' Those who use this language well know that the dearness of bread, the want of money, and the scarcity of provisions in the army arise from other causes. What, then, are their projects? Who will assure me that these men will not, after the death of Louis clamor still more violently if bread is dear, if our armies are ill fed, and the calamities of war heightened by the declaration of England and Spain? The cause is in the Convention, who provoked these evils by the precipitate condemnation of Louis XVI. Who will assure me that in this new tempest, amid which all the murderers of the days of September will quit their dens, they will not present us, all reeking with blood and as a defender, a liberator—the chief said to be so necessary. A chief! Oh! if such was their audacity, they would only appear to fall by a hundred wounds. But to what horrors would Paris be a prey?—Paris, whose heroic courage against kings will be admired by posterity, and who will never understand its ignominious surrender to a handful of villains, the dregs of the human kind? Who could inhabit a city where reign desolation and death? And you, industrious citizens, whose industry is your only wealth, and whose means of existence would be destroyed, what will become of you? Whose hands will support your despairing families? Will you seek these false friends, these perfidious flatterers, who have precipitated you into this abyss? Ah! rather fly from them—I can tell you their answer: 'Go to the burial-grounds and dispute with the earth the flesh of the victims we have slain.' Or, 'Will you have food? behold it! blood and human flesh!—we have no other food to offer you!' You shudder, citizens. Oh, my country! in my turn, I demand to save thee from this deplorable crisis.

"But no, these days of mourning will never lower on us. These assassins—these petty Mariuses—are cowards! they know that did they attempt to execute these plots against the Convention, Paris would awake from her stupor, and that all the departments would unite to make them expiate the crimes with which they have already but too deeply stained the most memorable of revolutions. I am certain that liberty is not in their power, and, imbrued with blood, but victorious, it will find an empire and invincible defenders in the departments. But should not

the ruin of Paris, the division into federative governments, which would be the result—all these disorders, more probable than the civil wars with which we are threatened—be weighed against the life of Louis? I affirm that whatever may be the decree of the Convention, I declare every man a traitor to his country who does not submit to it. But if the opinion of consulting the people prevail, and seditious men rising against this triumph of national sovereignty should rebel, here is your post—here is the camp where you will fearlessly await your enemies."

This speech seemed for a moment to have extorted the life of Louis XVI. from the Convention. Fouchet, Condorcet, Pétion, and Brissot separated, with the same generosity, the man from the king, vengeance from victory, and, in their turn, used language worthy of liberty. But on the morrow of these speeches, liberty listened to nothing but its fears and resentments, and the most sublime discourses only found an echo in the bosoms of a few considerate men. Let us return to the Temple.

BOOK XXXIV.

I.

The king became accustomed to his captivity. His mind, formed for repose and silence, fortified itself by meditation, freed itself by prayer, and consoled itself by its bursts of tenderness during the hours passed with the only beings it had ever loved. Easily forgetting the grandeur whose weight had overwhelmed him, Louis XVI. had but one wish—to be forgotten in this tower, until foreign invasion, the joy of the people at the victories of the republic, or vicissitudes of the Revolution restored him—not to the throne—but, though in exile, to freedom and his family. The compassionate accents and the softening expression of his jailers kindled a ray of hope; and he fancied from these signs that the fury of the people began, in some measure, to abate. It subsided in reality; but, from the conviction of its approaching triumph, it was no longer necessary to hate the victim they were so soon to immolate.

II.

The 11th of December, while the royal family were at breakfast, they were disturbed and astonished by the roll of drums, the neighing of horses, and the tread of numerous bodies of troops; and they in vain questioned the commissaries who were present as to the cause of these unwonted sounds. At length the king was informed that the Maire de Paris and the Procureur de la Commune would, in the course of the morning, come to conduct him to the bar of the Convention, and that these troops were to form his escort. He also received an order to return to his apartment, and take leave of his son; as he would hold no further communication with his family until the day of his trial.

Although the prisoners believed this separation was but temporary, it did not take place without floods of tears and expressions of heart-rending anguish. The dauphin's bed was carried into his mother's chamber, while the king, after tenderly embracing his family, turned, with tearful eyes, to the commissaries. "What! gentlemen," said he, "deprive me of even the presence of my son—a child of seven years?" "The Commune thinks," replied one of the municipal officers, "that since you are to be *au secret* during your trial, your son must necessarily be confined either with you or his mother; and it has imposed the privation on that parent who, from his sex and courage, was best able to support it."

The king made no reply, but paced for a long time up and down his chamber; then, throwing himself into a chair, buried his head in his hands, and remained in this attitude during the two hours that preceded the arrival of the Commune. Secretly informed by Toulan of the stormy discussions respecting himself that had taken place at the Convention, Louis XVI. recalled all the events of his reign, and prepared to justify himself to his judges and to posterity.

At noon, Chambon, who had been elected Maire de Paris a few days previously, entered the king's chamber, accompained by Santerre and a group of officers of the national guard, and municipals wearing the tricolored scarf.

Chambon, the successor of Bailly and Pétion, was a learned and humane physician, whom public esteem, rath-

er than revolutionary favor, had raised to the dignity of the first magistrate of Paris. Of *modéré* principles, kind and warm-hearted, accustomed, by his professian, to sympathize with the unfortunate, compelled to execute orders repugnant to his feelings—the pity of the man was visible beneath the inflexibility of the magistrate. Chaumette, the son of a shoemaker of the south of France, who had been successively cabin-boy, séminariste, a lawyer's copying clerk, novice in a convent, journalist at Paris, and orator at the clubs—was one of those adventurers whom fortune and their natural restlessness toss on the waves of social order, until they rise to the top, only to be dashed to earth with greater violence.

His features, which wore an expression at the same time abject yet insolent, bore the traces of all the different phases through which he had passed previous to attaining the second magistracy of Paris. It was evident, from his tone and manner, that *he* was proud of this violent change of position, at which Chambon blushed; and that he mentally exulted at humiliating the throne before the cobbler's stall, and in using the tone of a master to his fallen and suffering monarch.

III.

Chambon, previous to ordering the secretary of the Commune, Colombeau, to read the decree citing *Louis* to the bar, addressed him with the solemn dignity and the faltering tone befitting a magistrate who speaks in the name of the people, but who addresses a fallen prince. Colombeau then read the decree in a loud voice. The Convention, to efface all monarchical titles, and to recall the king as a private individual to his family name, termed him Louis Capet. The king felt this degradation of his name more keenly than that of his other titles. "Gentlemen," replied he, "Capet is not my name; it is the name of one of my ancestors. I could have wished that my son at least had been permitted to remain with me during the two hours I have awaited you. However, this treatment is but part of the system adopted toward me throughout my captivity. I follow you, not in obedience to the orders of the Convention, but because my enemies are the more powerful." He put on a brown great-coat, took his hat, and followed the *maire*, who walked before him. On his arri-

val at the gate of the tower, the king got into the carriage of the *maire*, and then drove slowly away.

IV.

Paris wore the aspect of an armed camp. All the posts were doubled, and the muster-roll of the national guard called over every hour. A picket of 200 men watched in the court of each of the eight sections. A reserve with cannon was stationed at the Tuileries, and strong detachments patrolled the streets.

The escort assembled at the Temple was composed of cavalry, infantry, and artillery. A squadron of gendarmes opened the march. Then came three guns with their caissons, followed by the king's carriage. This was flanked by a double line of infantry and a regiment of cavalry, and three more guns formed the rear-guard. Every soldier was furnished with sixteen rounds of ammunition, and the battalions or squadrons marched at such a distance from each other that they could instantly form a line of battle. The citizens were rudely repulsed from the road, and ordered to return to their occupations. The alleys of trees that lined the Boulevards, the doors and windows, were alive with people, and every eye was fixed on the king. Louis himself gazed intently on the crowd, as though rejoiced at the spectacle of such an assemblage, after so long having been deprived of the society of men; or, as though seeking a glance of compassion and respect. The altered expression of his features struck, without touching, the people. His beard, which he had been compelled to let grow since his razors had been taken from him, covered his cheeks, lips, and chin with masses of light-colored hair, which deprived his mouth of its melancholy expression. His corpulence had changed into leanness, while his garments, now too large for his body, wasted by fever and anxiety, hung on him like borrowed raiment; and his whole appearance seemed, calculated by hatred or combined by chance, to present to the people a rude and repulsive, instead of a sad and touching sight.

V.

The cortège passed along the Boulevard, the Rue des Capucins, and the Place Vendôme, on its way to the Con-

vention. A profound silence prevailed among the crowd, for every man seemed to feel that a great crisis in the destiny of France was at hand. The king seemed more unmoved than the people; he recognized and named to the *maire* the different quarters, streets, and monuments. As he passed before the portes St. Denis and St. Martin, he inquired which of these two triumphal arches the Convention intended to pull down.

On his arrival in the Cour des Feuillants, Santerre dismounted, laid his hand on the king's arm, and led him to the bar of the Convention.

"Citizens of the tribunes," said the president, "Louis is at the bar. You are about to give a great lesson to kings, a great and useful example to nations. Bethink you of the silence which accompanied Louis from Varennes—a silence that was the precursor of the judgment of kings by the people."

The king seated himself opposite the chair in which he had sworn to maintain the constitution. The *acte d'accusation* was then read; it was one long enumeration of all the charges made by the revolutionary factions against the throne, and among which were included their own acts from the days of the 5th and 6th of October to the 10th of August. All the king's attempts to resist the overthrow of the monarchy were termed conspiracies, and his weakness treason. It was rather the accusation of his character and circumstances than of his crimes. His nature alone was culpable; he paid for the throne, the aristocracy, the priests, the emigration, La Fayette, the Girondists, and even the Jacobins themselves. He was the scape-goat of olden time, that bore the sins of all.

VI.

The king listened, unmoved, to this accusation; only at one or two passages, where it passed the bounds of even injustice and falsehood, and where he was reproached with shedding the blood of the people which he had so religiously spared during his reign, he could not prevent himself from betraying his indignation by a bitter smile and shrug from his shoulders. It was evident he expected every thing with the exception of being termed a sanguinary prince. He lifted his eyes to heaven, as though invoking God to witness his innocence.

VII.

Barrère, who presided that day at the Convention, after summing up in a few words the *acte d'accusation*, proceeded to interrogate the king. One of the secretaries of the Assembly, Valazé, approached the bar, and placed before the king's eyes all the documents relative to the trial. The president then inquired if the king recognized him.

There were two modes, equally dignified, by which Louis XVI. could defend himself. The first was to refuse to reply, and shroud himself in the inviolability of a king, or the resignation of a vanquished man; the other, openly to avow the efforts he had made, and which he had been obliged to make, to moderate the great leaders of the Revolution, and win them over to the cause of royalty, which his birth, his rank, and his oath to maintain the constitution obliged him to defend, since the royalty itself formed part of the constitution. The king could the more easily have adopted this course, as none of the contents of the iron chest proved a direct concert with the foreign powers against France. He denied the notes, the letters, the acts —he even denied all knowledge of the iron chest, which, closed up by himself, had opened to reveal his secrets. He thus weakened his defense, and from that day he was no longer a king contending with his people, but an accused man, contending with his judges, and who suffered advocates to come between the majesty of the throne and the majesty of the scaffold.

VIII.

Santerre, after the examination, took the king by the arm, and led him back to the waiting-room of the Convention, accompanied by Chambon and Chaumette. The length of the *interrogatoire* and mental agitation had perfectly exhausted him, and he staggered from faintness. Chaumette inquired if he wished for any refreshment, which the king refused. A moment after, vanquished by nature, and seeing a grenadier of the escort offer the Procureur de la Commune half a small loaf, Louis XVI. approached Chaumette, and asked him, in a whisper, for a piece. "Ask aloud for what you want," said Chaumette, retreating, as

hough he feared to be suspected of pity. "I ask for a piece of your bread," replied the king. "Divide it with me," returned Chaumette. "It is a Spartan breakfast—if I had a root, I would give you half."

The king named and counted all the streets. "Ah! here is the Rue d'Orléans," cried he, as they crossed it. "You should say the Rue d'Egalité," replied Chaumette. "Yes, yes," said the king, "on account of—" He stopped short, and remained for some time silent.

A little farther on, Chaumette, who had eaten nothing that morning, became suddenly unwell. "Doubtless," said the king to him, "it is the movement of the carriage that affects you; have you ever been on shipboard?" "Yes," replied Chaumette, "I have served under Admiral Lamotte Piquet." "Ah," said the king, "Admiral Lamotte Piquet was a brave man."

While this conversation was carried on, groups of men from the Halle au Blé, and coalmen, danced round the carriage, singing the Marseillais,—

"Tyran! qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons."

Loud cries of "*Vive la Revolution*" arose, as the cortège appeared, and were continued from the Tuileries to the Temple. As the king entered the Temple, he raised his eyes to the windows of the queen's apartment, which were blocked up with planks, as if his look, though intercepted by bars and boards, could communicate his thoughts to her. The *maire* conducted him to his chamber, and again signified to him the decree of the Convention, ordering his separation from his family. The king entreated the *maire* to obtain the revocation of so cruel an order. Chambon granted every thing in his power, and promised that the queen should be informed of his return. Cléry, the king's valet-de-chambre, had then an interview with the princesses, and transmitted to them the details he had learned of his master's *interrogatoire*. Cléry assured the queen of the active intervention of the foreign cabinets to save the king, and held out hopes that he would be only banished to Spain, a country which had not declared war against France. "Has any mention been made of the queen?" asked Madame Elizabeth. Cléry informed her that she had not been named in the *acte d'accusation*. "Ah!" replied the princess, as though a great load were taken off her mind, "perhaps they deem my brother's life necessary for their safety:

but the queen—these poor children—what obstacle can their lives present to their ambition?"

IX.

Scarcely had the king quitted the Convention, than Pétion and Trulhard obtained him the privilege of all prisoners —that of choosing two counsel for his defense. In vain did Marat, Duhem, Billaut-Varennes, and Chasles protest against this right of defense, and audaciously demand an exception to humanity, in the person of this *tyrant who had rebelled*—in vain did Thuriot exclaim, "The tyrant must lose his head on the scaffold"—the Convention unanimously declared against this butcher-like impatience, and maintained its dignity as a judge. Four of its members, Cambacères, Thuriot, Dupont de Bigorre, and Dubois de Crancé, were commissioned to bear to the Temple the decree that permitted the king to choose counsel.

The king selected the two most celebrated *avocats* of Paris, MM. Tronchet and Target, and gave the address of the country-house of the former; he however added, he did not know the residence of Target. These names were reported at once to the Convention, and the minister of justice, Garat, was charged to inform these gentlemen of the choice the king had made of them to fulfill the last office of zeal and devotion.

Tronchet, an advocate fitted for political struggles by the stormy debates of the Constituent Assembly, of which he had been an active member, unhesitatingly accepted the glorious mission conferred on him by a proscribed king.

Target, an imposing orator, but pusillanimous at heart, became alarmed at the danger of appearing as the accomplice of the king, and wrote a cruel and cowardly letter to the Convention, in which he refused, with visible apprehension, a task which, he said, his principles did not permit him to undertake. This act of cowardice, far from saving Target, marked him as a victim to the *terroristes*, and he in his turn mounted the scaffold, unmourned and undefended.

Several competitors offered themselves in Target's place; the king chose Desèze, an advocate of Bordeaux, residing at Paris. Desèze owed to this choice, of which he was worthy, a long life of celebrity, the highest dignity of the magistracy under another reign, and the perpetual glory of his name. But these two men were but the king's ad-

vocates—he required a friend for the consolation of his last few days of life, and, to the honor of the human race, he found this friend.

X.

Not far from Paris, and buried in profound solitude, dwelled an aged member of the Lamoignon family, a name illustrious in the magistracy of the ancient monarchy. The Lamoignon was one of those families who elevate themselves, from century to century, to the highest offices of state, by court favor. These families, therefore, retained, in their opinions and manners, something of the people, which secretly endeared them to the nation, and made them rather resemble the great patrician and republican families than the military and *parvenu* families of the monarchy. The feeble remnant of liberty yet left entirely lay in this race, and these magistrates alone reminded kings, from time to time, in their respectful remonstrances, that there yet existed such a thing as public opinion.

This old man, seventy-four years of age, and named Malesherbes, had twice been minister of Louis XVI., and his ministry had been repaid by ingratitude and exile, not by the king, but from the hatred of the clergy, the aristocracy, and the court. A liberal and a philosopher, Malesherbes was one of those precursors who outstrip, in an age of arbitrary power and abuse, the application of the rules of justice and reason which ideas demand, but which things resist.

A disciple of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the friend of Turgot, Malesherbes had rendered himself popular among philosophers, by favoring, when director-general of the library, the introduction of the *Encyclopedia*, that arsenal of new ideas, into France. Under a legislation of legal darkness and censure, Malesherbes had boldly exposed present abuses by declaring himself the accomplice of light; and this the church and the aristocracy had never forgiven him. In his heart he was republican, but his manners and sentiments were yet monarchical; and he was a living example of that internal contradiction which exists in men born, as it were, on the frontiers of a revolution, whose ideas are of one age and whose customs are of another. The republicanism of Malesherbes was to the French republic what the philosophical idea of a sage is to the tumultuous ardor of the

people. The misfortunes of the king had awakened his liveliest sympathy; for this prince had been the hope and the illusion of Malesherbes. A witness and confident of the desire of the king for the happiness of his people, and the reform of the monarchy, Malesherbes imagined he beheld in the youthful king one of those imperial reformers who voluntarily relinquish despotism, who lend their aid to revolutions, to accomplish and moderate them, and by their actions legitimatize royalty. A secret and occasional correspondence had conveyed to Louis XVI. the recollections, the hopes, and the commiseration of his old servant. At the intelligence of the trial of the king, Malesherbes had quitted his country residence, and wrote a letter to the Convention, which the president Barrère read to the Assembly.

"Citizen President," said M. de Malesherbes, "I am ignorant whether the Convention will give Louis XVI. an advocate for his defense, or permit him to choose one. In this case, I wish that Louis XVI. may know that if he chooses me for this post I am ready to undertake it. I do not ask you to acquaint the Convention with my wish, for I am far from believing myself a sufficiently important person to occupy their attention. But I have twice been summoned to the council of him who was my master, at a time when every body was ambitious of that post, and I owe him this service now that this office is, in the eyes of most persons, one of danger; and, were I aware of any means of acquainting him with my wishes, I should not take the liberty of addressing you; but I thought that, from the position you hold, you would possess the surest means of informing him of this fact."

At the name of Malesherbes the whole Convention felt that electric shock which the name of a man of lofty soul creates, and that emotion caused by an act of courage and virtue. Hatred itself recognized the holy rights of friendship in the demand of M. de Malesherbes, and it was granted.

XI.

Malesherbes, introduced the same day into the prison of his master, was compelled to wait some time at the last gate-house, in which the commissaries, whose duty it was to see that no arms or poison were conveyed to the king,

by which he might cheat the scaffold of its prey, detained him. The name and aspect of the aged minister inspired them with respect. He himself showed them the contents of his pockets, which merely consisted of some diplomatic papers and the journal of the sittings of the Convention. Dorat Cubières, a member of the Commune, a man rather vain than cruel, and totally out of his element amid the tragedies of the Revolution, was on guard in the antechamber; he knew M. de Malesherbes, and reverenced him as a philosopher whom his master, Voltaire, had often held up to the gratitude of all sages. "Malesherbes," said he, "you are the friend of Louis XVI.: how can you bring him papers in which he will read the expression of the wrath of the people against him?" "The king is not like other men," returned M. de Malesherbes; "he possesses a great mind, and a faith that raises him above every thing." "You are an honest man," said Cubières; "but if you were not, what is there to prevent you from bringing him poison, or a weapon, or advising him to commit suicide?" The features of M. de Malesherbes betrayed at these words a reserve which seemed to indicate the thoughts of one of those voluntary deaths of olden time, which rendered a man in desperate situations in some sort his own judge and liberator: then, as if checking the idea, "If the king," said he, "were of the religion of the philosophers—were he a Cato or a Brutus—he might kill himself; but he is pious, he is a Christian—he knows that religion forbids him to take away his own life, and he will not commit suicide."

The door of the king's chamber opened, and Malesherbes advanced with faltering steps toward his master. Louis XVI. was seated reading Tacitus, that Roman evangelist of the mighty dead. At the sight of his former minister he sprung from his seat and clasped him in his arms. "Ah," said he, "in what a situation do you find me! See to what my passion for the amelioration of the state of the people, whom we have both loved so much, has reduced me. Why do you come hither? Your devotion only endangers your life, and can not save mine." Malesherbes assured the king, with tears, of his joy at devoting to his service the last short remains of his life, and of displaying an attachment to him in prison which in a palace was always suspected. He endeavored to give the prisoner some hope in the justice of his judges, and the pity of the people weary of persecuting him. "No," replied the king, "they will

condemn me, for they possess both the power and the will. No matter; let us occupy ourselves with my cause as though I was to gain it: I shall gain it, in fact, since I shall leave no stain on my memory."

XII.

Tronchet and Desèze, who went with Malesherbes to the Temple daily, prepared the elements of the defense; and the king spent long hours in laying before his defenders his public life. Tronchet and Desèze came at five and left at nine o'clock every evening. Malesherbes saw the king every morning, brought with him the daily papers, and prepared the labors of the evening.

It was in these confidential interviews between the prince and the philosopher that the king poured forth his whole heart: the friendship of Malesherbes changed these outbursts sometimes into hope, but always into consolation.

A hank of thread, in which was concealed a scrap of paper perforated by a needle, served the princesses as a means of correspondence with the king. Turgy, who waited on the king and princesses, concealed the thread in a drawer of the *salle à manger*, where Cléry found it and conveyed it to the king, who replied by the same channel.

Afterward, a thread, to which was attached a billet, was dropped by the king's hand into the grating of the queen's window, and drawn up again, charged with the confidences of his wife and sister. Since his seclusion, the king had refused to walk in the garden. "I can not walk alone," said he; "the garden was only pleasing when I visited it in company with my wife and children."

XIII.

The next day Louis shut himself up for a long time in his cabinet, where he wrote his will—his last farewell to hope, for from that day he looked for nothing save immortality. He bequeathed in peace all that was yet left him—his tenderness to his family, his gratitude to his servants, his forgiveness to his enemies. After this act he appeared more calm; he had signed the last page of his destiny as a Christian.

It ran thus: "I, Louis XVI. of that name, king of France, confined for four months with my family in the tower of the

Temple at Paris, by those who were my subjects, and deprived, during eleven days, of all communication with even my family, and moreover implicated in a trial, the issue of which it is impossible to foresee, on account of the passions of men, having no one, save God, as a witness of my thoughts, or to whom I can address myself, declare here, in his presence, my last wishes and sentiments. I bequeath my soul to God my Creator, and pray he may receive it into his mercy. I die in the faith of the Church, and obedience to its decisions. I pray God to forgive me all my sins; I have striven to remember and detest them, and to humble myself before him. I beg all those whom I have involuntarily injured (for I do not remember ever having willfully injured any one), to forgive me the evil they believe I have done them; I request all men, who have any charity, to unite their prayers to mine; I pardon, from the bottom of my heart, all those who have become my enemies without my ever giving them any motive; and I pray God to pardon them, as well as those who, from a false or mistaken zeal, have done me much harm. I recommend to God my wife and children, my sisters, my aunts, brothers, and all those attached to me by the ties of blood, or any other manner. I pray God to look with compassion on my wife, children, and sister, who, for a long time, have suffered with me, and to support them if they lose me, and so long as they remain in this world. I recommend my children to my wife, whose affection for them I have never doubted; I also pray her to teach them to look upon the grandeurs of this world, if they should be condemned to suffer them, only as dangerous and temporary possessions, and to turn their thoughts to the only real and durable glory of eternity. I pray my sister to continue to show the same tenderness to my children, and to replace their mother should they have the misfortune to lose her. I pray my wife to forgive me all the misfortunes she suffers on my account, and the sorrow I may have caused her in the course of my life, as she may be certain that I forgive her all, if she fancied she had any thing wherewith to reproach herself.

"I recommend my children, after their duty to God, which is before all, to remain always united among themselves, to obey their mother, grateful for all the care she has taken of them; and in memory of myself, I pray them to look upon my sister as a second mother.

"I recommend my son, if he has the misfortune to become king, to remember that he owes himself to the happiness of his fellow-citizens, to forget all hatred and resentment, and especially that which relates to the misfortunes and sorrows I now undergo. Let him remember that he can only make his subjects happy by reigning according to the laws, but that a king can only cause the laws to be respected, and do all the good he wishes, so long as he possesses the necessary power, but that when the contrary occurs, being thwarted in his actions, and inspiring no respect, he is more injurious than useful. Let him remember that I have contracted a sacred debt toward the children of those who have perished or are unhappy on my account; I recommend to him MM. Hue and Chamilly, whose strong attachment to me has induced them to shut themselves up in this miserable abode. Also Cléry, of whom I am bound to speak in the highest praise. As he remains with me to the last, I request the Commune to give him my clothes, books, purse, watch, and the other ornaments which have been taken from me, and deposited at the Council of the Commune. I forgive my guardians all the harsh treatment they have deemed it their duty to make me suffer: I have found among them some compassionate and charitable men: may they enjoy that tranquillity their thoughts must afford them! I beg MM. de Malesherbes, Tronchet, and Desèze to receive here my thanks, and the expression of my gratitude for all the trouble they have taken in my behalf, and the kindness they have shown me. I conclude by declaring before God, and ready to appear in his presence, that I am innocent of all the crimes laid to my charge.

"Written, in duplicate, at the tower of the Temple, December 25th, 1792. LOUIS."

XIV.

His mind in this, its final examination, found nothing in its most secret thoughts but tenderness and pardon: the man and the Christian were spotless; all his crimes, or, rather, misfortunes, were in his situation. This paper, marked by his tenderness, stained with his tears, and soon to be dyed with his blood, was the witness of what his conscience bore with it to the throne of God. What people would not adore such a man had he not been a king? But what people would not, on calm reflection, have pardoned a king

who knew so well how to love and forgive? This will, the greatest act of Louis XVI., because it was the act of his soul alone, judged his life and his reign, more than the judgment so soon to be pronounced by irritated men. By this development of his life to the future, Louis involuntarily accused the severity of the age that was to condemn him to the scaffold. He believed he had pardoned, while, by the very sublimity of his forgiveness, he eternally avenged himself.

XV.

The same day his advocates presented him with a complete plan of his defense. Malesherbes and the king himself had supplied the facts, Tronchet the arguments. Desèze, who had drawn up the *plaidoyer*, read it aloud. It commenced by an appeal to the people's feelings, and strove to touch the judges by a pathetic picture of the vicissitudes of the royal family. This apostrophe to the nation drew tears from the eyes of Malesherbes and Tronchet, and even the king himself was moved by the pity with which his defender sought to inspire the people; but his pride could not stoop to implore from them any other justice than that of their own conscience. "This part must be struck out," said Louis to Desèze; "I will not soften my defenders." Desèze resisted; but the dignity of his death belongs to the dying, and he was compelled to yield. When Desèze and Tronchet had retired, the king, left alone with Malesherbes, appeared tormented by a secret idea. "I have now a new source of regret," said he to Malesherbes. "Desèze and Tronchet owe me nothing; they give me their time, exertions, and perhaps their life. How can I requite them? I possess nothing, and were I to leave them a legacy it would not be paid; besides, what fortune could repay such a debt?" "Sire," replied Malesherbes, "their consciences and posterity will reward them; but it is in your power to grant them a favor they would esteem more than all those you had it in your power to bestow on them formerly." "What is it?" asked the king. "Sire, embrace them." The next day, when Desèze and Tronchet entered the chamber of the captive to accompany him to the Convention, the king approached them and pressed them to his heart in silence. He felt relieved of a load that had long lain heavy on his

mind, for he had given all he had to bestow—an embrace. Deseze and Tronchet were amply repaid; they had received all they desired—the tears of a king abandoned by his subjects—the gratitude of a dying man.

XVI.

Soon after, Santerre, Chambon, and Chaumette came to the Temple, and conducted the king, with the same display of military force, to the Convention. The Convention made him wait more than an hour in a room adjoining that in which they sat, like an ordinary criminal. His appearance was more decent, and his dress more fitting his rank, than at his first examination. His friends had advised him not to shave off his beard, in order that these traces of the cruelty of his jailers might excite the pity of the people; but the king refused to have recourse to this theatrical means of moving them in his favor; he rested his claims to compassion in his cause, and not in his appearance. At his request the commissioners gave Cléry razors with which to shave his master. His features were composed, the expression of his eyes serene, for Louis XVI. was rather fitted to suffer, than to battle with, misfortune, and the proximity of death gave him dignity.

XVII.

The Convention, on the entrance of the king with his two defenders, listened in profound silence to the pleading of Desèze. It was evident, from the attitude of the Montagne, that there was no longer any agitation, because there no longer existed any doubt: the judges had the patience of certainty, and they thus gave an hour to a king whose life was already forfeited in their mind. Desèze spoke with dignity, but without passion, and preserved the calmness of reason before the ardor of public passion; and his language, always on a level with his duty as a defender, was but rarely on a level with the occasion. He disputed a point when he should have struck a decisive blow; and he forgot that the people possess no other conviction than that of their emotion; that temerity is in some cases prudence; and that on desperate occasions there is no hope, save in a despairing eloquence, which risks every thing in the hope of saving it.

It was one of the fatalities in the life of Louis XVI., that he did not find to dispute his death with the people one of those voices which elevate the occasion to the level of the misfortune, and which make the fall of thrones, the catastrophes of empires, and the stroke of the ax that spills the blood of kings to resound from age to age, by language as grand, as solemn, and as majestic as the events themselves. Had the place of Desèze been filled by Bossuet, Mirabeau, or Vergniaud, Louis XVI. would not have been defended with more zeal, more prudence, or more logic; but their language, political and judicial, would have sounded like the accents of vengeance in the ears of the judges; like remorse in the hearts of the people; and if the cause had not been gained before this tribunal, it would have been forever rendered illustrious before that of posterity.

XVIII.

The king, who had listened to his own defense, with an interest that he seemed rather to feel for his defender than himself, rose when Desèze had concluded. "You have heard the grounds of my defense," said he; "I shall not again go over them. In addressing you for perhaps the last time, I declare that I have nothing with which to reproach myself, and that my defenders have told you the truth. I have never feared that my public conduct should be scrutinized, but I am grieved to find that I am accused of wishing to shed the blood of my people; and that the misfortunes of the 10th of August are laid to my charge. I confess, the numerous proofs I have always given of my love for the people appeared to have placed me above this reproach; I, who have exposed myself in order to avert the shedding of one drop of their blood." With these words he quitted the Convention.

"Let him be instantly judged," demanded Bazere. "The *appel nominal*, instantly," cried Duhem; "it is time the nation should learn if she is right in wishing to be free, or if this be a crime." "And I," said Lanjuinais, "I demand that the decree by which we have constituted ourselves the judges of Louis XVI. be referred to the people. This is my reply to your proposal: let Louis XVI. be judged—that is, let the law take its course, let the salutary and protecting forms reserved for all citizens be equally grant-

ed to him; but not that he should be judged by the National Convention, by those conspirators who have openly declared themselves at the tribune the instigators of the 10th of August." "To the Abbaye!" cried the party of the Montagne. "You declare yourself too openly the partisan of royalty," said Thuriot. "He is a royalist—he accuses the 10th of August," vociferated Duhem, Legendre, Billaud, and Duquesnoy. "He will soon transform us into accused, and the king into a judge," observed Julien. "I say," continued Lanjuinais, "that you, the avowed conspirators of the 10th of August, would be at once the enemies, the accusers, the jury, and the judges." "Down with him, I demand, to accuse him," said Choudieu. "You will hear me?" continued Lanjuinais. "No, no, down with him! at the bar, the bar for the prisoners!" cried a thousand voices. "To the Abbaye! the Abbaye!" replied the voices of the tribunes. Silence was at last obtained.

"I have not criminated," continued Lanjuinais, "the conspirators of the 10th of August. I say that there are conspirators against tyranny which are sainted; I know that Brutus, whose statue I behold here, was one of these illustrious and sainted conspirators; but I continue my course of reasoning, and I say you can not be the judges of the disarmed man whose mortal and personal enemies you have declared yourselves. You can not be his judges, for you have declared your opinion beforehand, and some have done so with a scandalous ferocity. (Murmurs of indignation from some of the benches.) There is a natural and positive law which declares that every accused man shall be tried under the protection of the laws of his country. If, then, it is true we can not be his judges; if it is true that I, in conjunction with several others, prefer to die rather than violate justice, by condemning unjustly the most abominable of tyrants —(A voice—"You, then, prefer the safety of the tyrant to the safety of the people." Lanjuinais looked toward the speaker, as though to thank him for the clew held out to him.)—I hear some one speak of the safety of the people," continued he; "that is the happy transition I needed. These are political ideas you are called upon to discuss, not judicial. I was then right when I told you you should not sit here as judges, but as legislators. Does policy demand that the Convention should dishonor itself? Does policy demand that the Convention should bow to the turbulent flo-

kleness of public opinion! Certes, there is but one step in public opinion from hatred and rage to affection and pity. And I also say to you, consider the safety of the people. The safety of the people requires that you should abstain from a judgment which would cause frightful calamities to fall upon the nation—a judgment which will serve your enemies in the prosecution of the horrible conspiracies they form against you." Lanjuinais sat down amid loud murmurs.

"A truce to these clamors," exclaimed Rusaint; "we are judges and not executioners." A few members, fatigued or undecided, demanded the adjournment of the debate. The president put it to the vote and it was carried. Eighty deputies of the Montagne rushed toward the tribune, and threatened the president; while Julien mounted the tribune amid the applause of his party. "They wish to dissolve," cried he, encouraged by the gestures of Robespierre, Legendre, and Saint Just. "Yes." "But it is you," replied Louvet. "They wish to dissolve the republic," continued Julien, "by attacking the Convention at its basis; but we, the friends of the people, have sworn to die for them and the republic. (Loud applause.) I inhabit the hills," continued Julien, pointing to the elevated benches on his left; "they will be the Thermopylæ of the people."

Couthon was now carried to the tribune. "Citizens," said he, "Capet is accused of great crimes, and in my opinion he is guilty. Accused, he must be judged, for eternal justice demands that every guilty man be condemned. By whom shall he be condemned? By you whom the nation has constituted the great tribunal of state. You could not make yourselves judges, but you are judges by the will of the people." Salles wished to speak on the same side as Lanjuinais, but the tumult drowned his voice. "I declare," cried Salles, "that we are made to deliberate under the knife."

Pétion, thrice repulsed by the vociferations of the Montagne and the cries of Marat, at length succeeded in obtaining a hearing. At the first words he uttered—"We will not have any of Pétion's opinions," cried Duhem; "We do not need his lessons," added Legendre. "Down with king Jerome Pétion," shouted the same tribunes, who, four months previously, had proclaimed Pétion the king of the people.

XIX.

Pétion continued—"Is it thus, citizens, that the great interests of an empire are discussed: is it thus, for a difference of opinion, that we mutually term each other enemies of liberty and royalists? Have we not all sworn we would no longer have a king. Who would violate his oath? Who would wish for a king? No one."—"No! no! No one. Never!" cried the whole Convention. The Duc d'Orléans, in the midst of a group of deputies of the Montagne, prolonged this oath of hatred to royalty beyond his colleagues, and waved his hat, to more plainly associate himself with this enthusiasm. "But," continued Pétion, "here we have not to pronounce upon the abolished royalty or the fate of the king, for Louis Capet no longer exists; we have to pronounce the fate of a man. You have made yourselves his judges; you must be enabled to judge him with a full conviction of facts. The real friends of liberty and justice are those who desire to examine before they judge. Several members desire, in common with Lanjuinais, that the decree by which Louis should be judged be referred to the people; others wish that his fate should be pronounced by a political measure. I am of the former opinion; I demand that the resolution of Couthon be adopted, reserving the question raised in the course of the debate." They were recalled to composure by the courageous and still imposing language of Pétion, and voted for the proposition of Couthon and the reservations of Pétion, which caused hours, events, and reflections to intervene between the sentence of the people and the life of the king.

XX.

While these agitations in the Salle betrayed the irresolution of the judges, the king, who had returned to the chamber of the inspectors of the Convention, threw himself into the arms of Desèze, pressed his hands, wiped the perspiration from his brow with his handkerchief, and with his own hands warmed the shirt destined to replace that Desèze wore. Absorbed in these cares, he seemed entirely unaware that his life was being decided amid the tumult of the adjacent chamber. A continual murmur and

noise was audible, but neither the words nor the results could be ascertained. The attention with which the defense of Desèze had been heard, the milder expression of the features of the audience, and the favorable change in public opinion which had for some days past manifested itself at the theaters and public places, gave Louis XVI. a faint ray of hope.

On his return to the Temple, the king, who had nothing else to bestow, took off his cravat, and gave it to his advocate.

The 1st of January, Cléry approached his master's bed, and in a low voice offered him his best wishes for the speedy termination of his misfortunes. The king gratefully received them, and raised his eyes to heaven as though he remembered those days when these same homages, now whispered in his ear by the sole companion of his prison, were re-echoed by a whole people in the galleries of his palace. He rose, appeared to pray with more than usual fervor, and requested a municipal officer to inquire after his sick daughter, and also to offer the compliments of the new year in his name to the queen. No change took place in his mode of life until the 16th of January, except that M. de Malesherbes presented himself in vain at the door of the tower. M. de Malesherbes was accompanied by a young royalist, who was afterward, in happier days, the minister and the austere counselor of the Bourbons, whom he wished to reconcile with liberty. This young man's name was Hyde de Neuville; he gave his arm to M. de Malesherbes, and supported his faltering steps when the aged defender of Louis XVI. went to the Temple or the Convention.

Louis XVI. passed his time in reading the History of England, and especially the volume containing the trial and execution of Charles I., as though he sought to console himself by finding on the throne another example of his own misfortunes, or to accustom himself to death, and model his last moments on those of a decapitated monarch.

XXI.

During these days when nothing from without found its way into the prison, the two contending parties in the Convention continued their fierce dispute respecting the king's life. Saint Just resumed the debate of the 27th of December, and in language as brief and cutting as the ax itself,

attacked the defense of the previous evening. "If the king be innocent, the people are guilty! You have proclaimed martial law against the tyrants of the world, and spare your own! The Revolution only begins when the tyrant ends." Barbaroux spoke vaguely, and gave the first evidence, so contrary to his usual character, of the indecision of the Girondists. Lequinio replied to Barbaroux. "If I could by my hand alone assassinate all tyrants at a single blow, I would strike unhesitatingly." Applauses burst forth from all sides of the Assembly.

At the sitting of the 17th, Lebrun, minister of foreign affairs, communicated a correspondence with the court of Spain. The embassador from that court interceded for the life of Louis XVI., and promised, on this condition, that the Spanish troops should withdraw from the frontiers of the Pyrenees. "Away with all foreign influence," exclaimed Thuriot. "We will not treat with kings, but with people," added Chasles; "let us declare that in future none of our agents will treat with a crowned head until the republic be recognized."

The order of the day was the contemptuous reply to the endeavors of the Spanish embassador. The discussion on the king's sentence was resumed. Buzot and Brissot supported the appeal to the people. Carra, although a Girondist, resisted it. Gensonné, in a direct speech, apostrophized Robespierre at great length. "There is, you say, a party which desires to remove the Convention of Paris, and to make citizens murder citizens! Make your mind easy, Robespierre; your throat will not be cut, nor do I think you will cut the throat of any other person. The mildness with which you reiterate this gentle idea makes me fear only that this is not the most poignant of your regrets. It is but too true, the love of liberty has its cheats and hypocrites. Do you not form a faction and call yourselves the Deputies of the Mountain, as if you had chosen that denomination to recall to us that tyrant of Asia, who is only known in history by the horde of assassins in his train, and their blind devotion to the sanguinary orders of their chiefs! Has not Robespierre told you, with the most perfect *naïveté*, that the people ought to be less jealous of exercising its sovereign rights than of confiding them to men who would make good use of them? It is thus that the excuses of despotism always begin! it is not requisite that the judgment of Louis should appear in

the eyes of the whole world as the work of this faction: the people alone can save the people!"

XXII.

An accusation of former secret connection with the court against Vergniaud, Guadet, Brissot, and Gensonné was the reply of the next day to Gensonné's invective. A letter of these four deputies, addressed before the 10th of August, to Boze, the king's painter, in which they offered advice to the king, proved that republicanism had found in them its hesitations and excuses, and that the constitution of 1791, if it were not sufficient for their principles, would have been adequate to their ambition, provided they had the direction of it. This correspondence, which was at least very constitutional, had no other crime. Guadet, Gensonné, and Vergniaud easily cleared themselves by their usual eloquence and the majority which still remained to them. From this day, however, they began to deliberate between the sacrifice of the king's life and their own abdication. A party which had subsisted by the wind of the people's favor could not lose it but by extinction. It desired to exist: the king must therefore die.

XXIII.

Camille Desmoulins, who always mingled irony with death, and never found the blood of his victims sufficiently bitter unless it were accompanied by a sarcasm, opposed the appeal to the people, in a discourse, for which, unable to obtain a hearing, he printed. Thus he wrote: "A scaffold shall be erected in the Place du Carrousel. Louis shall be conducted thither with an inscription before him, bearing these words, *Traitor, and perjured to the nation!* and behind, *king!* The Convention should decree, besides, that the funeral vault of the kings at St. Denis shall be henceforth the sepulcher of brigands, assassins, and traitors!"

Merlin de Thionville, Hausmann, and Rewbel, commissaries of the Convention with the armies, wrote thus from the frontiers: "We are surrounded with wounded and dying; it is in the name of Louis Capet that the tyrants massacre our brethren, and we learn that Louis Capet still lives!" Cambacérès demanded an appeal to the people. Danton proposed a mode of deliberation which called again

into discussion all that had hitherto been decreed. Danton seemed thus to conceal his secret intention, to save the king under cover of the confusion which these multiplied questions would produce. "It is very distressing," observed Couthon, "to see the disorder into which the Assembly will be thrown. We have lost three hours, all about a king. Are we republicans?—no; we are vile slaves." At length, on Fonfrède's proposition, the Convention determined to have the *appel nominal* on each of these three questions mooted in succession:

First—Is Louis guilty?

Second—Shall the decision of the Convention be submitted to the ratification of the people?

Third—What shall be the sentence?

On the first question, with the exception of Lalande of La Meurthe, Baraillon of La Creuse, Lafond of La Corrèze, Lhomond of Calvados, Henri Larivière, D'Ysarn Valady, Noel des Vosges, Morisson of La Vendée, Waudelincourt of La Haute-Marne, Rouzet of La Haute-Garonne, who declared themselves incompetent, and urged the incompatibility of their functions as legislators and judges—all, that is to say, 683 members, replied, "Yes: Louis is guilty."

XXIV.

On the question of an appeal to the people, 281 voices voted for the appeal to the people; 423 voices voted against any reference to the nation. Among the former were remarked Rebecqui, Barbaroux, Duprat, Durand de Maillane, Duperret, Fauchet, Chambon, Buzot, Pétion, Brissot, Vergniaud, Guadet, Gensonné, Grangeneuve, Lanjuinais, Louvet, Salles, Hardy, Mollevault, Valazé, Manuel, Dusaulx, Bertucat de Saône-et-Loire, Sillery, the friend of the Duc d'Orléans, who was beginning to detach himself from the Jacobins and the prince, and to incline toward the doctrines and the scaffold of the Girondists. Among the second were all the members of the Mountain, and some of the Girondist party, whose youth, ardor, and revolutionary excitement stifled all scruple. The result of this test threw consternation among the men of courage, and decided the wavering.

Danton, silent and observant until then, on the next day (the 16th) seized the first occasion for boldly declaring that

impatience for blood, which was not in his soul, but which he affected in order to preserve the balance of his position.

The question was as to closing the theaters on an order issued by the executive council. "I will confess to you, citizens," said Danton, rising with the attitude of the man of September, "I believed it was with other objects than those of the drama that we were to occupy our time." "It is a question of liberty," said several voices. "Yes, it is indeed one of liberty!" responded Danton. "It is of a tragedy you are about to represent to the nations! it is of cutting off the head of a tyrant with the ax of kings! I demand that we do not break up before we have pronounced the sentence of Louis."

Danton's proposition was put to the vote. Lanjuinais having then proposed that the verdict should be taken on the decision of two thirds of the votes, and not on the absolute majority, Danton again spoke like a man anxious to be freed from a position which pressed heavily on him. "It is pretended," said he, "that such is the importance of this question that it is not sufficient to decide upon it merely by the ordinary forms of a deliberate assembly. I ask why, when it was by a simple majority that we pronounced on the fate of a whole nation! When we have not even thought of mooting this question when the abolition of royalty was discussed, why is it sought to pronounce on the fate of an individual—of a conspirator—with the most scrupulous and solemn forms. We decide as representatives by the right of sovereignty. I demand, if you have not voted a republic, a war, by an absolute majority. I ask, too, if the blood which flows in the midst of battles does not flow definitively? Did not the accomplices of Louis XVI. immediately undergo punishment without any appeal to the people? Does he who has been the soul of these conspiracies deserve to be made an exception?" Loud applause followed.

Lanjuinais did not allow his conscience to be silenced by the applauses created by Danton's harangue. "You have rejected every form which justice, and, certainly, humanity claim—the silent form of the ballot, that protection for liberty of conscience and for suffrages; we appear to deliberate here in free convention; but it is really beneath the daggers and cannon of the factions!" The Assembly declared the sitting permanent until sentence should be passed, and the *appel nominal* began at eight o'clock, P.M.

BOOK XXXV.

I.

The appearance of the city was threatening—the appearance of the interior of the Chamber gloomy. The Commune and the Jacobins determining to carry the condemnation of Louis XVI. as a personal victory over their enemies, and to push moral constraint to violence, had collected for many days in Paris all the strength of which their journals, their correspondence, and their affiliations allowed them to dispose. The ringleaders of the *fauxbourgs* had recruited their bands with women and children in rags, in order to hurl death at the tyrant in the streets which were adjacent to the Convention. Theroigne de Méricourt and Saint Huruge, the assassins of Avignon, the cut-throats of September, the combatants of the 10th of August, the *fédérés* assembled in Paris on their way to the frontiers—volunteers and soldiers retained in the capital by the minister of war, Pache, rather to increase than to repress seditions—a population wholly free from political passion, but destitute of work or bread, and deceiving its despair by its agitation. Masses of inquisitive persons, whom great sights attract from their houses, as swarms leave their hives on the approach of a storm, and who, with no actual bent, lend the appearance of numbers to the passions of others; the echoes of August and September still working on their imaginations, the night which ended the tumult, the severity of the season, which acted on the frame and aroused despair, and, finally, the name of the king, comprising every misery, every wickedness, every treachery imputed to royalty, and which made the people credit, that by sacrificing the men who bore this title, they would, by the same stroke, immolate calamities, crimes, recollections, and the hopes of a repudiated institution—all—all impressed on the night of the 16th of January that character of irresistible impulsion which gives to a popular manifestation the form of an element.

II.

In the morning, one of the conquerors of the Bastille, named Louvain, having ventured to say in his section that the republic might be established without shedding the

blood of Louis XVI., a *fédéré* present plunged his saber into his heart, and the people dragged him along by his legs on the pavement, until he breathed his last sigh.

In the evening, a hawker of books and newspapers, coming out of a reading-room, suspected of royalism in the gallery of the Palais Royal, and accused by a passer-by of distributing writings favorable to the appeal to the people, was assassinated, with thirty wounds, by the frequenters of that garden. Bands of malefactors, let loose from prison by the Septembrisers, had formed gatherings of wretches, who sought in the public agitation the occasion and concealment of unpunished crimes. Dragoons of the republic, leaving their barracks, spread themselves, sword in hand, over the public places, in the Palais Royal, the Tuileries, &c., brandishing their weapons, and singing patriotic airs. Thence they went to the Church of Val-de-Grâce, where were inclosed in silver urns the hearts of several kings and queens of France. These funeral vases they broke, trampling under foot those relics of royalty, and then flung them into the common sewer.

III.

The approaches to, and the interior of the Hall of the Convention, seemed rather arranged for an execution than a judgment. The hour, the place, the narrow avenues, the winding passages, the gloomy vaults of the ancient monastery, the lanterns, "few and far between," which struggled with the darkness of a winter's night, and threw a pale light on every passer's face; the weapons which shone and sounded at every door, the pieces of artillery, which the cannoneers with lighted match seemed to watch at the two principal entrances, less to intimidate the people than to turn the guns against the Hall if the fatal sentence were not passed; the dull murmurings of a countless multitude, up and watching in the neighboring streets, and pressing on all sides against the walls in order to learn the verdict; the movement of the patrol, who with difficulty cleft through the ocean of human beings in order to make way for the representatives arriving late; the costumes, physiognomies, *bonnets rouges*, *carmagnoles*, the contracted features, hoarse voices, fierce and significant gestures—all seemed calculated to indicate to the minds of the judges the inexorable will of the predetermined people. "*His death or thine!*" These

were the only words, uttered in low tones, but with deep emphasis, in the ear of each deputy who threaded his way among the groups in order to reach his post.

Persons who had been in the habit of attending the sittings of the Convention, and knew every member, were placed at stated distances; and these spies of the people named the deputies aloud as they passed, pointing out the doubtful, threatening the timid, insulting the mercifully-disposed, and applauding the inflexible. At the names of Marat, Danton, Robespierre, Collot d'Herbois, and Camille Desmoulins, the ranks opened with respect and made way for the anger and confidence of the people. At the names of Brissot, Vergniaud, Lanjuinais, Boissy d'Anglas, angry countenances, clenched fists, pikes, and swords brandished over their heads, clearly indicated that the people would be obeyed or revenged. The very sentinels placed there to protect the deputies gave the example of insult and violence. The *ci-devant* Marquis de Villette, pupil and friend of Voltaire, and now a member of the Convention, being recognized in the lobby of the *manège* which led to the Assembly, was seized, and saw the points of twenty sabers ready to be plunged into his heart, if he would not pledge himself to vote for the death of the *tyrant*. Villette, who in a frail body bore an intrepid heart, and who did not think that philosophy was based on the scaffold, disengaged himself from the clutch of the people, thrust aside the blades of two swords directed against his breast, and, looking his assailants boldly in the face, said "No, I will not vote for his death, and you will not kill me; you respect in me my conscience, liberty, and the nation;" and he passed on unharmed.

The lobbies of the Convention, in the possession of the most sanguinary ruffians of Paris, were also filled with armed men, who kept in order and in silence, out of respect for the place. They were, however, posted there as living proofs of the terror which their names, arms, and recollections must inspire to the judges of the king. They were statues of assassination, placed at the doors of the tribunal of the people to command a sentence of death.

IV.

The interior of the hall was but imperfectly lighted. The lamps on the tables, and the chandelier, threw their

rays from on high over certain parts of the apartment while the rest was in utter obscurity. The public benches, ascending by steps like an amphitheater almost to the elevated position of the mountain with which they mingled, as in the Roman circus, were crammed with spectators. As at the ancient spectacles, there were seated in the first rows many females, young, and wearing the tricolor ribbon, talking to each other with calmness, exchanging nods, and glances, and smiles, and only resuming their serious look and posture to count the votes, and mark them on a card with the point of a pin, at the moment when the numbers were declared from the tribune. Servants moved backward and forward with salvers, in which were ices, oranges, and sweetmeats, which they handed to those females: on the highest steps men of the lower orders, in the daily attire of their different conditions, were standing attentive listeners, and repeating to each other the name and vote of the deputy called, and following him to his seat with applause or murmurs. The first rows of these places were filled with journeymen butchers, with their blood-stained aprons turned up to one side of their girdles, and the handles of the long knives of their trade sticking out prominently from the folds of the cloth, which served them as sheaths.

The empty space at the foot of the *bureau*, the bar, the approaches to the doors, the vomitories which led to the benches of the deputies and the public tribunes, were agitated by the perpetual undulation of the deputies, mingled with spectators who could not find room in the tribunes, and had, consequently, intruded upon the space reserved for the legislators. These groups, constantly broken and filled up again by the members called to the tribune, or by those who quitted it, rather resembled the throng of a public place than an audience in the presence of a tribunal.

The stir never ceased but for a moment, when the name of some important deputy, pronounced by the usher, caused all eyes to turn toward him, in order to learn, from his appearance and the motion of his lips, whether he pronounced for life or death. The benches of the deputies were nearly empty. Weary of a sitting of fifteen hours, which was yet to be uninterrupted until sentence was passed, some gathered in small groups, conversed in under tones, in attitudes of patient resignation; others, with their legs extended, leaning back on the deserted benches, fell asleep under the weight of their thoughts, and only awoke at the clamor made when

a vote was given more energetically than usual. The majority, perpetually driven from one place to another by the internal agitation of their thoughts, kept moving from one apartment to another. They passed from one group to another, rapidly exchanging, in low voices, a few words with their colleagues, writing on their knees, erasing what they had written, rewriting their intended vote, and again obliterating it, until the moment when called on by the usher, who, surprising them in their hesitation, snatched from their lips the fatal word, which one minute more would have changed to a contrary decision, and of which they perhaps repented before it was pronounced.

V.

The first votes heard by the Assembly left all minds in uncertainty. *Death* and *exile* seemed balanced equally in the alternate record of the votes. The king's fate was depending on the first vote which a Girondist leader should give. This vote would unquestionably denote the probable vote of the whole party, and the number of men attached to this party would irrevocably determine the majority. Thus life and death were in some measure suspended from the lips of Vergniaud.

All anxiously awaited until the call of the alphabetical order of the departments should reach the letter G, summoning the deputies of the Gironde to the tribunes. Vergniaud was the first. His immortal discourse against Robespierre disputing the judgment of the king by his enemies was freshly remembered. His repugnance and his horror for the extreme party was well known, and confidential conversations were repeated, in which he had twenty times avowed his sensibility as to the fate of a prince whose greatest crime in his eyes was a weakness which almost amounted to innocence. It was known that on the previous evening, and some hours before the commencement of the ballot, Vergniaud, supping with a lady, who commiserated the captives of the Temple, had sworn by his eloquence and his life that he would save the king. No one doubted the orator's courage—that courage was manifest at this very moment in the calmness of his brow, and the compression of his firmly-closed mouth.

At Vergniaud's name all conversation ceased, and every eye was turned upon him. He slowly mounted the steps

of the tribune, collected himself for a moment, with his eyelids lowered like a man who reflects once again before he acts; then, in a gloomy tone, and as if resisting in his soul the sensibility which loudly appealed to him, he said "*Death.*"

Silent astonishment repressed the murmurs, and even the breathing in the Assembly. Robespierre gave an almost imperceptible smile, in which contempt predominated over joy. Danton shrugged his shoulders. "These are your orators!" he said, in an under tone, to Brissot. "Sublime language and base conduct! What is to be done with such men? Don't talk of them to me—the party is destroyed."

Hope died in the minds of the few who were the king's friends, dispersed in the Chamber and in the Tribunes. It was seen that the victim was surrendered by the hand of Vergniaud. In vain did he appear to retain his vote after having given it, by demanding, like Mailhé, that after having voted for death, the Assembly should deliberate as to whether it was consonant with the public safety that a delay of the execution should take place. The Jacobins felt that when once the justice of the sentence should be decreed, the Girondists would not dispute with them as to the urgency of its execution. Vergniaud himself declared that his vote of death was independent of the respit accorded or refused. This was depriving himself beforehand of the possibility of again grasping at the head which he released from his clutch. He descended the steps and was lost in the throng.

VI.

The *appel* continued. All the Girondists—Buzot, Pétion, Barbaroux, Isnard, Lasource, Salles, Rebecqui, Brissot, voted also for death. The majority united to their vote the condition of a respit to the sentence. Fonfrède and Ducos voted for death without reservation. Siéyès, who in the councils and secret conversations of his party had most insisted in refusing this pleasure to Robespierre—this triumph to the Jacobins—this blood, unproductive and dangerous to the Revolution—Siéyès, after the victory of the Jacobins in the *appel nominal*, judged all further resistance useless. To leave to Robespierre this bloody title to the desperate confidence of the people, was, in his eyes, to abdi

at once the government of the republic, and perhaps life itself. Since the movement could not be arrested, it was necessary, he thought, to join, in order still to control, it. Siéyès mounted the tribune, and uttered only the single word *death*. He uttered it in a tone of regret, with the coldness of a geometrician who propounds an axiom, and the dejection of a beaten man who yields to fate. He did not add to this word the ironic phrase attributed to him. His vote was laconic, not cruel. Condorcet, faithful to his principles, refused to shed blood; he demanded that Louis XVI. should be handed over to the severest punishment next to death. Lanjuinais, Dusaulx, Boissy d'Anglas, Kersaint, Rabaut Saint-Etienne, Sillery, Salles, resisted the example of the chiefs of their party, and the intimidation of the Jacobins. They almost all voted imprisonment during the war and ostracism after peace. Manuel himself, overcome by the spectacle of the unfortunate royal family, whom he had observed more closely while at the Temple, voted for their life. Daunoy, a republican philosopher, who had, as he declared, but two disinterested passions in his soul—God and liberty—in his vote loudly separated the right of judging and deposing kings from the right of immolating them as victims. He proved that learning strengthens justice in the heart of a writer, by elucidating his judgment, and that he had extracted in his literary acquaintance with the ancients—with their maxims of magnanimity—the courage to execute them even in the presence of death. The Mountain almost unanimously voted death; Robespierre summing up his previous discourse in a few words, attempted to reconcile his horror of the penalty of death with the condemnation which fell from his lips. He did so by saying that tyrants were an exception to humanity, and by declaring that his tenderness for the oppressed prevailed in his mind over his pity for the oppressors.

The deputies of Paris, Marat, Danton, Billaut-Varennes, Legendre, Panis, Sergent,* Collot d'Herbois, Fréron, Fabre d'Eglantine, David, Robespierre junior, followed the example of Robespierre, and repeated, like monotonous echoes, twenty-one times the word "*death*," as they passed in line before the tribune.

The Duc d'Orléans was the last called. Deep silence

* Sergent, who was Robespierre's secretary during the Reign of Terror, only died last month (July, 1847), at Marseilles.—*Trans.*

followed his name. Sillery, his confident and favorite, had voted against death. It was expected that the prince would vote as his friend had done, or would refuse in the name of nature and of blood. Even the Jacobins anticipated this exception; but he would not be excepted. He ascended the steps slowly and unmoved, unfolded a paper which he held in his hand, and read, with the voice of a stoic, these words: "Solely occupied with my duty, convinced that all who have attempted or shall attempt hereafter the sovereignty of the people merit death, I vote for 'death.'" These words fell in silence, and to the astonishment of the party to whom the Duc d'Orléans seemed to concede them as a pledge. He did not find even from the Mountain a look, a gesture, or a voice that applauded him. The Montagnards, while condemning to death a captive and disarmed king, might wound justice, affright mankind, but they did not appall nature. Nature revolted in them against the vote of the first prince of the blood. A shudder pervaded the benches and tribunes of the Assembly. The duke descended from the tribune greatly disconcerted, and doubtful, from the appearance presented, of the act he had just perpetrated. The true heroism of liberty does not make the human heart shudder. We have no horror of that which we admire. Virtues like those of Brutus are so close akin to crime, that the consciences of republicans themselves are troubled in the presence of such deeds. To sacrifice nature to the laws appears beautiful at the first glance; but consanguinity is a law, and there is no virtue opposed to a virtue. If this vote were a sacrifice to liberty, the horror of the Convention must have convinced the Duc d'Orléans that the sacrifice was not accepted; if it were a pledge, so vast a one was not required from him; if it were a concession to his safety he paid too dearly for his life. Already assailed by the Girondists, scarcely tolerated by Robespierre, client of Danton, if he had refused any thing to the Mountain it would have demanded his head. He had not even elevation of soul to offer to it. Robespierre himself, in returning in the evening to Duplay's house, and conversing on the sentence passed on the king, seemed to protest against the Duc d'Orléans's vote. "The miserable man," said he; "he was only required to listen to his own heart, and make himself an exception: he would not, or dare not do so. The nation would have been more magnanimous than he!"

VII.

The scrutiny was long, and attended with doubt and anxiety. Life and death, as in a struggle, were, by turns, in the ascendency, according as chance combined the suffrages in the lists made out by the secretaries. It seemed as though destiny herself hesitated to pronounce the fatal word—every heart palpitated—some in the hope of saving this sorrow to the Revolution, others in the fear of losing their victim. At last the president arose to pronounce the judgment. It was Vergniaud. He was ghastly pale, his lips and hands trembled. By a cruel chance, or the more cruel mockery in the choice of his colleague, the office of president condemned Vergniaud to proclaim the sentence of dethronement by the Legislative Assembly, and the sentence of death by the Convention. He desired to preserve, even by his own blood, a well-regulated monarchy, and the life of Louis XVI.; yet was he called upon twice in three months to belie his heart, and serve as the organ of the opinions of his enemies. His false and cruel position, under these two circumstances, was the symbol of the actual situation of his party—Pilates of the monarchy and of the king, delivering the one over to the people without being convinced of its vices, and surrendering the other to the Jacobins without believing in his criminality—shedding in public blood which they deplored in secret; feeling on their lips remorse struggling with their verdict, and washing their hands in the face of posterity.

VIII.

At this moment a deputy, named Duchâtel, covered by his bed-clothes, was brought to the Convention, in the midst of threats, and voted with a dying voice against death. A renewed intercession of the King of Spain, in favor of Louis XVI., was announced. Danton spoke without asking leave. "Thou art not yet king, Danton," exclaimed Louvet to him. "I am astonished," continued Danton, "at the insolence of a power which does not fear to assume an influence over our deliberations. If every body was of my opinion, it would instantly vote war with Spain on that ground alone. What, they will not recognize our republic, and desire to dictate laws to us! Yet

hear this embassador if you desire to do so. But let the president make a reply worthy of the people whose organ he is. Let him be told that the conquerors of Jemappes will not belie the glory they have acquired, and will resume their strength in order to exterminate all kings who have conspired against us! No dealings with tyranny! The people will pass sentence on their representatives if their representatives have deceived them."

Vergniaud, with an accent of agony, said: "Citizens, you are about to exercise a great act of justice. I hope humanity will enjoin you to keep the most perfect silence. When justice has spoken, humanity ought to be listened to in its turn." He read the result of the scrutiny. The Convention comprised 721 voters: 334 had voted for exile or imprisonment; 387 for death, including the votes of those who had voted for death on condition that it should be delayed. Thus death included fifty-three votes more than banishment, but by subtracting from this the forty-six voices which demanded a suspension of the execution, there remained only a majority of seven votes for death. Thus three men misplaced altered the figure and the judgment. It was, therefore, the twelve or fifteen leaders of the Gironde whose hand had cast the decisive weight into the almost equal balance. Death, the desire of the Jacobins, was the act of the Girondists. Vergniaud and his friends made themselves the executioners of Robespierre. The death of the *tyrant*, a passion of the people, was the concession of the Gironde. Some demanded his head as a token of safety for the republic, the others gave it as the safety of their party. If the passion of the one was blind and pitiless, what name could be given to the concession of the others? If there be a crime in murder from revenge, it is twofold when that murder is basely consummated.

IX.

During this scrutiny, the king, deprived of all communication from without since the day of his last appearance before his judges, only knew that his life and death were at this moment in the hands of men. Philosophy gave its advice in adversity to sages of antiquity; Christianity made a dogma of resignation, and gave from a cross the example to a new world.

Louis incessantly contemplated this cross, and from it

conjectured his own punishment. He had been at liberty, during the last days, to communicate with his family, but he preferred drinking of the chalice of separation alone, and at one draught, rather than to have it exhausted drop by drop by his family.

On the morning of the 19th, the gates of his tower opened, and he saw M. de Malesherbes come toward him. He rose, and advanced to meet his old friend, who, falling at the king's feet, bedewed them with tears, remaining for a long time unable to speak. Like the painter of old, who veiled the visage of Grief from a fear that he could not adequately express the agony of the human heart, Malesherbes, mute with his tongue, endeavored to make his attitude and silence convey the news which he shuddered to pronounce. The king understood him, uttered *the* word without a change of countenance, raised his friend, pressed him to his heart, and seemed only absorbed in his attempts to console and assure the venerable messenger who brought his death warrant. He inquired, with calm curiosity and as though not personally affected, the particulars, number of votes, the votes of certain individuals of the Convention whom he knew. "As to Pétion and Manuel," he said to Malesherbes, "I do not ask—I am sure they did not vote for my death." He inquired how his cousin, the Duc d'Orléans, had voted. Malesherbes having informed him, he remarked, "Ah! that affects me more than any of the others!" It was the comment of Cæsar when he recognized the countenance of Brutus among his murderers. He alone roused him to speak.

X.

Garat and Lebrun, the ministers, Chambon, the mayor, and Chaumette, the procureur of the Commune, accompanied by Santerre, the president and the public accuser of the criminal tribunal, came to announce to the king his sentence, with all the pomp of the law when about to take away the life of a criminal. Erect, with his forehead uplifted, his eye fixed on his judges, he listened to the sentence of death in twenty-four hours with the intrepidity of an upright man. One look cast toward heaven seemed like an appeal from his inmost soul to the infallible Judge and Sovereign. The reading of the sentence concluded, Louis XVI., advanced toward Grouvelle, the secretary of

the executive council, took the sentence from his hands, folded it, and placed it in his portfolio; then turning toward Garat, "Monsieur minister of justice," he said, in a voice in which was perceptible the royal tone in the prayer of a suppliant, "I request you to deliver this letter to the Convention." Garat hesitating to take the paper, "I will read it to you," said the king; and he read as follows: "I demand of the Convention a delay of three days, in order to prepare myself to appear before God; I require further to see freely the priest whom I shall name to the commissaries of the Commune, and that he be protected in the act of charity which he shall exercise toward me. I demand to be freed from the perpetual surveillance which has been exercised toward me for many days. I demand, during these last moments, leave to see my family when I desire it, without witnesses. I desire most earnestly that the Convention will at once take into consideration the fate of my family, and that they be allowed immediately to retire unmolested whithersoever they shall think fit to choose an asylum. I recommend to the kindness of the nation all the persons attached to me. There are among them many old men, women, and children, who are entirely dependent on me and must be in want. Given at the Temple the 20th January, 1792."

At the same time the king handed to Garat a second paper, containing the address of the ecclesiastic whose offices and whose consolation he desired for his last hours. This address, written in a handwriting which was not the king's, was "M. Edgeworth de Firmont, Rue de Bac." Garat having taken the two papers, the king retreated some few paces and bowed as when he dismissed an audience at court, intimating his desire to be left alone. The ministers retired.

XI.

After their departure, the king walked up and down his chamber with a firm step, and then demanded his repast, and as he had no knife he ate with a spoon, and broke his bread with his fingers. He was more indignant at these precautions than at hearing his death warrant. "Do they think me such a coward," said he, "as to snatch my life from my enemies? Crimes are imputed to me, but I am innocent, and shall die fearlessly. I would that my death

could render France happy, and avert the evils I foresee for the nation."

At six o'clock Santerre and Garat returned to bring him the answer of the Convention to his demands. In spite of the reitérated efforts of Barbaroux, Buzot, Pétion, Condorcet, and Thomas Paine, the Convention had decided on the previous evening that all respit should be refused. Fournier l'Americain, Jourdan, called *Coupe-tête*, and their satellites, had brandished their sabers over the heads of Barbaroux and Brissot, in the lobby of the Convention, and given them the option of silence or death. These courageous deputies braved the danger, and struggled five hours in vain to obtain the respit. Cazenave, Brissot, Manuel, and De Kersaint (this latter in a letter, one of the most heroic defiances of death that could issue from the soul of a citizen) protested in vain. A majority of thirty-four, headed by Thuriot, Couthon, Marat, and Robespierre, refused all delay. The following is Kersaint's letter:—

"Citizens, it is impossible for me any longer to support the disgrace of sitting in the Convention with blood-thirsty men when their opinion, aided by terror, prevails over that of good men—when Marat possesses more influence than Pétion. If the love of my country has made me endure the misfortune of being the colleague of the panegyrists and promoters of the murders of the 2d of September, I will at least defend my memory from the charge of having been their accomplice; I have but one moment in which to do this—the present: to-morrow it will be too late."

The Convention, irritated rather than moved by this language, charged the minister of justice to reply to the wishes of Louis XVI., that he was at liberty to send for any priest he pleased, and to see his family without any one else being present; but that the demand of three days was refused, and that the execution would take place within four-and-twenty hours.

XII.

The king received this communication of the municipal council without a murmur; for he did not dispute each minute with death: he only demanded a few hours' pause between life and eternity. In one of his interviews with M. de Malesherbes he charged him to transmit a secret message to a venerable foreign priest concealed in Paris, and

whose assistance he requested in the event of his condemnation. "It is a strange commission for a philosopher," said he, with a melancholy smile, to M. de Malesherbes; "but I have always preserved my faith, as a curb on the temptations of sovereign power, and a consolation in adversity. I have found it in the depths of my prison; and if ever you should be sentenced to a similar death, I wish that you may find the same solace in your last moments."

Malesherbes discovered the abode of the king's spiritual adviser, and informed him of his master's request. The servant of God awaited the hour when the prison should be opened to him, and though it should cost him his life he hesitated not; the minister of the dying, it was to their last moments that he owed his sacred duties, for this is the heroism of the Christian priest. Moreover, a sacred friendship united the priest and king; for this ecclesiastic, secretly introduced into the Tuileries on the days of religious solemnity, had often confessed the king. Christian confession, which prostrates the man at the feet of the priest, and the king at the feet of his subject, establishes a confidence between the confessor and the penitent—paternal in the one, filial in the other—often transforms itself into human affection. God is the center of these spiritual attachments, which, although formed in heaven, do not entirely dissolve themselves on earth; and it was thus with the king and the priest. Louis XVI. had in the Abbé de Firmont a secret friend, placed between heaven and earth; he consulted him on difficult occasions, and reserved them for the extremity of his fate.

XIII.

Wednesday, the 20th of January, at nightfall, a stranger knocked at the door of the obscure retreat where the poor priest concealed himself, and ordered him to follow him to the ministerial council. On his arrival at the Tuileries, M. de Firmont was conducted into a cabinet, where the ministers were deliberating upon the execution of the sentence which the Convention had referred to them. Garat, a sensible philosopher, Lebrun, a cold diplomatist, and Roland, a clement republican, who in the king could not help loving the man, would have given worlds to have saved their hearts, their names, and their memories from the sinister mission their destiny imposed on them. But it was too late

—dependent on the Girondists, hostages of the Jacobins in the ministry—they must execute it or perish. Their faces, their agitation, and their stupor revealed the horror of their situation, which they strove to conceal from themselves by pity and respect. They rose and surrounded the priest, expressed their admiration at his courage, and protected his mission. Garat conveyed the priest in his carriage to the Temple, and while on their way thither the minister of the Convention poured forth his despair into the ear of the minister of Heaven. "Good God!" exclaimed he, "with what a terrible mission am I charged! What a man," continued he, speaking of Louis XVI.; "what resignation, what courage! No, nature could never give such force; there must be something superhuman." The priest remained silent, lest he should offend the minister or disavow his own faith. Not a word was spoken until they arrived at the gate of the Temple, which opened at the name of Garat. After entering a room filled with armed men, they entered a larger apartment; the arched roof, the broken ornaments of the architecture, and the steps of an altar which had been thrown down, disclosed an antique chapel, long since profaned. Twelve commissioners of the Commune sat in this chapel; their features and language, and the total want of sensibility, and even decency, before death, which characterized these men, revealed in them that brutal nature, which is incapable of respecting any thing in an enemy, even the last agony and death; one or two only, younger than the rest, exchanged glances of intelligence with the priest. The minister entered the king's apartment while the abbé was being searched, and he was then conducted to the king's presence. The instant the king perceived him he led him to his chamber, in order that he might enjoy, without witnesses, the presence of the man for whom he so ardently wished. The priest fell at the king's feet and burst into tears, nor could the latter refrain from weeping. "Pardon me," said he, to the venerable ecclesiastic, as he raised him, "this momentary weakness; I have so long lived among my enemies that habit has rendered me indifferent to their hatred, and my heart has been closed against all sentiments of tenderness; but the sight of a faithful friend restores me my sensibility, which I believed dead, and moves me to tears in spite of myself." He then retired with him into the little turret, which served him for a study. A table, two chairs, a small

earthenware stove, a few books, and an ivory crucifix were the whole of the furniture. The king gave M. Edgeworth a chair, and sat down opposite him. "I am now arrived," said he, "at the great and sole consideration which must occupy me in life—to quit it pure or pardoned in the sight of God, in order to prepare a better one for me and mine." With these words he drew from his breast a paper, and broke the seals; it was his will, and he read it twice over, in order that not one word might escape the servant of God, whom he recognized as his judge. The king seemed to fear that in the very terms in which he bequeathed his pardon to the world some reproach or expression of resentment might escape him, and involuntarily deprive his farewell of some portion of its softness and dignity. His voice faltered only at and where he spoke of the queen, his sister, and his children. It was evident that his sensibility was concentrated in his family, and that he lived and suffered in them alone.

A calm and long conversation on the events of the last few months, and of which the king was totally ignorant, followed the reading of his will. He inquired after the fate of several of his friends, lamenting their sufferings, and rejoicing at their flight and safety; speaking of all, not with the indifference of a man who is quitting his country forever, but with all the interest and curiosity of a traveler who, after a long absence, inquires after all those whom he has loved. Although the clock already struck the hours of night, and his life now only could be counted by hours, he yet retarded the moment for occupying himself in those pious exercises for which he had summoned the confessor. He was to have at seven o'clock a last interview with his family, and the approach of this moment, which he so much desired and dreaded, agitated him a thousand times more than the thoughts of the scaffold. He was unwilling that this last agony of his life should disturb the calm solemnity of his preparation for death, or that tears should mingle with his blood in the sacrifice of himself he would so shortly offer to God and men.

XIV.

The queen and princesses had, however, learned during the day the refusal of the respit, and the order for the execution within four-and-twenty hours, by the public criers,

who bawled the sentence through every street in Paris. All hope was now extinguished, and all their anxiety was now confined to one doubt—would the king die without having seen, embraced, and blessed them? One last outbreak of tenderness, one last embrace, one last word and look to treasure up—all their hopes, desires, and supplications were bounded there. Grouped, since the morning, in silence and tears in the queen's apartment, they only learned late in the evening the decree of the Convention permitting them to see the king. This was a joy amid all their despair, and they prepared themselves for it long before the time. Pressing round the door, questioning the commissioners and jailers, it seemed to them that their impatience would hasten the hours, and that the beating of their hearts would force the doors to open sooner.

XV.

The king, though in appearance more calm, was in reality no less agitated. He had never had but one affection —his wife; one friendship—his sister; one joy in his life —his children. These tendernesses distracted and chilled, though never extinguished on the throne, had been warmed and revivified in his heart since the attacks of adversity, and more than ever since his captivity. One idea troubled this interview beforehand—the idea that this last interview, in which nature would vent itself with the freedom of despair and the *abandon* of tenderness, would be watched by the jailers; that the most secret emotions of the husband, wife, mother, sister, father, daughter, and son, would be counted, and perhaps incriminated by their enemies. The king availed himself of the terms of the decree of the Convention, to demand that the interview should take place in private. The commissioners, responsible to the Commune, and who at the same time did not venture openly to disobey the Convention, deliberated how they could reconcile the intentions of the decree with the rigor of the law, and it was agreed that this interview should take place in the *salle à manger*, which opened by a glass door into the commissioner's apartment, who could thus still watch the king, and by this means, though their gestures and tears would be profaned by the presence of strangers, their words at least would be unheard. The king, a short time before the hour appointed for the interview, left his confessor in

the turret, descended into the *salle à manger*, to prepare it for this last farewell. "Bring some water and a glass," said he to his attendant. A carafe of iced water stood on the table. Cléry pointed to it. "Bring some water which is not iced," said the king; "if the queen drank that, it might be injurious to her."

The door at last opened. The queen, leading her son by the hand, threw herself into his arms, and strove to lead him to her chamber. "No, no," whispered the king, clasping his wife to his heart; "I can only see you here."

Madame Elizabeth followed with the princess royal; and Cléry closed the door after them. The king gently forced the queen to seat herself on his right and his sister on his left, and he then sat down between them, so close that their arms encircled his neck, and their heads rested on his breast. The princess royal, her long hair hanging disheveled over her shoulders, laid her head in his lap, and the dauphin was seated on his father's knee, and had one arm round his neck.

These five persons thus grouped, their faces hidden on the king's breast, formed in the eyes of the spectators one mass of heads—of members, from whence escaped, in caresses and murmurs of anguish, the despair of these five souls, joined in one, to burst forth and die, in a single embrace.

XVI.

More than half an hour elapsed without a single word being spoken; it was a lamentation in which these voices of father, wife, sister, and children were lost in the general sorrow, and at intervals burst forth into cries so shrill, so agonizing, that they penetrated through the walls of the Temple, and were heard in the adjacent *quartiers*. At length physical weakness caused them to cease, tears dried on their eyes, and a conversation in whispers, interrupted by kisses and embraces, lasted for two hours. No one overheard these confidences of a dying man to the survivors; the tomb swallowed them up in a few months. The princess royal alone guarded the traces in her memory, and revealed in after years what confidence, policy, and death can reveal, of the tenderness of a father, the conscience of a dying man, and the secret instructions of a king. Mutual recital of their thoughts during their separation, repeated recommendations of sacrificing all vengeance to

God, if ever the fickleness of the people, which is the fortune of kings, should place his enemies in their power, supernatural soarings of the mind of Louis XVI. to heaven, sudden outbreaks of tenderness at the sight of those beloved beings whose arms seemed to enfold and detain him on earth, vague hopes exaggerated by a pious fraud to alleviate the sorrow of the queen, resignation to the will of God, sublime prayers that his life should not cost the nation one drop of blood, lessons rather Christian than royal, given and repeated to his son—all this, mingled with kisses, tears, embraces, prayers, and more secret and tender advice whispered in the queen's ear, occupied the two hours of this melancholy interview. Nothing could be heard but a confused and gentle murmur. The commissioners cast a furtive glance from time to time through the glass door, as though to warn the king that time was rapidly wearing away.

When at last they had given vent to their tenderness and tears, the king rose, clasped them all in a long embrace. The queen threw herself at his feet, and entreated him to permit them to remain with him through the night: this, however, he refused, through tenderness for them, alleging, in excuse, the necessity of a few hours' tranquillity to prepare himself for the morrow; but he promised his family to have them summoned the next morning at eight. "Why not at seven?" said the queen. "Well, then, at seven," replied the king. "You promise us?" cried they all. "Yes, I promise you," repeated the king. The queen, as she crossed the antechamber, hung round the king's neck; the princess royal and Madame Elizabeth encircled him with their arms, while the dauphin, holding a hand of his father and mother, gazed earnestly at the former. As they approached the stair-case, their cries redoubled; at last the king retreated a few paces, and stretching out his arms to the queen, "Adieu—adieu," cried he, with a gesture and a voice which revealed at once a whole past life of tenderness, a present of anguish, a future of eternal separation, but in which could be distinguished an accent of serenity, hope, and religious joy, which seemed to indicate the vague, yet confident hope of a reunion in a better world.

At this adieu the princess royal fainted at her father's feet. Her mother, aunt, and Cléry raised and carried her to the stairs, while the king covered his face with his hands, and turning on the threshold of his chamber,

"Adieu," cried he, in a broken voice, as he closed the door, and hastened to the turret, where the priest awaited him. The agony of royalty was over.

XVII.

The king, exhausted, sat down on a chair, and remained for a long time unable to utter a word. "Ah! monsieur," he said, at length, to the Abbé Edgeworth, "what an interview I have had! Why do I love so fondly? Alas!" he added, after a pause, "and why am I so fondly loved? But we have now done with time," he added, in a firm tone; "let us occupy ourselves with eternity."

At this moment Cléry entered, and begged the king to take some refreshment. Louis at first refused; then, reflecting that he would want all his strength, in order to contend manfully against the preparation and sight of his punishment, he ate for about five minutes, standing up and taking a piece of bread and a little wine, like a traveler who does not sit down on his way. The priest, who knew the faith which Louis had in the holy mysteries of Christianity, inquired of him if it would be any consolation to him to have them celebrated the following morning before daybreak, and to receive from his hand God made man to suffer with us, and transformed into bread for the nourishment of souls? The king, deprived for a long time of the power of attending the sacred ceremonies, a pious habit of the princes of his race, was surprised and overjoyed at the idea. It seemed to him that the God of Calvary had come to visit him in his dungeon at his last hour, like a friend who comes to meet a friend. He had despaired of obtaining this favor from the harshness and impiety of the Commune.

The priest, encouraged by the marks of respect which Garat had given to his mission, was more hopeful. He went down to the council-chamber, and demanded leave and the means to perform the holy ceremony in the chamber of the king. These were the host, the wine, the sacred books, a chalice, and the priestly garments. The commissaries, indecisive, fearing on the one hand to refuse this last consolation in the last hours of a condemned man; and, on the other hand, to be accused of *fanaticism*, by allowing, under their very eyes, the rites of a repudiated worship—deliberated for a long time in a low voice. "Who

will assure us," said one of these men to the ecclesiastic, "that you will not poison the criminal with the very host which you present to him as the body of his God? Would that be the first time that kings have been poisoned with the bread of life?" The confessor removed every shadow of suspicion by requesting them to supply with their own hands the wine, the host, the vases, and the ornaments of the altar, and then returned to announce the glad tidings to the king.

XVIII.

The prince felt this last happiness as the first ray of immortality. He collected his ideas, fell on his knees, recalled before God the acts, thoughts, and intentions of his whole life—and while yet living—not before posterity, nor before men, but before the eye of God, sought that judgment which the kings of Egypt only underwent in the grave. This examination of his conscience, this self-accusation, lasted until the night was far advanced. The judgment of God, always mingled with pardon, is not the judgment of men. The king arose, if not innocent, at least absolved. The priest, who in the Christian confession inflicts a voluntary punishment on faults, made, as an expiation for his penitent, the religious acceptance of the death he was about to undergo, and the sacrifice of his blood an atonement which washed from the throne all the errors of his race. He promised the king to administer to him next morning the Holy Communion, as a token of reconciliation and hope—the body of Christ crucified. That feeling of purification of soul which the Christian experiences after confession had calmed the mind of the king. His careful research into the feelings of his life had distracted his thoughts from the present hour. His reign was more irreproachable in his conscience than in history: even in his faults he traced his good intentions. Feeling himself pure before God, he judged himself innocent before men. He relied on the acquittal of posterity as he did on the pardon of God.

XIX.

The night had half past away. The sentenced man laid down and slept a sleep as profound, as calm, as though

this night were to be followed by a next day! The priest passed the hours in prayer in Cléry's chamber, separated from the king's only by a wooden partition. They heard the regular and peaceful breathing of the sleeping king, which attested the deepness of his slumber, and the regularity of the beatings of his heart, like those of a clock about to stop. At five o'clock it was requisite to awaken him. "Has it struck five?" he inquired of Cléry. "Not yet by the clock of the tower," replied Cléry; "but several of the clocks of the city have struck." "I have slept soundly," remarked the king: "I was much fatigued yesterday." Cléry lighted the fire, and assisted his master to dress. He raised the altar in the middle of the chamber, and the priest performed the holy sacrifice. The king on his knees, with a book of prayers in his hand, gave undivided attention to all the signification and words of this ceremony, in which the priest commemorated the last supper, the agony, death, resurrection, and transubstantiation of Christ, offering himself as a victim to his Father, and giving himself as an aliment to his brethen. He received the body of Christ under the symbol of the consecrated bread. He felt himself fortified against death, and believed that he now possessed in his heart the divine assurance of another life. After mass, while the priest was disrobing, the king went alone into the little tower in order to collect himself. Cléry followed him, and on his knees requested his blessing. Louis XVI. gave it to him, and desired him to convey it in his name to all who were attached to him, and, especially, to those of his guardians, who, like Turgy, had had pity on his captivity and softened its rigors; then, leading him into the recess of the window, he gave him, unseen, a seal, which he detached from his watch, a small parcel, which he took from his bosom, and his wedding-ring, which he removed from his finger.

"After my death," he said, "you will give this seal to my son—this ring to the queen. Tell her that I resign it with pain in order that it be not profaned with my body! This small parcel contains locks of hair of all my family: that you will give her. Say to the queen, my dear children, and my sister, that I had promised to see them this morning, but that I desired to spare them the agony of such a bitter separation twice over. How much it has cost me to depart without receiving their last embraces!" Sobs impeded his utterance. "I charge you," he added, in a

tone of tenderness which nearly choked his words, "to convey to them my last farewell!" Cléry retired, overcome with tears.

A moment after, the king left his cabinet and asked for a pair of scissors, in order that his servant might cut off his hair, the only legacy he could leave his family. Cléry entreated to be allowed to accompany his master, in order to undress him on the scaffold, that the hand of a faithful servant might replace that of the brutal executioner in this last office. "The executioner is good enough for him," replied one of the commissaries.

The king again withdrew.

XX.

His confessor, on entering the tower, found him warming himself near the stove, appearing to reflect with sad joy on the termination which had at length arrived to his sufferings. "Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, "how happy I am that I maintained my faith on the throne! Where should I be to-day but for this hope? Yes; there is on high a Judge incorruptible, who will award to me that measure of justice which men refuse to me here below!"

The day began to dawn in the tower, through the iron bars and planks which obstructed the light of heaven. There were distinctly heard the noise of the drums beating in all quarters, the *rappel* for the citizens to get under arms, the trampling of the horses of the *gensdarmerie*, the rolling of the wheels of cannons and tumbrils, which were arriving at their stations in the courts of the Temple. The king listened to these sounds with indifference, as he explained them to his confessor. "It is, in all probability, the national guard assembling," he said, at the first noises. A few moments afterward they heard the trampling of a numerous body of horse on the pavement at the foot of the tower, and the voices of the officers as they arranged them in order. "Here they come," he exclaimed; and he said so without impatience or fear, like a man who arrives first at a rendezvous, and is kept waiting. And he waited long. For nearly two hours they came knocking at the door of his chamber under various pretexts, and at each summons the confessor believed it the final order. The king rose without hesitation, opened the door, and having replied, resumed his seat. At nine o'clock there was a tumultuous noise of

armed men on the stair-case, and the doors were suddenly opened. Santerre appeared, attended by twelve municipals, and with ten gendarmes, whom he arranged in two lines in the apartment. The king opened the door of his cabinet, and said, in a firm voice, and with an imperious gesture to Santerre, "You are come for me: I will be with you in an instant: await me there." He pointed with his finger to the threshold of the chamber, closed the door, and knelt once more at the priest's knees. "All is consummated, my father," he said: "give me your blessing, and pray to God to sustain me to the end." He then rose, opened the door, advanced with a serene air, the majesty of death on his brow and in his looks, and placed himself between the double row of gendarmes. He held a folded paper in his hand; it was his last will and testament. He addressed himself to the municipal guard in front of him, saying, "I beg of you transmit this paper to the queen!"... A look of astonishment at this word on the republican countenances made him recollect that he had mistaken the word; —"to my wife," he said, recovering himself. The municipal retreated, saying savagely, "That is no affair of mine; I am here to conduct you to the scaffold."

This man was Jacques Roux, a priest, who had left his order, and cast off all feeling with his frock. "True," said the king with a saddened air; then looking at all the guards, he turned to the one whose countenance expressed some tenderness of heart; his name was Gobeau. "Transmit, I pray you, this paper to my wife—read it if you will; these are wishes that the Commune should know." The municipal, with the assent of his follows, took the testament.

Cléry, who feared, like the valet of Charles I., that his master, shaking with cold, might seem to tremble at the sight of the scaffold, gave him his cloak. "I do not require it," said the king; "give me only my hat." When he took it, he grasped the hand of his faithful servant, and squeezed it as a token of intelligence and farewell; then turning to Santerre, and looking at him full in the face, he said, with a gesture of resolution, and in a tone of command, "Let us go."

Santerre and his troop seemed rather to follow than to escort him. The king descended the stair-case of the tower with a firm tread, and meeting in the passage the turnkey Mathey, who had been disrespectful to him over night, and whom he had reproached for his impertinence, he went

toward him, and said, with a kindly look, "Mathey, I was somewhat warm with you yesterday; excuse me for the sake of this hour." Mathey, instead of replying, pretended to turn his head away, and retreated, as though contact with the dying prince had been contagious.

As he crossed the first court on foot, the king turned round twice toward the tower, casting each time on the windows of the queen's apartments a look in which his whole soul seemed to breathe forth its mute farewell to all so dear to him that he left in the prison.

A carriage awaited him at the entrance of the second court, two gendarmes were standing by the steps; one mounted first, and seated himself in the front; the king then got in, and his confessor seated himself by his side; the second gendarme then entered, fastened the door, and the vehicle moved forward.

Sixty drums were beating at the heads of the horses—a moving army consisting of national guards, *fédérés*, troops of the line, cavalry, gendarmerie, and artillery, marched before, behind, and on each side of the carriage—all Paris kept in their houses. An order of the day of the Commune forbade any citizens who did not form a portion of the armed militia to cross the street which led to the Boulevards, or to show themselves at the windows on the line of the procession. Even the markets were empty. A lowering sky, the weather foggy and chill, allowed nothing to be seen from the Place de la Bastille to the foot of the scaffold—in the Place de la Révolution—but a forest of bayonets and pikes drawn up in stationary lines. At intervals, this double row of steel was reinforced by detachments of infantry, from the camp round Paris, with their knapsacks on their backs, and their arms loaded as on a day of battle. Cannon loaded with grape, matches lighted, guarded the main streets on the line of road. The silence of the city was as great in its affright; no man uttered his thought to his neighbor. Even countenances were inexpressive beneath the look of spies, and something mechanical was observable in the faces, motions, and gaze of this multitude. It might have been said that Paris had abdicated its very soul in trembling obedience. The king, leaning back in the carriage, and covered as it were by bayonets and the drawn swords of his escort, was scarcely perceived. He wore a brown coat, black silk breeches, and a white waistcoat and stockings; His hair was turned up beneath his hat. The noise of the

drums, cannon, and horses, and the presence of the gendarmes in the carriage prevented him from discoursing with his confessor. He only asked the Abbé Edgeworth to lend him his breviary, and he sought with his finger and eye the Psalms whose peculiar structure suited his situation. The sacred songs, uttered in broken accents by his lips, and echoing from his soul, drew his eyes from the horses and the sight of the people during the whole progress from prison to death. The priest prayed beside him. The gendarmes in the carriage wore on their countenances the expression of astonishment and admiration, which the pious calmness of the king inspired. Some cries of pardon were heard, when the carriage drove away, from the mob assembled at the entrance to the Rue du Temple, but died away unechoed in the throng, and the general repression of popular feeling. No insult, no imprecation arose from the multitude. If it had been asked of each of these 200,000 citizens, actors or spectators of this funeral of a living man, "Must this man—one against all—die?" Not one would have replied, *Yes.* But circumstances were so combined by the misfortunes and pressure of the times, that all accomplished unhesitatingly what, isolated, none would have consented to. The multitude, by the mutual action which it exercised on itself, prevented itself from yielding to its sympathy and horror—like a vault, where each stone by itself has a tendency to give way and drop, but where all remain suspended by the resistance which pressure opposes to their fall!

XXI.

At the confluence of the numerous streets which meet on the boulevard between the portes Saint Denis and Saint Martin, where there is a wide space and deep descent, which caused the horses to slacken their pace, a sudden stir compelled them to stop for an instant. Seven or eight young persons rushing in a body from the Rue Beauregard, made way through the crowd, breaking the line, and dashed toward the carriage, sword in hand, exclaiming, "Help those who would save the king!" Among these was the Baron de Batz, an adventurer in conspiracies, and his secretary, Devaux. Three thousand young men, secretly enrolled and armed for this *coup de main*, were to respond to this signal, and afterward to attempt an insurrection in Paris, supported by Dumouriez. Concealed in the city, these in-

trepid conspirators, seeing that no one followed them, made their way amid the surprise and confusion through the line of the national guard, and were speedily lost in the neighboring streets. A detachment of *gendarmerie* pursued them, and, overtaking some, they paid for the attempt with their lives.

The procession, stopped for a moment, resumed its march through the silent and impassive populace to the opening of the Rue Royale, to the Place de la Révolution. There a ray of the winter's sun, which penetrated the mist, showed the place filled by 100,000 heads, the regiments of the garrison of Paris drawn up round all sides of the scaffold, the executioners, awaiting the victim, and the instrument of death prominent above the mob, with its beams and posts painted blood-color.

It was the guillotine! This machine, invented in Italy and imported into France by the humanity of a celebrated medical man, member of the Constituent Assembly, named Guillotin, had been substituted for the atrocious and disgraceful modes of punishment which the Revolution desired to abolish. It had the great recommendation, in the eyes of the legislators of the Constituent Assembly, that it did not shed the blood of men by the hand (and frequently under the ill-directed hand) of another man, but committed murder by a senseless instrument, as insensible as wood, and as infallible as iron. At the signal of the executioner, the blade fell by itself. This ax, whose weight was increased a hundred fold by a weight fastened beneath the scaffold, glided down between two grooves, with a motion at once horizontal and perpendicular, like that of a saw, and severed the head from the body by the weight of its fall, and with the rapidity of lightning. It destroyed pain and time in the infliction of death. The guillotine on this day was erected in the center of the Place de la Révolution, before the great alley of the garden of the Tuileries, in face and as if in derision of the palace of kings, very near the spot where the sparkling fountain nearest to the Seine seems now forever washing the pavement.

Since the break of day, the approaches to the scaffold, the *Pont Louis XVI.*, the terraces of the Tuileries, the parapets on the border of the river, the roofs of the houses in the Rue Royale, even the leafless branches of trees in the Champs Elysées, were filled with countless numbers, who awaited the event amid the agitation, the tumult, and

the noise of this swarm of men, as if the crowd could not credit the punishment of a king, until they had witnessed it. The places immediately around the scaffold were filled (thanks to the influence of the Commune, and the connivance of the commandants of the troops) by the men of blood of the Cordeliers, the Jacobins, and the days of September, unscrupulous and pitiless ruffians. Stationed around the scaffold, as a witness on behalf of the republic, they desired the punishment should be consummated and applauded.

At the approach of the king's carriage a solemn silence came over the whole multitude, including even those men. The carriage drew up a few paces from the scaffold, two hours having elapsed since it left the Temple.

XXII.

When the king perceived that the carriage had stopped, he raised his eyes from his book, and, like a man who pauses for an instant in his reading, leaned toward his confessor, and said to him, in a low tone, "We have arrived, I think?" The priest's reply was a silent but significant gesture. One of the three brothers Samson, the executioners of Paris, opened the door. The gendarmes got out, but the king, closing the door, and placing his right hand on the knee of his confessor with a gesture of protection, "Gentlemen," he said, authoritatively, to the executioners, gendarmes, and officers who pressed round the wheels, "I recommend to your care this gentleman! Take care that he be not insulted after my death. I charge you to watch over him!" No one replied. The king repeated this admonition to the executioners, even still more impressively. One of them interrupted him. "Yes, yes," said he, with a sinister tone, "make your mind easy—we will take care—let us alone." Louis alighted from the carriage. Three of the executioners' attendants came toward him, and wished to undress him at the scaffold foot. He waved them off with majesty; took off himself his coat, cravat, and turned down his shirt. The executioners again came toward him. "What do you desire to do?" he murmured indignantly. "Bind you," they replied; and they took his hands in order to fasten them with cords. "Bind me!" replied the king, with a tone in which all his ancestral blood revolted at the ignominy: "No! no! I will never consent! Do your busi-

ness; but you shall not bind me. Do not think of such a thing." The executioners insisted, raised their voices, called for help, and violence must have ensued. A personal struggle was about to sully the victim at the foot of the scaffold. The king, out of respect for the dignity of his death, and the composure of his last thoughts, looked at the priest as though to ask his counsel. "Sire," said the divine counselor, "submit unresistingly to this fresh outrage, as the last feature of resemblance between yourself and the God who is about to become your recompense." The king raised his eyes to heaven with an expression in his look which seemed at once to imply resignation and acceptance. "Assuredly," he said, "there needed nothing less than the example of God to make me submit to such an indignity." And immediately turning round, he extended, of his own accord, his hands toward the executioners. "Do as you will," he said: "I will drink the cup to the dregs!"

Supported by the priest, he ascended the steep and slippery steps of the scaffold. The action of his body appeared to indicate a weakness of soul; but on reaching the last step he quitted his confessor, crossed the scaffold with a firm tread, looked at the instrument and its trenchant blade, as he passed, and turning suddenly, he faced the palace and the side where the greatest body of the populace could see and hear him, and, making a gesture of silence to the drummers, they obeyed him mechanically. "People," said Louis XVI., in a voice that sounded far in the distance, and was distinctly heard at the extremity of the square, "People, I die innocent of all the crimes imputed to me! I pardon the authors of my death, and pray to God that the blood you are about to shed may not fall again on France!" He would have proceeded; a shudder ran through the crowd. The principal officer of the staff of the troops of the camp round Paris, *Beaufranchet Comte d'Oyat*, son of Louis XV. and a favorite named Morphise, ordered the drums to beat. A long and loud roll drowned the voice of the king and the murmur of the multitude. The condemned man turned slowly to the guillotine, and surrendered himself to his executioners. At the moment when they fastened him to the plank, he cast a farewell glance on the priest, who was praying on his knees at the foot of the scaffold. He lived and was in full possession of his perfect soul, until the moment when it was returned to his

Creator by the hands of the executioner. The plank sunk, the blade glided, the head fell.

One of the executioners, taking the head of the dead man by the hair, showed it to the people, sprinkling the sides of the scaffold with blood. *Fédérés* and fanatic republicans, mounting on the planks, dipped the points of their sabers, and the lances of their pikes in the blood, and waving them toward heaven, shouted *Vive la République!* The horror excited by this act stifled the cry that rose to the lips of the people, and the shout rather resembled one mighty sob. The salvos of artillery informed the distant faubourgs that royalty was immolated in the person of the king. The crowd listened in silence.

The remains of Louis XVI. were conveyed in a covered tumbril to the cemetery of the Madelaine, and lime was flung in the grave in order that the consumed bones of the victim of the Revolution might not some day become the relics of royalty. The streets were empty. Bodies of armed *fédérés* overran all quarters of Paris, announcing the death of the *tyrant*, and singing the sanguinary couplet of the *Marseillaise*. No enthusiasm replied to them; the city was mute. The people did not confound a punishment with a victory. Consternation had entered the homes of the citizens with liberty. The body of the king had not grown cold on the scaffold before the people doubted of the act they had just accomplished, and asked of each other, with anxiety bordering on remorse, whether the blood which had just been poured forth was a stain on the glory of France, or the seal of liberty? The consciences of the republicans themselves were disturbed at the blight of this scaffold. The king's death left a problem to be discussed by the nation.

XXIII.

Fifty years have elapsed since that event, yet this problem still agitates the conscience of the human race, and even divides history into two parties. Crime or stoicism, according to the light in which we place ourselves to view it—this act is in the opinion of some a parricide; in that of others, it is an act of justice that liberty heroically performed on her own behalf; a political act, which wrote the rights of the people in the blood of kings, which must inevitably render royalty and France irreconcilable; and

which, leaving France no alternative, save that of suffering the vengeance of despots, or of conquering them, condemned the nation to victory by the enormity of the outrage, and the impossibility of pardon. As for us, who owe justice and pity to the victim, but equally justice to the judges, we ask ourselves, on terminating this melancholy recital, whom we should accuse or absolve—the king, his judges, the nation, or destiny. And if we can remain impartial when moved by pity, we ask ourselves, in these terms, the redoubtable question which makes history hesitate, justice doubt, and humanity tremble.

Had the nation the right of judging Louis XVI. as a regular and legal tribunal? No; for a judge must be impartial and disinterested, and the nation was neither the one nor the other. In this terrible but unavoidable conflict between royalty and liberty, for the emancipation or thralldom of the citizens, Louis XVI. personified the throne, and the nation liberty. It was not their fault, but their nature; and between these two adversaries, the king and the people—of whom the one sought instinctively to retain, and the other to wrest from it, the rights of the nation—there could be no other tribunal than the combat, no other judge than victory. We do not pretend to assert by these words that there was not above these two parties a morality of cause and actions that judges victory itself. This justice never perishes in the eclipse of the laws and the ruin of empires, only it lacks a tribunal before which it can legally cite men. It is the justice of state—that justice which has neither appointed judges nor written laws, but which pronounces its sentences conscientiously, and whose code is equity. Louis XVI. could only be judged in policy and equity by a state trial. Had the nation the right of thus trying him, is to ask if she had the right to combat and conquer; if despotism is inviolable, liberty but revolt; if there is not justice on earth save for kings, naught for the people but to serve and obey. The very doubt is an impiety toward liberty.

The nation, possessing in itself that inalienable sovereignty which lies in the reason, the right, and the will of every citizen, had doubtless the power of modifying the external forms of the sovereignty, of leveling the aristocracy, dispossessing the church, and of abasing or even annihilating the throne, in order to reign herself by her magistrates. Thus from the moment the nation had the right

of freeing herself, she had the right of securing and consolidating the results of her victory. If, then, Louis XVI., a king too recently deprived of the supreme power, to whom all restitution of it to the people seemed an abdication—a king, ill contented with the share of power left him, desirous of regaining the rest, assailed on one side by an usurping assembly, on the other by an alarmed queen, a humiliated nobility, a clergy who asserted Heaven was on his side, an implacable emigration, brothers who roused all Europe in his name against the Revolution—Louis XVI., as king, appeared to the people a living conspiracy against liberty—if the nation suspected him of regretting the supreme control, of placing impediments in the way of the new constitution in order to profit by its fall, of spreading snares for liberty, of rejoicing in anarchy, of disarming the country, of corresponding with her enemies—the nation had the right of citing him to the bar of his country, and of deposing him in the name of the dictatorship and public safety. If the nation had not possessed this right, the right of betraying the people with impunity would have been one of the prerogatives of the new constitution granted by the king.

XXIV.

We have just seen that no written law could be applied to the king; and that his judges being his enemies, his sentence could not be a legal condemnation, but a great state measure, of which equity alone should discuss the motives and dictate the decision.

Was Louis XVI., though degraded from royalty, dis armed and captive, and perhaps guilty in the letter, guilty in intent, if we consider the moral and physical restraint of his deplorable situation? Was he a tyrant?—No. An oppressor of the people?—No. An enemy of liberty? —No. A supporter of the aristocracy?—No. All his reign from his accession displayed the philosophical tendency of his mind, and the popular feelings of his heart, and that he desired to protect royalty against the temptations of despotism, of demanding counsels from the nation, and of causing the rights and interests of the nation to reign in and through him. A revolutionary prince, he had himself summoned the Revolution to his assistance; he had

wished to endow it with much, it had wished to extort more from him; thence arose the struggle. Yet the king was not politically irreproachable in this contest, for the incoherence and repeal of his measures had betrayed their weakness, and had often served as a pretext for the attacks and violence of the people. Thus Louis XVI. had convoked the States-General, and wished, when too late, to circumscribe the right of deliberation; and the moral insurrection of the oath of "*Jeu de paume*" had forced him to take this step. He sought to intimidate the Constituent Assembly by assembling troops at Versailles, and the people of Paris captured the Bastille, and seduced the French guards. He had sought to remove the sittings of the National Assembly from the capital, and the people of Paris had marched on Versailles, forced his palace, massacred his guards, and imprisoned his family in the Tuileries. He had endeavored to escape to his own, perhaps to a foreign, army, and the nation had brought him back, and imposed on him the constitution of '91. He had treated with the emigration and the kings, his avengers, and the populace of Paris rose on the 20th of June. To obey his conscience, he had refused his sanction to laws dictated by the will of the people, and the Girondists and Jacobins had caused the insurrection of the 10th of August. According to the feeling with which we look at the vicissitudes of his reign, he could either be accused or pitied. He was neither entirely innocent nor guilty: he was unfortunate; for if the people could reproach him with weakness and dissimulation, he could reproach them with cruel violence. The action and reaction, the blow and the recoil, had followed on both sides so rapidly, that it was difficult to say who had struck the first. The faults were reciprocal, the offenses mutual, the perils equal. Who, then, had a right to condemn the other, and say, with justice and impartiality, "Thou shalt die?" Neither of them; for the king could no more, in case of victory, judge the people, than the people could legally judge the king. A legal trial was but hypocrisy—the ax alone was logical; Robespierre had said so. But the use of the ax after the combat, when exercised on a disarmed man, in the name of his enemies, what is that termed in every language? A cold-blooded and inexcusable murder the instant it is unnecessary; in one word, an immolation.

XXV.

To depose Louis XVI., and banish him from his native country, and retain him in such a manner as would render any attempt on his part to conspire impossible—this was what the safety of the republic, the surety of the Revolution demanded from the Convention. The immolation of a captive was but a concession to anger or fear. Vengeance here, cowardice there, cruelty every where. The immolation of a vanquished man five months after the victory, were he guilty or even dangerous, was a pitiless act; and pity is not a vain word among men—it is an instinct which warns force to stay her hand in proportion to the weakness and adversity of the victims; it is a generous justice of the human heart, more clear-sighted and infallible than the inflexible justice of the mind, and thus mankind has made it a virtue. If the absence of all pity is a crime in despotism, why should it be a virtue in a republic? Do vice and virtue change names when they change sides? or can the people dispense with magnanimity? None but their enemies dare assert this, for it would dishonor them; their very strength commands them to be more generous than their tyrants.

XXVI.

Lastly, was the murder of the king necessary as a measure of public safety? We should first inquire if this murder was just, for nothing which is unjust in itself can be necessary to the cause of nations: it is the perfect morality of their acts which constitutes the right, the beauty, and the sanctity of the cause of the people. If they abdicate justice they have no longer a banner, and are only the freed men of despotism, who imitate all the vices of their masters. The life or death of Louis XVI., dethroned and a prisoner, did not weigh one bayonet more or less in the balance of the destiny of the republic. His blood was a more certain declaration of war than his dethronement. His death was certainly a more specious pretext for hostilities in the diplomatic councils of the courts opposed to the Revolution. A prince, fatigued and rendered unpopular by four years of unequal contest with the people, the timidity and indecision of whose character had so often been manifest-

ed, Louis XVI., fallen from a throne to a prison, was the only prince of his race who could no longer hope to reign. Abroad he was discredited by his concessions, at home he would have been the patient and inoffensive hostage of the republic, the ornament of its triumph, and a living proof of its magnanimity. His death, on the contrary, alienated from the cause that immense part of the population who only judge of human events by their hearts. Human nature is pathetic, and the republic, forgetting this, gave to royalty somewhat of martyrdom, to liberty somewhat of vengeance. It thus prepared a reaction against the republican cause, and ranged on the side of royalty the sensibility, the interest, and the tears of part of the people. Who can deny that pity for the fate of Louis XVI. and his family had a great share in the restoration of the royalty some years after? Public sentiment, when it is once moved at an iniquity, is only tranquilized when it is in some measure absolved by an unexpected and brilliant reparation. There was blood of Louis XVI. in the treaties that the European powers passed between themselves to incriminate and stifle the Revolution. There was blood of Louis XVI. in the oil that consecrated Napoleon so soon after the oaths of liberty—there was blood of Louis XVI. in the monarchical enthusiasm awakened in France by the restoration of the Bourbons, and in the reaction of 1830, which cast the hesitating nation into the arms of another dynasty. The republicans are most bound to deplore this blood, for it is on their cause that it has fallen; it is this blood that has lost them the republic.

XXVII.

As for the judges, God alone reads the consciences of individuals; history can only read the consciences of parties. The intent makes the crime, or gives the explanation of such acts. Some voted for it from the strong conviction of the necessity of suppressing the living type of royalty when royalty itself was abolished. The others, as a bold defiance to all the kings of Europe, who, as they asserted, would not deem them actually republicans until they had executed the king. Some, to give a signal and an example to enslaved nations, which would lend them the audacity to shake off their fetters; others, from a firm persuasion of the treason of Louis XVI., whom the press and the tri-

bunes had held up to them from the commencement of the Revolution as a conspirator; some through impatience at the dangers of the country; some, like the Girondists, with regret, and through an ambitious rivalry, who should give the strongest pledges to the republic. Others, from that *entrainement* which bears along weaker minds in its current; others by that cowardice which sometimes seizes on the heart; but the greater majority voted for his death with a stoical fanaticism which neither deceived itself as to the insufficiency of the charges, the irregularity of the forms, the cruelty of the sentence, nor the reckoning posterity would one day demand from their memory, but who deemed liberty sufficiently holy to justify by its foundation all that was wanting to the justice of their vote, and sufficiently implacable to immolate to it their own feelings of pity.

XXVIII.

All were deceived. History, however, can not mistake, among all the political consequences of the death of Louis XVI., that there was a power in this scaffold: it was the power of despairing parties and desperate resolutions. This execution devoted France to the vengeance of thrones, and thus gave the republic the convulsive force of nations, the energy of despair. Europe heard it, and France replied. Doubt and negotiation ceased, and DEATH, holding the regicidal ax in one hand and the tricolor in the other, became the negotiator and judge between the monarchy and the republic—slavery and liberty—between the past and the future existence of nations.

BOOK XXXVI.

I.

GREAT human catastrophes leave their echoes in public imagination, which are most deeply felt by certain men endued as it were with the faculty of concentrating in themselves the impression of all, and of carrying to [illegible]dness, sometimes to crime, the excitement which such [illegible]ophes inspire. The death of Louis XVI., the

anation, and grief, produced such an agitation of feeling throughout the empire, that all who did not participate in the stoicism of the judges were overcome with horror and consternation. It appeared to them that such a sacrilege must bring down upon the nation who had committed or allowed it, one of those vengeances in which Heaven demands for the blood of one just man the blood of a whole people. Men died of grief on learning the completion of this sacrifice, and others lost their wits. Women flung themselves from the roofs of houses on to the pavement beneath, and from the bridges of Paris into the Seine. Sisters, daughters, wives, mothers of the Conventionalists were furious in their reproaches against their husbands or sons; and the punishment was hardly completed when the sentence on Louis was avenged by the blood of one of his principal judges, Michel Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau, who was stabbed with a saber by the hot-headed royalist, Pâris, in a low dining-house, and died a few minutes afterward. Pâris was subsequently seized at an auberge in the small village of Forges-le-Eaux; but, contriving to conceal a pistol, he blew his brains out. On his person was found his commission in the *garde du roi*, in which he had written, "This is my brevet of honor. Let no other person be suspected, I am alone in my deed. I had no accomplice in the just death of the wretch Saint-Fargeau. If he had not come across my path I would have done a noble deed and purged the earth of the parricide D'Orléans. All Frenchmen are cowards."

II.

Three days after this murder, the Convention ordered a public funeral for the victim, and the tragic genius of Chenier produced the spectacle on the model of the heroic funerals of antiquity.

III.

The departments were divided in opinion as to the death of Louis. La Vendée, of whose rising we shall speak hereafter, found in this event that despair which impels populations to civil war. Calvados, Cevennes, the Gironde, seemed to share in the indecision, the excitements of patriotism, and the repentance of their representatives. The

noise of war soon stifled reciprocal recriminations. The prophecies of Salles, of Brissot, of Vergniaud, were realized. Europe, attracted by the doctrines of liberty, wholly receded at the sight of the scaffold of a king, and judged of the punishment with the impartiality of distance. The negotiations so skillfully commenced by Dumouriez, Brissot, Danton, and the minister, Lebrun, and so complaisantly received by Prussia, were severed by the blade of the guillotine before they were completely matured.

Let us throw a *coup d'œil* over these negotiations, and the disposition of the cabinets of Europe toward the French Revolution, at the moment when the death of Louis XVI. determined the second coalition.

We left (after the battle of Valmy and Dumouriez's departure for Paris) the allied army under the King of Prussia and the Duke of Brunswick treading, in great disorder, the defiles of the Argonne, and falling back on Verdun and Longwi. All betokened secret intelligence between the Prussians and the French. Kellermann, who wished to pursue them, twice received orders from the commissaries to open his ranks and allow the enemy to pass.

Each advance of the French army, calculated on the progress of the Prussian army, was marked by parleys between the leaders of the opposing bodies. Half a league from Verdun a conference in open field was commenced between generals Labarollière and Galbaud on the one side, General Kalkrend and the Duke of Brunswick on the other. The pretext was the restoration of Verdun to the French army. It was agreed, however, to await the orders of the King of Prussia as to this surrender, while on both sides the sacrifice of the *émigrés* was agreed upon, from the horror of the one party aud the suspicion of the other. Verdun was eventually given up, and General Valence took possession. From the heights of Longwi, the Hessians and the Austrians, who formed a portion of the combined army, separated from the Prussians, and turned toward Luxembourg, Coblentz, and the Pays-Bas, threat ened by Dumouriez. The coalition was in fact broken up, and the French territory evacuated.

IV.

This was not all; the Duke of Brunswick encamped near Luxembourg, and requested an interview with Gen-

eral Dillon, and fixed the meeting at the Chateau of Dambrouge, to entertain proposals of peace. Kellermann, authorized by the commissaries of the Convention, attended, and found already there the Duke of Brunswick, Prince Hohenlohe, Prince de Reuss, embassador of the emperor, and the Marquis de Lucchesini, an Italian diplomatist in the service of Prussia. "General," said the Duke of Brunswick to Kellermann, "we have fixed this meeting with you in order to treat for peace; will you propose the grounds of that treaty?" "Recognize the republic, abandon the king and the *émigrés*, do not meddle directly or indirectly with our internal affairs, and peace will be easy,' replied Kellermann. "Tell the Convention," said the duke to Kellermann, "that we are inclined for peace, and that it is only necessary to name the plenipotentiaries, and fix the place for conferences."

Such advances, after the humiliation of a retreat, and toward a nation excommunicated from all diplomacy, sufficiently indicated on the part of the King of Prussia repentance for a rash demonstration, and the desire of concluding an alliance with the republic. The ministers, Haugwitz and Lucchesini especially, inclined to these negotiations. Lucchesini, a native of Tuscany, brought up at Berlin, initiated from his infancy in the dissimulations of diplomacy, endued by nature with powers of compliance and persuasion, was the man best suited by circumstances to intervene between a republican revolution and monarchies, in order to combine the threads of Prussian egotism with all other politics without actually compromising himself with any.

The retreat of the army resembled rather a cabinet manœuver than warlike tactic. One of two things was certain—either the military genius of the Duke of Brunswick was at fault, or his sincerity was dubious. There was no doubt as to his genius. A concealed, but most serious motive operated upon the inexplicable resolutions of the Duke of Brunswick. Pitt did not seek war. The Duke of Brunswick had married the Princess Augusta, daughter of George III., king of England. He desired, with all a father's passion and a sovereign's ambition, to marry his daughter to the heir of the throne of England. Pitt, aware of this ambition of the court of Brunswick, flattered it. He carried out this marriage (at the cost of political and military sacrifices) by the desire of the British cabinet. The duke

yielded; the war declined; he lent an ear to peace, discouraged the King of Prussia, and thus became the Ulysses of that war which had styled him its Agamemnon. His stratagems lost the triumphs which his sword had promised to acquire.

V.

While these secret negotiations were disconcerting Austria and preparing Rhenish Germany for the idea of fraternizing with France at no distant day, the fortunate, though inopportune rashness of a French general occurred, which, at the same time, covered with glory the arms of the republic, alarmed Prussia, and forced the empire, heretofore undecided, to declare war with France. We allude to Custine's expedition.

Count Adam Philippe de Custine was one of the generals of the ancient army who had gone to America in order to breathe the air of liberty, and had returned, with La Fayette, republicans in heart, although aristocrats in blood. Almost a German, born of a high family at Metz, possessor of a vast fortune, colonel of dragoons at one-and-twenty, a pupil of the great Frederic in his latest wars, enthusiastic in his admiration of the Prussian tactics, a rigid disciple of discipline—he saw with delight the Revolution dividing Europe into two camps, and offering to military men of his grade and science the opportunity of equaling heroes of antiquity, by saving their country. The fire of cannon was his element, his horse his sleeping-couch, and the charge his recreation. One day, when his aide-de-camp, Baraguay d'Hilliers, who was reading to him on horseback a dispatch in the midst of a heavy fire, a ball tore the paper; the aide-de-camp paused, and regarded his general: "Go on," said Custine, "the ball has only carried off one word."

Nominated member of the Constituent Assembly by the nobility of Metz, Custine at once ranged himself on the side of the people. From the commencement of the war he served under Biron in the north or on the Rhine. Appointed general after the 10th of August, he became wearied of that war of encampments, which presented so little opportunity to talent, and so few chances for glory.

Biron commanded in Alsace 45,000 men, and was expecting 20,000 volunteers from the departments of the east and south spread over the plain of the Rhine. This army formed

several small camps, fit for observation, but powerless to act. The Austrians and *émigrés*, under the command of Erbach, Esterhazy, and the Prince de Condé, formed in front a *cordon* without unity of design or concentration of force, covering the Brisgaw and neglecting to fortify Mayence, the key of Germany.

Custine saw with a glance the opening which was before him in the provinces, and an imprudence of the enemy decided him. The Comte d'Erbach, who commanded 10,000 Austrians in face of the French army, received orders to replace the corps of Prince de Hohenlohe before Thionville. By this movement Spire, the dépôt of the allied troops, was left exposed, being defended by only 1000 Austrians and 2000 Mayençais, commanded by Colonel Winkelmann. Custine attacked Spire, while Winkelmann vainly attempted to defend it in the presence of Custine's artillery. The garrison hastened to the Rhine, where Winkelmann had made arrangements to cross; but the boatmen, frightened at the cannonade, had forsaken their boats and fled to the other bank. Assailed by the French, and with the river behind them, Winkelmann and his 3000 men were captured. Custine entered Spire, seized on the stores and provisions of the enemy, advanced on Worms, and the tribunes of the Convention and of the Jacobins made the news of his conquest echo throughout the kingdom. The Revolution, which better understood the name of the conquered cities than the comprehensive and sagacious plans of Dumouriez, proclaimed Custine the general of its victories. In three days his name increased into an age of popularity. Intoxicated at this, which came to him by addresses from the Jacobins, he disdained to obey or to unite in operations with Biron and Kellermann, and marched alone to the Palatinate, where he ventured to dream of the conquest of Mayence. The Propaganda opened its gates to him before his cannon had sounded.

This part of Germany was already ruined by French philosophy beneath the feet of the ecclesiastical princes who possessed it. To serve the cause of the Revolution was, with the thinkers of Germany, to serve the cause of humanity. To betray their princes, tyrants of intelligence and the people, was to free the human mind and emancipate liberty. The tricolored flag was the standard of philosophy throughout the universe. Such was the feeling that awaited Custine in the Palatinate.

At the first advances of Custine between the Moselle and the Rhine the partisans of the new ideas hastened to headquarters, bringing to the French general the secret decree of the population and the first threads of the revolutionary connections which the German patriots had already begun, even at a distance, to combine with his army. Colonel Houchard, an athletic man, scarred with wounds, was sent to summon the governor to surrender Mayence, threatening to bombard it if any resistance were offered.

Mayence demanded the acknowledgment of its neutrality as the terms of its surrender. Custine refused to assent to any thing which should prejudice the resolutions of the republic, but he vowed that France desired no conquests but liberty for the people. The gates were opened.

VI.

The taking of Mayence resounded through Germany and in the camp of the King of Prussia, as if it were Germany itself that had suddenly fallen to ruin. Custine, exaggerating, in his reports to the Convention, the military obstacles he had to overcome, and transforming negotiations into assaults, had magnified to the utmost among the Jacobins a triumph which was the conquest of our ideas much more than that of his arms. He entered Mayence as an apostle rather than a general, and fomented the revolutionary flame with which he desired to set Germany in a conflagration. He was forgetful in the pride of his conquest, and neglected to seize on Coblentz and the redoubtable fortress of Ehrenbreistein, then dismantled. This oversight of Custine prevented France from reaping, in a whole army, destroyed or prisoners, the fruit of Dumouriez's comprehensive scheme. Instead of attending to the advice of his staff, who pointed out Ehrenbreistein and Coblentz as the two points of the coalition, Custine allowed himself to be tempted on to the occupation of Francfort by the expectation of large tributes to be carried off from that city, the capital of the commercial riches of Germany. Without any declaration of war, a lieutenant of Custine presented himself, on the 22d of October, at the head of an advanced guard at the gate of Francfort and demanded admittance. The magistrates parleyed, and gave way to force. Custine levied a contribution of four millions. Francfort, a neutral and republican city, gave no pretext to this vio-

lence but its weakness. These spoils stained the popularity of our first feats of arms on the other side of the Rhine.

After the occupation of Francfort, Custine sent forth his detachments and proclamations against the possessions of the Landgrave of Hesse. It was the tribune of the Jacobins thundering on the other side of the Rhine, by the voice of a French general. Custine, by his audacity, his popular and martial demeanor, appeared the armed propagator of republican principles. The King of Prussia, justly alarmed at the invasion of Germany, renounced every idea of deserting the coalition, and of coming to terms with France. He concerted measures with the Duke of Brunswick, equally irritated at such boldness, and with the princes of the empire; 50,000 Prussians and Hessians collected with all speed on the right bank of the Lahn, concentrated in order to operate against Custine, and to deliver Francfort.

VII.

The whole empire was shaken. The republican proclamations of Custine, the decree of the Convention, appeared as so many declarations of war to all the princes of Germany. The diet replied by a unanimous declaration of war against France, ordering the triple contingent of 120,000 men. Three days afterward the King of Prussia, in his capacity as Elector of Brandenbourg, announced his intention to advance a second army on the Rhine. On this outburst of German sovereignty, Custine, all-powerful with the Convention through the Jacobins, ordered Biron to send him a re-enforcement of 30,000 men from Alsace. He also ordered Beuronville, who had replaced Kellermann on the Moselle, to march toward him by the electorate of Trèves. A battle was expected under the walls of Francfort; but the Duke of Brunswick, who commanded the Prussians and Hessians, continued to negotiate secretly, and to keep off the decisive shock.

Young Philippe de Custine, son of the general, had a private interview with Kœnigstein; and this youthful diplomatist, a better negotiator than his father, being desirous, like Danton and the Girondists, to maintain always a possibility of reconciliation between Prussia and the republic, effected this; and Francfort was evacuated by the French.

VIII.

Until now England had favored the march of the revolutionary movement. The English people and the Britannic government had seemed to agree in the desire to found constitutional liberty at Paris: the English people, because liberty is their nature, and they assume as their own the popular cause of the whole universe; the Britannic government, because liberty is stormy, and the storms which the founding of liberty must inevitably excite in France, and through France over the whole continent, must inevitably open to the diplomatic intervention of England a career more vast, and influenecs more decisive in the affairs of Europe. Unquestionably also a certain feeling of national vengeance rejoiced the cabinet of London at the sight of the agitations of the disturbances of Paris, of the embarrassments of the throne, and the headlong downfall of the House of Bourbon. Independently of the long rivalry, which had lasted for three centuries, between England and France, the two great poises of the world, it was in the nature of the human heart that the cabinet of London should see with satisfaction, fall and crumble to pieces a sovereignty which, in the person of Louis XVI., had given succor to America in the war of independence.

To these grounds for secret satisfaction to the cabinet of England, must be added the fear with which the French navy inspired the English in the seas and her possessions in the East Indies. This navy must necessarily become enfeebled during a revolutionary crisis, which must summon all the strength and resources of France unto the continent. Still the cabinet of London had kept until then an attitude of observation and neutrality, rather favorable than hostile to the Revolution. Not only was this attitude compulsory, from fear that a great coalition of the monarchies of the continent might triumph over France without her, and might efface her from the map of nations; but it was also imposed by that power of opinion which reigns above kings in free countries, and would take part openly for the people against the dethroned absolute monarchy and the church. Hatred of Catholicism was no less popular in England than the love of political liberty. This nation of thinkers regarded, as the cause of God and the human mind, a revolution which freed worships and reason,

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posed on one half the continent the tribute of using English productions; and finally snatched Holland from the protection of France, and made of the United Provinces an addition to Britannic policy on Terra Firma. His grateful country applauded his administration—the confidence in the hand which had raised the nation from her low position was perfect. The personal feelings of Pitt toward the French Revolution, although by no means favorable to democratic agitations, which are as tempests to statesmen, had not, until now, any influence over his policy. Passions never troubled his mind, or rather all his passions were absorbed in one—the aggrandizement of his country. George III., friend of Louis XVI., would not have allowed his government to declare war against France at a moment when war would complicate the embarrassments of a king whom he loved. It is false to say that the English government excited with its gold the revolutionary troubles of Paris. French liberty, even in its most fierce convulsions, has never become the stipendiary of England. The minds of George III., of Lord Stafford,* of the Chancellor Thurlow, of Pitt himself, would have repudiated any use of such infamous modes of excitement against a sovereign contending with his people. Still Pitt never for a moment allowed his commiseration for Louis XVI. to induce him to sacrifice any opportunity that offered for the advantage of his country. He foresaw this great movement; he had a presentiment of the downfall, sooner or later, of a throne, sapped by so many unbridled passions. He knew that the principles of the French Revolution inspired as much fear as antipathy to the king and the mass of the English aristocracy. He therefore made his preparations for the war when the hour should strike in the mind of the king, without either desiring or advancing it. That hour was at hand: Burke had already struck it in Parliament.

X.

We have seen how the Court, and the Girondists, Brissot and Narbonne, inspired by the same idea, had sent,

* The Marquis of Stafford was only in office for some months in 1763, as president of the council. As M. de Lamartine evidently refers to a later period, the Revolution not commencing *in popular action* before 1789, he probably means Lord Grenville.—H. T. R.

eighteen months before this time, M. de Talleyrand to London, to appeal to the recollections of the Revolution of 1680, and to offer to Pitt a renewal of the treaty of commerce of 1786. Louis XVI., the Constitutionalists, and the Girondists hoped, at this price, to buy, if not the alliance, at least the neutrality of the English cabinet. These two parties, the Constitutionalists and the Girondists, who then desired a war on the continent, in order to avert to the frontiers those storms that threatened the constitution of Paris, had every desire and motive to neutralize England. They had chosen, in order to negotiate with Pitt, the most aristocratic and insinuating diplomatist among the men who had identified themselves with the moderate cause of the Revolution.

Madame de Stäel had made the selection, and it was fortunate.

XI.

M. de Talleyrand made his *début* at this period in those political intrigues and negotiations which he has since directed and contrived, without intermission, during more than half a century, and which he only resigned with life. He was then only thirty-eight years of age, and his fine and delicate face revealed in his blue eyes a luminous, yet frigid understanding, whose perspicacity was never dimmed by sensibility. The elegance of his figure was scarcely injured by a slight lameness; but this infirmity seemed like a voluntary hesitation, and he knew how to convert into graces even his personal defects. This physical deformity had prevented his entering the army, and he possessed no weapon, save his mind, to make himself a name in the world; he had therefore enriched, polished, and sharpened it for the combats of ambition, or the conquests of intelligence. His voice was grave, soft, tender, and seemed to carry with it the conviction that he was the man who would gain the most readily the ear of all powers, nations, tribunes, women, emperors, and kings. A sardonic smile, with which was mixed a visible desire of fascinating, played around his lips; this smile seemed to indicate the *arrière pensée* of deceiving men, while he charmed or governed them. Born of a race which had been the sovereign of a province of France before the union of the kingdom, and which now formed part of royalty, M. de Talleyrand had

entered the church, there to await its highest dignities. Bishop of Autun, the remains of a Roman city buried in the forests of Burgundy, the young prelate disdained his episcopal seat, and lived at Paris, in the midst of the dissipation and pleasures among which most of the ecclesiastics of his age and rank consumed the immense revenues of their sees. Closely connected with all the philosophers, the friend of Mirabeau, and foreseeing the proximity of a revolution, whose first movement would destroy the religion of which he was a prelate, he studied the policy which was about to summon all the master spirits of the time to destroy and remodel empires.

Elected a member of the Constituent Assembly, he had deserted in time, but adroitly, the ruined opinions and tenets to pass over to the side of strength and the future. He felt that an aristocratic name and popular opinion were a double power, which it was necessary to combine in his own person, in order to awe some by his rank, others by his popularity. He had cast off his sacerdotal character as though it had been an irksome government, or unpleasant recollection, and he now sought to enter the Revolution by a private entrance. The same timid reserve of his mind, which possessed audacity only in the cabinet, and in the conception of patient designs, prevented him from becoming a political speaker. M. de Talleyrand, therefore, turned his attention to diplomacy, in which skill and cunning must ever predominate. The friendship of the dying Mirabeau had cast on M. de Talleyrand one of those posthumous reflections, that mighty names shed after them, on those who have even approached them. His silence, full of thought and mystery, like the silence of Siéyès, gave him a certain *prestige* with the Assembly, which M. de Talleyrand knew well how to turn to the greatest advantage. His language only illuminated the horizon of his eloquence by a few short and rare flashes, which made it appear the more profound: such was M. de Talleyrand.

His opinions were often but those of his situation, his truths merely the points of view of his fortune. Indifferent in reality as his whole life has proved, to royalty, the republic, the cause of kings, the form of the institutions of the people, and the rights and acts of government—governments were in his eyes but the changeable forms which the spirit of the age or the national genius of societies assumed, to accomplish certain phases of their existence:

thrones, popular assemblies, convention, directory, consulate, empire, restoration or change of dynasty, were to him but expedients of destiny. He resolved in his own mind to play the part of the servant of events; and, the courtier of fate, he followed good fortune. He served the strong, he despised the unskillful, and he abandoned the unfortunate. This theory sustained him more than fifty years on the surface of human affairs, the precursor of success and escaping every shipwreck, surviving every ruin. This system presents that appearance of supernatural indifference which places the statesman above the inconstancy of events, and makes him appear to rule that which in reality rules him. This is but the sophistry of true greatness of soul, and this apparent derision of events should commence by entire abdication of self—for to affect and sustain this appearance of impartiality with all fortunes, a man must cast aside the two things that constitute the dignity of character and the sanctity of intelligence—that is, the noblest part of his heart and mind. To serve every idea, is to prove that we believe in none. What, then, does one serve under the name of ideas? Self-ambition. These men are the adulators, and not the auxiliaries of Providence. M. de Talleyrand, however, divined, from the earliest dawn of the Revolution, that peace was the foremost of real revolutionary ideas, and he was faithful to this idea until the latest hour of his life.

XII.

The decree of the Assembly, which interdicted its members from accepting the functions of the executive power, until they had ceased for four years to belong to the National Representatives, prevented M. de Talleyrand from assuming the ostensible functions and title of embassador. The letters of credit were given to M. de Chauvelin, a courtier who had rendered himself popular by his zeal against the court, but the secret instructions and negotiations were confided to M. de Talleyrand. A confidential letter from Louis XVI. to George III. was in these terms: "New bonds must be formed between our two countries. It befits two kings, who have manifested during their reign a continual desire to contribute to the happiness of their people, to form between themselves ties which will become stronger as the nations become more enlightened." M. de Talleyrand was presented to Mr. Pitt, and employ-

ed all that indirect flattery and pliability of disposition could exercise, to interest this great man in the execution of the plan of alliance he held out to him. He described enthusiastically the glory of the statesman to whom grateful posterity would owe this reconciliation of two nations who set in motion or control the world. Mr. Pitt listened with favor, mingled with incredulity. "This minister will be a fortunate man," said he to the young diplomatist; "I fain would be a minister at that period." "Is it possible," returned Talleyrand, "that Mr. Pitt believes this period so remote?" "That depends," returned Pitt, "on the moment when your Revolution is finished, and your constitution made available." Pitt gave M. de Talleyrand clearly to understand that the English government would not compromise itself in a revolution yet in ebullition, and whose crises, succeeding every day, gave no certainty of the fulfillment of any engagement entered into with the nation.

M. de Talleyrand, on his return to France, stated this to the Girondist ministry of Roland and Dumouriez, which had just succeeded that of Narbonne and De Lessart. Dumouriez sent Talleyrand back to London, to solicit the mediation of England between the emperor and France. This time, M. de Talleyrand and M. de Chauvelin were not only unsuccessful, but objects of suspicion to Mr. Pitt, who perceived their twofold aim, and that while they entreated him to pacify France, they incited the leaders of the opposition to agitate England. The ministerial journals openly accused them of a secret and intimate *liaison* with Fox, Lord Grey, and even Thomas Paine and Horne Tooke, the founder of a popular party, which not only attacked the ministers, but the aristocracy, the church, and British constitution, and the very bases of society.

In vain did Fox, the rival of Pitt, in the House of Commons—a man more capable of exciting the people by his oratory, than of guiding them by the genius of government—strive in his speeches to palliate the events at Paris; in vain did he represent French liberty as dependent on the liberty of Great Britain—the feeling of the nation forsook him to join Mr. Pitt. The motions of Fox, more popular in the street than in the House, were only supported by majorities of fifty or sixty. The 20th June and 10th August replied to his promises of the foundation of constitutional liberty in France, and made the numerous party of the English attached to the constitution tremble. Lord Gower,

the English embassador, was instantly recalled on the dethronement of Louis XVI., on the ground that his letters of credit expired necessarily with the sovereign to whom they were addressed. The presence of M. de Talleyrand and M. de Chauvelin, in London, was looked upon by Mr. Pitt as only tolerated by his government. The days of September, commented upon in terms of blood in the writings and speeches of Burke, cast a sinister hue on the words of Fox. Peace and alliance with France appeared to the English like complicity with assassins; and the trial of the king, without form or judges, gave Pitt the whole support of public feeling.

XIII.

The king was executed! Every throne trembled; all the nations recoiled with astonishment and horror from this sacrifice of royalty, which they had invested with almost divine attributes. On the arrival of the courier who brought the fatal intelligence, M. de Chauvelin received orders to quit England in four-and-twenty hours. Pitt, when questioned by the opposition as to the motives of this expulsion from the free soil of England, replied, "After events on which the imagination can only dwell with horror, and since an infernal faction has seized on the supreme power in France, we could no longer tolerate the presence of M. de Chauvelin, who has left no means untried (either by himself or his agents), by which to seduce the people, and induce them to rise against the government and the laws of this country." Maret, who had landed that very day at Dover, received immediate orders to re-embark, without being permitted to proceed to London. M. de Talleyrand, who had no official title from the French government, and who had not given Pitt the same pretexts and the same umbrage as M. de Chauvelin, remained in London, and held the last thread of negotiation in his hands.

M. de Chauvelin, on his return to Paris, spread abroad a report of a violent fermentation of the English nation; he announced that the inhabitants of London would rise *en masse*, at the signal of the republican societies, the day that Pitt should dare declare war against France, and that George III. would not be safe in his own palace. Brissot, confiding in the report of Chauvelin, mounted the tribune of the Convention, in the name of the diplomatic committee.

He imagined he should alarm Pitt by announcing that the ensuing war would free Ireland from the English yoke. Deaf to the sage counsels of Dumouriez, "Holland," said he, "makes common cause with the cabinet of St. James, of whom she is rather the subject than the ally; she shall share its fate." And the war against England and the Stadtholder of Holland was unanimously declared. "We will make a descent on their isle," wrote the minister, Monge, to the French fleet; "we will cast into it fifty thousand caps of liberty; we will plant the sacred tree there, and we will extend our arms to our republican brothers: this tyrannical government will soon be destroyed." Pitt, supported by the national rivalry and the horror inspired by the execution of the king, paid no attention to these threats. He counted our ships and not our proclamations, for he knew that the emigration had decimated our vessels. France only possessed, both at sea and in her ports, 66 ships of the line and 93 frigates. England had 158 ships of the line, 22 of fifty guns, 125 frigates, and 110 smaller vessels; while Holland, the ally of England, could arm 100 more. Thus, Pitt, from his isle, surrounded by a floating rampart, could await and control the events of the continent. His finances were equally formidable with his armaments. Minister of preparation, as he had been derisively styled some ten years previously, he seemed to have foreseen the immense task a coalition of ten years was about to impose on his country.

XIV.

The intelligence of the death of Louis XVI. produced no less fatal consequences in Russia, Catherine II. breaking off the treaty of 1786, by virtue of which the French were more favored in her empire than any other nation. She also ordered all Frenchmen to quit Russia within twenty days, unless they formally abjured the revolutionary principles of their country. Until this period the empress, although she possessed immense armies ready to march on France, had left Austria and Prussia to cope unassisted with a revolution which she detested with all the hatred despotism bears to liberty. She had for a long time hoped that the king of Sweden, Gustavus, whose counter-revolutionary ardor she had encouraged, would have been sufficient in himself to check and pacify France; but this hope

was frustrated by the assassination of Gustavus. Since the death of that prince she had been a prey to two causes of anxiety, one of which affected her ambition, the other her regal pride—Poland and France. Her troops occupied Warsaw, and suppressed in Poland the movements of a revolution which fraternized with that in France. The King of Prussia, from the same moves, occupied Dantzic and Greater Poland. This unhappy country has constantly afforded pretexts for the intervention of its puissant neighbors, for it has but too constantly been a constituted anarchy. The empress and the King of Prussia planned in concert the conquest and division of Poland, while the emperor was busied defending Germany from France. This was the secret of the delays in the double diplomacy of the King of Prussia, and the inactivity of the first coalition. The King of Prussia looked to events that would happen in his rear, and the empress would not compromise her armies on the Rhine, lest she should lose sight of Poland. But immediately on the death of Louis XVI., Catherine ordered her embassador at London, Count Woronzoff, to conclude an offensive and defensive treaty of alliance with England. No sooner was this treaty signed than she left England, Holland, Prussia, and the emperor to support the war on the ocean, the Low Countries, and the Rhine, while she poured her troops into Poland. Thus ambition, in the heart of Catherine, prevailed over principle; she affected violent hatred against French anarchy, and encouraged her allies to the contest, but she herself did not strike a blow. Prussia, alarmed at the presence of Russia in her rear, and jealous of her share of Poland, hung back; Austria assumed the part which Prussia had played in the first coalition, united the contingents, and undertook the offensive war in the Low Countries. It was agreed that each army should be commanded by its own general, and the union of the armies and the operations was thus left at the mercy of rivalry. The emperor intrusted the chief command to the Prince of Coburg, who had commanded the imperials against the Turks, and shared with Souwaroff the glory of the victories of Fokzani and Rimnisk. He belonged to the temporizing school of the Duke of Brunswick, and was of all men the least fitted to check or baffle the impetuosity of the French. No sooner was he appointed than the Prince of Coburg came to Francfort to concert with the Duke of Brunswick, gener-

alissimo of the Prussian forces, a plan as pusillanimous and ill-imagined as that which had just freed Champagne, destroyed Louis XVI., and laid the Rhine open to invasion.

XV.

Such was the organization of this new coalition, in which three out of five powers remained inactive, and two only prepared for the conflict, at the same time anxiously observing each other, and making secret attempts to cast off the burden of the war, and manœuvering under the orders of his different generals, who only agreed on one point—to avoid the enemy.

We left Dumouriez victorious at Valmy; Kellermann accompanying rather than following the King of Prussia in his retreat; Custine at Mayence; Dillon in Alsace; and Montesquiou assembling 30,000 men from our garrisons in the south, to invade Savoy. Savoy, a branch of the Alps, joins Mont Blanc and Mont Cenis by its loftiest summit. On one side it descends with a rapid slope to the rich plains of Piedmont, toward Turin; on the other it is divided into four large and deep valleys, through which a torrent runs from the foot of the glaciers to the mouth of these gorges, and there flow into the lakes of Geneva, Annecy, and Bourget, or are lost in the mighty waters of the Isère and Rhône, which run through the south of France into the Mediterranean. From these principal valleys numerous smaller ones branch off, and are lost in the glaciers. The valley of Faucigny, the nearest to the Valais and Switzerland, commences at the foot of Mont Blanc, and extends to Geneva. The Maurienne, which descends from Mont Cenis, suddenly enlarges as it approaches France, between Conflans and Montmélian, two towns of Savoy, and there it meets the valley of Tarentaise, through which flows the Isère. At some distance from Montmélian the Maurienne branches off, on the right to Chambéry, the capital of Savoy, on the left to Grenoble, a French town, and capital of Dauphiné. Montmélian, which guards the entrance of the Maurienne, the Tarentaise, the plain of Chambéry, and the valley of Grésivoudan, the road to Grenoble, is thus the key of Savoy.

XVI.

The inhabitants of this country, governed by a sovereignty whose seat is in Italy, yet have nothing that is Italian except their government, neither speak German nor Italian, but French; and no sooner is the tie that connects it to Piedmont severed, than Savoy naturally inclines toward France. With the exception of the nobles and the clergy, whom the hereditary sovereignty and the favors of the court have deeply attached to the reigning House of Savoy, the rest of the nation are French at heart. The yoke of Piedmont galls them—the supremacy of the Piedmontese name humiliates them—the privileges of the nobility offend them—the domination of the clergy, who dread the introduction of new ideas in these mountains, disputed with them their right to enjoy the light and air of the age.

The House of Savoy, although paternal, kind, and anxious for administrative ameliorations for the three states she governed, held them, nevertheless, in a kind of monastic discipline, which reminded them of Spanish rule. The king, the noble, the priest, the soldier, composed the people.

Community of language, however, the contiguity of frontiers, the relations of commerce, and the numerous emigrations of the Savoyards into France, had allowed revolutionary ideas to insinuate themselves among the mountains.

Jean Jacques Rousseau had passed his youth in the little town of Annecy, and in the solitude of the Chaumettes, in the vicinity of Chambéry. Voltaire had grown old at Ferney, at the very gates of Savoy.

Geneva, the strong colony of Protestant and metropolitan liberty—after the days of Calvin, of modern philosophy—joined by its faubourgs the territory of Savoy. These recollections, these influences, this close vicinity, had inspired the populace with a contempt of a mild, but backward government, and a desire of abandoning themselves to France.

Despite of the frequent family unions between the House of Savoy and the House of Bourbon, the treaty of Worms, in 1741, between Charles-Emmanuel and Maria Theresa, had politically infeoffed the Sardinian monarchy to Austria. Victor Amédéus, who reigned at the period when the Revolution broke out in France, was a prince beloved by his people; a temporizer, as at his age most men are, exhausting his wisdom in words and his time in council. He was

called the Nestor of the Alps. Chambéry was filled with bishops and fugitive gentlemen, who made a parade of their wrongs, their hopes, and illusions, like refugees of every time and every country. Turin was the capital of the counter-revolution without. The royalists of Lyons, of Grenoble, and of the south, entertained, by the frontiers of Savoy and the country of Nice, tacit relations with Turin. The King of Sardinia had withdrawn his embassador from Paris, sufficiently declaring by this act that he considered Louis XVI. as a prisoner, and that he would no longer treat with the French nation. M. de Sémonville, who was sent by Dumouriez to Turin to obtain amicable explanations, had been arrested at Alexandria, under suspicion of coming to foment the spirit of agitation in Italy. The Girondists, masters of the ministry and the Assembly, decided upon hostilities.

XVII.

Montesquiou, who commanded the army of the south, received orders to prepare himself for the invasion. Forty battalions arrived, detached from the idle army of the Pyrenees. Its base of operation extended in one line more than 100 leagues—from the Jura, which commands Geneva, to the Var, which protects Nice.

Montesquiou, true to the military traditions of the Marshal de Berwick, had felt that an expedition against Piedmont, whose narrow and circular basin could receive in three days on any menaced point re-enforcements from Turin, its capital and dépôt of arms, was impracticable with forces so feeble as his, but that the Comté of Nice and Savoy, two long-detached arms of the Sardinian monarchy, might be dismembered from the body, and acquired to France, without Piedmont being able to save them. He in consequence commenced operations.

XVIII.

The Piedmontese army consisted of 18,000 men. They were commanded by General Lazary. This general, after some exchange of cannon between the army of Montesquiou and his rear-guard, at the entrance of the defile, turned back his troops upon Montmélian. Instead of fortifying Montmélian, and thus closing on Montesquiou the

entrance to the three valleys, of which this town commands the point of division, Lazary abandoned the town, and, cutting down the bridge, retired to Conflans. All the Piedmontese corps, spread over Annecy, Chambéry, and Faucigny, retrograded in detachments, and almost without fighting to rejoin the principal body of the Sardinian army, and reascend toward Piedmont. The French columns followed them unopposed, amid the acclamations of the invaded people. Montesquiou made his triumphal entry at Chambéry, received from the magistrates' hands the keys of the capital of Savoy, and left the administration of it to the inhabitants. The very day of this triumph, the Jacobins in Paris deposed General Montesquiou. The news of this victory and the cry of public indignation against the ingratitude of the Jacobins, caused them for the time to revoke his dismissal. Montesquiou organized his conquest, and led his troops to the frontier of Geneva.

During these operations General Anselme, recruiting the battalions of the Marseilles volunteers with the 8000 men whom he commanded, fortified himself upon the line of the Var, menacing the Comté of Nice with invasion, while guarding himself against any invasion in the south. The Count of Saint André commanded the Piedmontese. His army was composed of 8000 men, troops of the line, and of 12,000 volunteers, the militia of the country.

The Comté of Nice, a narrow but admirable natural amphitheater, which descends by degrees from the summit of the Alps toward the Mediterranean, is an Italian Switzerland, where the olive and the citron compensate for the beech and the fir, but whose narrow and inaccessible valleys, ravined by torrents often dried up, offer the same obstacles to invasion as Savoy.

The Count of Saint-André had cleverly selected the position of Saorgio, an impregnable height which commands Nice and the routes of France and of Piedmont, as the center and citadel of the province which he was charged to defend. He had there established beforehand a fortified camp, and intrenchments lined with walls. Admiral Truguet presented himself before Nice, on the 28th of September, with a squadron composed of nine vessels, and threatened to bombard the town. General Anselme approached by land, ready to attempt the passage of the Var. In the evening General Courtin, commandant of the town, deployed his troops upon Saorgio. Three thousand French

emigrants, who had sought an asylum in Nice, indignant at the cowardly abandonment of the garrison, raised a part of the population and ran, some to the batteries of the sea, others to the batteries of the Var; but, menaced by the citizens, who saw in this desperate struggle a pretext only for the incendiarism of the city, they withdrew themselves by night upon the route of Saorgio, followed, insulted, pillaged, and massacred by the ferocious populace of the sea-coast. This mob threatened to pillage the town itself. The citizens sent to implore General Anselme to occupy the place as promptly as possible. Anselme passed the Var at the head of four thousand French, and entered amid unanimous acclamations into the capital of the county.

XIX.

The excesses which the revolutionists of Nice committed against their personal enemies, under the shelter of the bayonets and banner of France, caused a revolt among the mountaineers, always more attached to old customs, and more faithful to old governments than the people of the plains, on the banks of rivers, or on the sea-coast.

The French general, Anselme, saw his troops decimated. The center of this holy war was at Oneille. This little maritime and likewise mountainous town, the capital of a small independent principality, was the focus of all these plots against the dominion of the French. Its port served as a refuge and place of armament to a multitude of pirates, Sardinian corsairs, Genoese, and Neapolitans, whose light boats and armed feluccas made nocturnal debarkations upon the coast, or exercised upon the sea the same brigandage as the bands of mountaineers in the valley of Nice. Many convents of monks, the real rulers of the town, fomented this holy war, and sanctified by their violent predictions these useless and bloody expeditions. Anselme and Truguet in concert resolved to destroy this fanaticism in its den. Troops were embarked at Villefranche on board the vessels of the squadron. On the 23d of October they appeared before Oneille. Admiral Truguet sent his flag-captain, Chaila, to summon the town, and induce the inhabitants to prevent the horrors of a bombardment by their submission. The boat which carried Du Chaila approached under a flag of truce, amid the signs and pacific invitations of the populace which lined the shore. But hardly had the boat

touched the landing-place when a discharge of a hundred shots damaged it, killed an officer, four sailors, wounded several men, and Du Chaila himself. The boat, encumbered with killed and wounded, returned on board, followed and struck, from wave to wave, by a hail-storm of balls and bullets, and arrived with difficulty to display to the eyes of the squadron this evidence of the perfidy of the inhabitants.

The indignant crews called aloud for vengeance. Truguet anchored, and cannonaded the town until the decline of day. The fort of Oneille was crushed by the bombs. His fire ceased. Twelve hundred soldiers, under the orders of General Lahoulière, embarked during the night in the boats of the squadron, awaiting the first dawn of day to effect their landing, under the fire of two frigates. At this sight the inhabitants saved themselves in the mountains, carrying with them all the valuables they possessed, and abandoning their houses to pillage and incendiarism. The monks alone, accustomed to the inviolability of priesthood, which had until now been respected in all the wars of Italy, remained, shut up in their monasteries. The French forced the doors of these asylums, and massacred, without selection of the guilty from the innocent, the monks exposed to their vengeance, by the plots of which they had been the instigators, and by the cowardly assassination of Du Chaila. Plunder and fire—terrible reprisals—ravaged and destroyed this den of piracy and brigandage. The French, on reembarking, left nothing in the town of Oneille but a heap of cinders, and corpses of monks, under the wrecks of their convents.

The expedition of Oneille and the slaughter of its priesthood, far from appeasing the insurrection in the mountains of Nice, caused the *barbets* to rise *en masse*. United to the Piedmontese, and to an Austrian corps lent to the King of Sardinia by the emperor, they attacked the French at Sospello, the most elevated point of our occupation. Six thousand men and eighteen pieces of cannon dislodged General Brunet from it. Anselme left Nice with the entire garrison, composed of twelve companies of grenadiers, 1500 chosen men, and four pieces of artillery, and marched to recover this important position. He reconquered it at the point of the bayonet, and returned to Nice. Denounced to the Convention for the mildness of his administration, guilty, in the eyes of the Jacobins, of having restrained the

assassinations and the vengeance of the Niçards, he was arrested in the midst of his victorious army, and conducted to Paris to expiate in the dungeon the first glory of our arms.

XX.

A French squadron, commanded by Admiral Latouche, went at the same time to the King of Naples, to declare himself for or against the republic, and to disavow the plots of his embassador at Constantinople against the acknowledgment of the tricolored flag by the sultan. The squadron, composed of six vessels of war, entered the gulf on the 27th of December, braving the 500 pieces of cannon on the quays and forts of Naples. Latouche, having cast anchor under the windows of the king's palace, and thrown out the signal for action to his ships, sent a grenadier of the marines to bear a message to the king himself.

The intimidated king received the French grenadier with the honors he had granted to the envoy of the republic: he conceded all that had been asked; he offered further his mediation between the republic and its enemies. "The republic," replied the grenadier, "desires no mediation between her and her enemies, save victory or death." The court of Naples, governed by a haughty queen, an enemy to the French, yielded to this humiliation without a murmur. She feigned to fulfill the pacific conditions imposed by the attitude of Latouche, and resumed, with greater hatred in her heart, her place among court conspiracies.

XXI.

While our battalions subjected Savoy and the Comté of Nice, while our squadrons commanded the shores of the Mediterranean, and Dumouriez swept slowly over Champagne, the Austrians, encouraged in the Netherlands by the absence of the mass of our troops, whom Dumouriez had called to the rendezvous of Argonne, essayed to effect an opening in the north of France. The Duke Albert, assembling 25,000 men, borrowed from the arsenals in the Netherlands fifty pieces of besieging cannon, presented himself on the 25th of September before the ramparts of Lille, and commenced opening the trenches.

Five batteries, armed with thirty pieces, having been constructed in the night of the 29th, the Baron d'Aspre came to summon the town to surrender. Conducted to the Hôtel-de-Ville, with the considerations conformable to the laws of war, the envoy made his summons to General Ruault, who commanded the town. The general replied as a man who depended upon himself, on the bravery of his feeble garrison, and the enthusiasm of the people. The crowd, which pressed against the gates of the Hôtel-de-Ville, reconducted the flag of truce to the advanced posts of the Austrians, amid cries of *Vive la Republique! Vive la Nation!* The firing commenced on the instant. During seven days and seven nights the balls and shells incessantly crushed the town, killed 6,000 inhabitants, and burned 800 houses. The cellars, in which the women, the old men, and children had sought refuge, crumbled in many quarters under the weight of the bombs, and buried thousands beneath their ruins. An intrepid population was converted into an army inured to fire, and displayed not a moment's hesitation. War appeared to be the habitual profession of this people of the frontiers.

All the towns of the north, from which Lille was not yet cut off by a complete investment, sent provisions, ammunition, and battalions formed of the chosen of their youth. Six members of the Convention, Duhem, Delmas, Bellegarde, Davoust, Doulcet, and Duquesnoy, came to shut themselves up within its walls, to animate the courage of the besieged, and to show the frontiers that the nation combated with them in the persons of its representatives. In vain 30,000 red-hot balls, and 6,000 shells of 100 weight each, continued to shower for 150 hours upon this smoking center, constantly extinguished, as constantly relighted; in vain, to animate the constancy of the besiegers, the Archduchess of Austria, Maria Christina, the wife of the Duke Albert, came herself to light with her own hand the fire of a new battery; the Lillois perceived that the Austrians charged their pieces with iron bars, chains, and stones. They concluded thence that ammunition was becoming scarce among the besiegers, and persevered with more confidence in their heroic indifference under the fire. The Duke Albert, failing at the same time in troops and ammunition, and learning the success of Dumouriez in Champagne, feared the reflux of our soldiers on the north, and raised the siege without being pursued. Lille had lost an

entire faubourg; many quarters of the town were nothing more than heaps of bricks serving as a sepulcher to heaps of dead bodies. Her ruins still smoked, and her shattered monuments attested the glory of a warlike town, at once defended and devoted by its own inhabitants.

The siege of Lille was hardly raised when Beurnonville, detached with 16,000 men from Kellermann's army, advanced toward the frontiers of the north, to join in the plan of invasion of Belgium so long premeditated by Dumouriez, and so gloriously interrupted by the campaign against the King of Prussia.

XXII.

We have seen that Dumouriez, pressed to renew this plan, had hastened to Paris after the movement of the retreat of the Duke of Brunswick. His appearance in Paris was less an object of conquest than to prepare for new triumphs in obtaining, with the ascendency of a victorious general, all the necessary means for the invasion of Belgium. The idol of the people, dreaded by the Jacobins, the friend of Danton, respected by the Girondists, his glory, his address, his military training, acquired from the executive power every order and resource at its disposal.

The counter-blow of the 10th of August; the consternation of the days of September; the proclamation of the republic; the stupor of some; the delirium of others before the scaffold of the king; lastly, the pride of Valmy, the glory of having reconquered the territory, caused all the youth of the nation to fly to arms. The supply of weapons was not sufficient for the arms who wished to bear them—there was no want of the latter could weapons have been found. Men of every condition, of every fortune, of every age, presented themselves in crowds, in order to form the battalions which each department sent to the frontiers. The national guards, in turning over their most disciplined men to these battalions, transformed themselves likewise upon the very spot into an active army.

The young people, who were conspicuous for the greatest zeal and patriotism in the national guard, were named by their companions in arms commandants of these battalions. They marched to combat regarding each other, mutually exciting each other, and each promising to bear testimony to the other's patriotism, valor, or death. The brilliant

proclamations of the Convention, the authorities, the Jacobins, and of the representatives of the people, made an appeal to the defenders of liberty. Their voice, heard at the instant, was the only law of recruiting. Enthusiasm enrolled them, good-will disciplined them, patriotic donations clothed, armed, paid and maintained these children of the country.

XXIII.

In the towns, small boroughs, and in the villages, on the days when religious fêtes and fairs brought men together in numbers, a wooden amphitheater was constructed upon the public place, upon the "Place d'Armes," before the gate of the municipality.

A military tent, supported by bundles of spears, and surmounted by tricolored flags, was stretched upon these trestles, to resemble a camp. This tent, the cloth of which was raised by the hand of a grenadier and of a trooper in uniform, was open on the side of the people. A table, bearing the registers of enrollment, occupied the center. The representative of the people as envoy, the tricolored scarf round his waist, the hat turned up at the edges, surmounted by a plume of feathers, held the register, and wrote down the engagements.

The mayor, the municipal officers, the presidents of districts, the presidents of clubs, thronged about him. The agitated crowd opened every instant to allow the files of the defenders of their country to pass, who mounted the steps of the platform to give their names to the commissaries. The applause of the people, the patriotic greeting of the representatives, the sorrowful tears of mothers, the trumpets of the military band, the rolling of drums, the couplets of the Marseillais sung in chorus, excited, recompensed, and illustrated these acts of devotion to the public safety.

These volunteers received a route-sheet to render themselves at the dépôt designated by the minister of war, there to receive equipment, instruction, and organization. They marched off in groups, more or less numerous, to the sound of the drum, to the strains of the patriotic hymn, accompanied to a great distance from their towns or their villages, by mothers, brothers, sisters, and sweethearts, who carried their sacks and arms, and who only separated from them

when fatigue had overcome, not their affection, but their powers.

The inhabitants of the towns and boroughs which they traversed came out to see them pass, and to offer them bread and wine at the threshold of their houses. Disputes arose in these billeting-places, as to who should lodge them as their own children. Patriotic societies went to meet them, or to invite them to assist in the evening at their meetings. The president addressed them, the orators of the club fraternized with them, and inflamed their courage by the recital of military exploits from ancient history. They taught them the hymns of the two Tyrtæi of the Revolution—the poets Lebrun and Chenier. They made them drunk with the holy ardor of country, of fanaticism, and of liberty.

XXIV.

Such were the elements of the army, which marched in every direction from the center toward the frontiers. Dumouriez organized it while marching.

This general, after four days passed at Paris in secret conference with Danton, and in military conference with Servan, then minister of war, left on the 20th of October for his head-quarters at Valenciennes. Before appearing there, he reposed himself for two days at a country-seat which he possessed in the environs of Péronne. He had to meditate upon two matters—his plan of campaign for the purpose of wresting Belgium from the hands of the Austrians; and his plan of conduct, either to flatter or intimidate the Convention; to serve the republic, if it knew how to give itself a government; to command it and destroy it, if, as he suspected, it passed from one anarchy to another, between the hands of all the factions. The general had left full of contempt for the Girondists, filled with confidence in the genius of Danton.

While Dumouriez was combining the chances which might bring on war or revolution, Servan quitted the ministry. Pache replaced him.

XXV.

Pache, an inferior person, who had started suddenly from obscurity, raised to the ministry of war by the Gi-

rondists, was a friend of Roland. He was one of those men whose ambition hides itself under the guise of unpretending modesty. His origin was scarcely known, or by what steps he had walked or crawled through life up to the present time. It was suspected only that he was the son of a porter of the Duke of Castries; reared by the care of this illustrious family, he had been charged afterward with the education of one of the sons of this house. Well instructed, studious, reserved, never allowing any thing to escape him in his conversation but those well considered and precise words which indicated the propriety and universality of his intelligence, Pache seemed eminently adapted to become one of those useful wheels in the mechanism of the administration, incapable of aspiring to or becoming a ruler.

He was a hypocrite, craftily concealing his aspirations to empire under the habits and simplicity of a philosopher. This ancient austerity had captivated Madame Roland, taken with every thing which recalled to her the men of Plutarch. She had confided Pache to her husband as chief of his private cabinet, as minister of the interior, and as the confident of his most difficult and secret labors. She viewed Pache as one of those sages whom Providence raises up around statesmen to inspire them with their advice.

At the moment when Servan was called to the ministry of war, Pache entered his administration with the same title, and the same dissimulation as at Roland's, and there showed the same application to his duties, and the same aptitude in particulars. On the retirement of Servan, Roland had proposed Pache for the war department in the ministerial council. The Girondists, who, on the word of Roland, saw in Pache a friend devoted to their cause and their fortune, had accepted him with confidence. They thought that the mind of Roland would thus animate two ministries. But hardly had Pache been installed in the council, when he shook off, as a grievous remembrance, all dependence and all gratitude toward his ancient patron, and commenced secretly, and shortly afterward openly, those plots which were calculated to throw Roland out of power, and conduct his wife to the scaffold. Pache gave as his gage to the Jacobins the administration of the ministry of war which he confided to their creatures. Vincent and Hussenfratz governed there under his name; the one a young Cordelier, a protégé and rival of Marat; the other, a pa-

triot of Metz, a refugee in Paris. Pache, solely occupied with the care of increasing his popularity, made of his offices so many clubs, wherein the costume, the manners, and the language of the most unbridled demagogueism were affected. The bonnet rouge and carmagnole made up the uniform. The daughters of Pache, showing themselves in the civic fêtes, displayed every where with affectation the exaggeration of patriotism. Such a minister could not answer the views of Dumouriez, who was accused of being the champion of the Girondists. He was greatly astounded by the nomination of Pache, and vaguely conceived from that time that he would soon be reduced, by the enmity of the Jacobins, to the alternative of bending before them, or of making them tremble before him.

XXVI.

Arrived at Valenciennes, Dumouriez regulated his plan for the invasion of Belgium, and sent to each of the generals under his orders the part of this plan he was charged to execute, and of which he alone knew the whole and directed the combined movements. The transport of feeling which had drawn his battalions to the frontiers still animated him with the hope of a conquest in the name of the republic.

They had in the general-in-chief that confidence with which the hero of Valmy and the liberator of Champagne inspired the fighting soldiers. Where Dumouriez was, there were for them their laws and their country.

The Duke Albert de Saxe-Teschen commanded for the Austrians in Belgium. He had been left by the emperor and by Prussia in an isolated state, which exposed, on this side, the safety of Belgium. The total forces of the Duke of Saxe-Teschen were composed of 30,000 fighting men, of whom 4000 were French emigrants from the neighborhood of Namur, under the command of the Duke of Bourbon, son of the Prince of Condé. His lieutenants covered in large detachments all the Belgian frontier. The Duke of Saxe-Teschen, placed in the center of these forces, occupied Brussels with a feeble garrison.

XXVII.

Dumouriez divided his army into four bodies, in imitation of the Duke of Saxe-Teschen. General Valence, his

right arm and his chosen *élève*, commanded the army of Ardennes, which had also returned from Valmy to combat with Clairfayt. Valence received orders to move upon Namur, to prevent, if there were yet time, the junction of Clairfayt with the Belgian army under the walls of Mons; but he was too late. Clairfayt's first or leading columns had already entered Mons. The second body, of 12,000 men, under the command of General d'Harville, threatened Charleroi. The third, under the orders of General la Bourdonnaye, commanding the army of the north, properly so called, and composed of 18,000 men, was to advance upon Tournay. Lastly, Dumouriez himself, at the head of two bodies, forming the center of this army, and comprising a force of 35,000 men, was to march upon Mons, and there give a decisive blow to the united armies of Clairfayt and the Duke of Saxe-Teschen, divide this army in two, and march by this opening to Brussels, raising right and left the Belgian provinces to rebellion, and serving as an advanced guard to the three bodies of Valence, D'Harville, and La Bourdonnaye. Proclamations, in a moderate revolutionary style, calling Belgium to independence, and calculated to make the old leaven of their revolution to ferment in these provinces, were artfully drawn up by Dumouriez himself. These proclamations, master pieces of ability, displayed the prudence of the diplomatist, the hand of the revolutionist, the sword of the warrior. Dumouriez showed himself therein less as a conqueror than a liberator. The French there spoke as brothers to the people, whom they came to aid against their oppressors. It was the true spirit of the revolution speaking by the voice of its first general. Some patriotic Belgians, impatient to deliver their country from the Austrian yoke, had passed the frontier at the approach and voice of the French general, and had formed themselves into battalions of volunteers. Dumouriez led these battalions with him: they formed the fuel wherewith he hoped to ignite patriotism and insurrection as he advanced.

XXVIII.

The whole plan of the campaign, thus conceived and prepared, rested then upon a first battle under the walls of Mons, between the army of Dumouriez, supported by the army of Valence, and sustained by that of D'Harville, on the one part, and the army of the Duke of Teschen, and that

of Clairfayt, on the other, which were encamped, fortified, and abutted upon an important city. All marched, from this moment, with rapidity and in concert, toward that point of Mons where Belgium was to be conquered or lost. The views of Dumouriez, clearly indicated by the disposition of his corps and the march of his columns, were at once revealed to the military glance of Clairfayt. The Duke of Saxe-Teschen and Clairfayt, united in a mass of 30,000 warriors before Mons, had possessed time to select their ground, to design the field of battle, to avail themselves of eminences, to block up defiles, to guard the declivities, and to arm the redoubts upon those points which could be approached.

The field of battle which they had thus bastioned with hillocks, palisaded with forests, surrounded with marshes, canals, and rivers, as a place immensely strong, is a chain of hills, undulating, but with some inflections at the points where they connect each other, and which extends to half a league from Mons. This line of heights is covered on the summit by a forest. The village of Jemappes, placed on the last steeps of this hill, terminates the extremity of its right. On the left it inclines and bears down to the village of Cuesmes.

The space comprised between these two villages, of which the Austrians had made two citadels, formed, by a natural disposition of the ground, two or three returning angles, where batteries had been placed to batter with a cross fire those columns which should endeavor to attain the height. In front, extended, like the basin of a dried up lake, a deep plain, narrow, and whose low lands formed straits and small pools between the broken hillocks which bordered it. In the rear, and particularly on the side of Jemappes, the hill which bore the camp and the redoubts of the Austrian army plunged into a marsh intersected with dried up canals, pools of stagnant water, a boggy soil trembling beneath the feet, and bulrushes forming high ledges on the borders of the ditches, which rendered the access impracticable for cavalry and artillery. Covered in the rear by this marsh and by the town of Mons, flanked on its right wing by the village of Jemappes, on its left wing by the village of Cuesmes, which extends the faubourgs of this large fortified town, the Austrian army, having before it, below, its batteries and its redoubts, armed with 120 pieces of cannon, and its advanced posts fortified on the last undula-

tions, which advanced into the plain, had then nothing to fear upon its line of retreat and flanks, and had only to combat in front with the French advancing, exposed to their fire, and in a kind of hollow which surrounded them on all sides. The *coup d'œil* of the Austrian generals had made good their deficiency in number by the formidable position of their army. The choice and disposition of this field of battle proved to Dumouriez that he had found in Clairfayt a general worthy of contending against.

XXIX.

After having, on the 3d and 4th of November, dislodged the Austrians from some advanced post which they strongly occupied in his front and on the plain, Dumouriez deployed on the 5th upon an immense convex line, leaving on the left the village of Quaraignon, which he had not been able to carry on the previous evening, and on the right the little hamlet of Siply, at the foot of the heights of Berthaymont and Mount Palisel, which cover a faubourg of Mons. He placed himself in person in the center of this line of battle, at an equal distance from both wings. D'Harville, who formed the extremity of his right wing at the foot of Mount Palisel, and under the walls of Mons, had orders to remain in observation, and to profit by any movement of retreat or confusion which might be effected in the Austrian army by the assault of French masses, to make himself master of the route to Mons, and close the gates of that town, wherein doubtless the Duke of Saxe-Teschen and Clairfayt left for themselves a point of refuge. Beurnonville, to whom Dumouriez confided an advanced guard equal in itself to the body of an army, was intrusted, with the chosen of his troops, to engage in action, by approaching and carrying the village and the fortified plateau of Cuesmes, on the left of the Austrians. Five redoubts ranged one above the other on this formidable plain. All the enemy's line between Cuesmes and Jemappes was equally protected by redoubts, constructed one over the other, whose fire crossed each other in case of need, by long facings of hewn wood; the trunks of the trees, and the branches lying across each other, rendered approach impracticable to cavalry or artillery, by ravines which the pickax had deepened and widened still more, and by crenelated houses, whence the Tyrolean sharp-shooters, infallible with their carabines, could aim

leisurely, and in ambush decimate the ranks of our attacking columns. In the center alone, the village and the wood of Flence, situated on a larger and less rapidly inclined plane, left a narrow opening to the French cavalry, by which they might rush to the foot of the height. The road, intercepted, nevertheless, by the same village of Flence, was otherwise encumbered in front by squadrons of the chosen of the Austrian cavalry. The old general, Ferrand, the wreck of Laufelt and of the seven years' war, but whose youth returned at the cannon's sound, commanded the left wing, thrown a little in the rear of the line of battle by the village of Quaraignon, which was still occupied by a strong column of Austrians, in advance of the heights of Jemappes. Lastly, the Duc de Chartres (afterward king of the French) commanded the center under the eye of the general-in-chief, the youngest of Dumouriez's lieutenants, and the most fostered by his favor. It had been said that his chief desired to provide for him a ray of glory, to show him forth to France, and to a destiny of which the political instinct of Dumouriez appeared to have a glimpse through the smoke of his first fields of battle. The Duc de Chartres was to be the last to move—to give the final assault to the unapproachable center of the enemy's position. Ferrand and Beurnonville were first to carry one of the two extremities most accessible—that of Jemappes or of Cuesmes. The one or the other of these positions was the only way by which the French army could debouch upon the plain, and approach in flank or turn the Austrian army. Night enveloped the two armies when these different orders were distributed to the lieutenants of Dumouriez with all their details. Dragoons or hussars, furnished with torches, escorted the aides-de-camp and generals, who entered their bivouacs through the roads and by-ways, in order to prepare themselves for the action of the morrow. The army slept in battle-array, knapsacks upon their backs, and leaning on their arms; the gunners at their pieces, the cannons harnessed, and the bridles of the horses passed over the arms of the riders.

XXX.

The first dawn of day upon the marshy ground of Belgium shone upon the French army under arms. The sky was gray, lowering, and rainy, as an autumn sky is in the climates of the north. A cold fog dimmed the sun, and

distilled itself in drops of rain from the branches of the trees. The crops had been taken from the furrows, the earth was bare, the leaves had fallen; not a single vestige of harvest or of verdure intercepted the sight as far as it could extend over the dark lines of the battalions and squadrons which awaited in silence the order to move from their positions.

XXXI.

The French army, with the exception of the generals, all of whom had grown old in uniform, and of the cavalry, the regiments of which were composed of old soldiers, carefully retained in the squares, and proud of their experience, was almost entirely formed of volunteers. The uniform, simple in appearance, offered nothing to the eye but long dark lines, which, ill drawn up by the sabers of youthful officers, attested the inexperience of manœuver in soldiers as yet but little exercised to arms. Thick leather shoes, gaiters of black cloth, buttoned above the knee, and affording more lightness to the step by supporting and delineating the muscles of the leg; white breeches, a coat, the long skirts of which, cut like birds' wings, descended to the heels; two large straps of white leather crossing over the breast, the one serving to sustain the cartouch-box on the back, the other to gird the sword upon the left side; two other similar but narrower straps passing above each shoulder, and repassing immediately under the armpit, which served to carry the goat-skin sack of the soldier, like the basket of a laborer, the facings of the coat of red cloth appearing like a large stain of blood upon the breast; a low collar to allow free motion to the neck, long hair, greased and powdered, hanging like two locks of a horse's mane over both ears, and tied behind with a black tape, which retained them upon the nape of the neck; lastly, as a headdress, according to the corps, a light helmet of solid leather, surmounted by a short tuft of hair, like a brush, or perhaps a hat with the edges turned up, over which a cock's feather waved—such was the costume of the French volunteer. His arms were a short saber, a knife in reserve to stab hand to hand when the bayonet was broken, and a long gun with a single bright iron barrel, at the end of which the bayonet was hafted to pierce the breast of the enemy when the piece had been discharged. Almost all

the infantry wore this uniform, and were thus armed. The chasseurs sometimes lightened themselves, to be more free in their motions. The grenadiers, those giants of the line, raised their height by a long cap of black fur, the hair of which fell before upon a copper plate gilt or silvered. On this plate, in raised letters, was the number of the regiment, or the cipher of the battalion.

The companies of sappers, pioneers, and military workmen, who were selected from the mass for their stature, carried, in place of the musket and bayonet, a large, bright, and sharpened ax, with a short handle, resting on the shoulder, the blade in the air—a weapon equally adapted to cut down trees in the way of the army, or sever limbs upon the field of battle.

The gunners wore a shorter coat, with brighter colors, and more ornaments upon the uniform; the aiguillette, of scarlet cotton thread, surrounded the left arm; the silvered helmet on the head, and the red plume upon the helmet.

The cavalry, composed of *gendarmerie*, of carabineers, cuirassiers, dragoons, chasseurs, and hussars, according to the height of the horsemen and the size of the horses, glittered upon the wings of each division. Their horses, refreshed by the rich pasture of the north, neighed, snorted, and pawed the earth, as if impatient for the battle. The pieces of cannon, ringing upon their carriages, followed by harnessed wagons and surrounded by cannoneers, match in hand, who were prepared to serve them, lay like black trunks of trees upon the carts of woodcutters. In all directions the tents of the superior officers were raised, which alone had been pitched on that night. The files of carriages which carried the bread were stationed behind the battalions. The fires of the bivouacs, surrounded by commissaries and canteen-bearers, distributing brandy to the companies, went out by themselves, throwing up their last lingering smoke, which mingled with the fogs of the morning. From time to time a rumbling of gun-carriages upon the pavement of the large Belgian dikes, a flourish of trumpets, or a roll of drums announced the movement of some corps which slowly advanced to take up the position assigned by order of the general.

XXXII.

Such was the aspect of the muddy ground of the plain of Jemappes on the morning of the battle. As regarded the temper of the army, that was easily legible on the countenances of the volunteers. They felt that they were not there as machines, which the law of discipline and recruiting enrolled and ranged in living palisades before the enemy; but that they had hastened thither under a spontaneous impulse—sudden, voluntary—that the cause for which they marched, suffered hunger, and shivered with cold was their personal cause; and that in this battle of a people against Europe, it was the victory of his patriotism and of his ideas that each individual desired to win.

There was certainly upon their countenances an uneasy air mingled with curiosity, which denoted the troops to be novices under fire and unaccustomed to the noise of cannon. Attentive to the scene, they awaited the battle, as much as a spectacle as a combat. This extreme sensibility of countenance and mind in the battalions disquieted and assured their leaders at the same time. It might, according to the impression of these men, too much excited to remain indifferent, convert itself, under fire, into a panic or into enthusiasm, and make of these masses fugitives or battalions of heroes.

XXXIII.

Dumouriez had only taken some hours' repose, broken by reports of his staff, upon a bundle of straw in his tent. He already traversed the front of his lines, surrounded by a group of his private staff: Thouvenot, his chief staff-officer, whom he esteemed above all others, because the first, at Sedan, he had conceived and executed his grand idea of Argonne; the Duc de Chartres, whom he showed to the soldiers, to accustom the republic to the sight of a prince; the young Duc de Montpensier, almost a child, the second son of the Duc d'Orléans, aide-de-camp to his brother at Jemappes—his precocious valor, melancholy countenance, and impassioned friendship for his brother attracted the notice and touched the hearts of the soldiers; Moreton de Chabrillan, chief officer of the staff, brave, but turbulent and jealous; the young Baptiste Renard, whom

the general had attached as a child to his service, and who from the bosom of servitude had raised himself by devotion to his master; and, lastly, a group of four officers, of different ages, on horseback, among whom two female faces were remarkable. Their modesty, their blushes, and their grace under the uniform of officers of the staff, formed a contrast to the masculine figures of the warriors who surrounded them. They were the daughters of the captain of Dumouriez's guides, M. de Fernig, an inhabitant of French Flanders, his son a lieutenant in the regiment D'Auxerrois—two young girls, whose tenderness for their father and passion for their country had torn them from the shelter of their sex and age, and thrown into the camp. Their filial love had left them no other asylum.

The Convention cited the names of these two young girls to France, and sent them horses and arms of honor in the name of the country.

We shall find them at Jemappes, fighting, triumphing, saving the wounded enemies after having conquered them. Tasso never invented in Clorinda more heroism, more of the marvelous, and more love than the republic was compelled to admire in the exploits and in the destiny of these two heroines of liberty.

XXXIV.

Dumouriez, at the period of his first command in Flanders, held them up to the admiration of the soldiers in the camp of Maulde. On our first reverses, their house, marked out for the vengeance of the Austrians, was burned. M. de Fernig had no other country left but the army. Dumouriez carried away the father, the son, and the two daughters with him to the campaign of Argonne. He gave the father and son grades in the staff. The young girls, always with either their father or brother, wore the dress, the arms, and performed the functions of staff orderly officers. They had fought at Valmy, they burned to combat at Jemappes. The eldest, Félicité de Fernig, followed the Duc de Chartres on horseback, and did not quit him during the battle. The second, Théophile, prepared herself to carry to old General Ferrand the orders of the general-in-chief, and to march with him to the assault of the redoubts on the left wing. Dumouriez showed these two charming heroines to his soldiers as models of patriotism

and auguries of victory. Their beauty and youth reminded the army of those marvelous apparitions, those genii protectors of the people, at the head of armies on the day of battle. Liberty, like religion, was worthy of having her miracles also.

XXXV.

While Dumouriez, after having finished his inspection, by word and gesture to the soldiers as he passed, roused that enthusiasm which becomes the password to victory. The combat commenced at the two extremities of his long line of battle, by the right and by the left. On the left General Ferrand rushed forward to the chant of the Marseillaise hymn upon the fortified village of Quaraignon, the advanced post which it behooved him to carry, before he could turn the right of the Austrians or escalade Jemappes. Dumouriez, attentive to the noise of the cannon which boomed for more than an hour from the same quarter, comprehended that Ferrand had found an irresistible obstacle in the batteries, which had already, on the previous evening, caused the Belgian battalions to retreat.

Not having any movement to make, nor to watch his immovable center, he sped at a gallop toward Quaraignon, to animate, by his presence, an attack which, should it prove abortive, would paralyze all his movements on the center and right. At this approach, Ferrand, battered by the fire which issued from the houses, and swept by the bullets from the redoubts, paused as if undecided and (being sheltered by the first houses) to give his battalions time to breathe. A word and a gesture from Dumouriez, who pointed with his hand toward the heights, reanimated the hesitating battalions. He sent forward his confident, Thouvenot, to replace himself in the impulse and direction of these columns. Ferrand and Thouvenot, animated with a generous emulation, re-formed and reinspired the columns, rushed at their head upon the right and left flanks of the village, received three times the discharge of the redoubts, took them at a quick step at the point of the bayonet, and, sustained by four battalions of General Rozières, who filled the voids in their ranks, carried Quaraignon, and the space which separates Quaraignon from Jemappes.

There, following the instructions of Dumouriez, they divided their forces into two columns; the one, under the

command of Rozières, deployed eight squadrons in order of battle upon the road, while the general, with eight battalions of infantry, approached the village of Jemappes by the left; the other, at the head of which marched Ferrand and Thouvenot, formed the principal attacking columns by battalions, and approached Jemappes in front, and at the point of the bayonet, in order not to afford, by discharging and reloading arms, time to the redoubts to batter the assailants.

XXXVI.

Dumouriez, now at ease as regarded his attack on the left, where he was himself, in the person of Thouvenot, and seeing from the plain the wreaths of smoke envelop Jemappes, which as they rose revealed the progress of the French, directed all his attention toward his right. Deprived on this side of the *corps d'armée* of Ardennes and Valence, his chief, who had not yet arrived in line, he confided in Beurnonville, an active general, and one who warmed under fire. It was now eleven in the forenoon: the day was on the wane. Having changed his horse at the general quarters, Dumouriez had rapidly given some orders to the Duc de Chartres, and had gone back at full gallop to gain self-evidence of what retarded the attack of Beurnonville, at the foot of the plateau of Cuesmes. On his arrival he found the troops of that general as immovable as walls under the bullets which rained upon them, but not daring to go beyond the firing which separated them from the plateau. Two brigades of Beurnonville's infantry dispersed in some measure the redoubts defended by the Hungarian grenadiers. At a hundred paces in the rear, ten squadrons of hussars, of dragoons, and of French chasseurs vainly waited for the infantry to open the fortified space between them. These squadrons received every moment oblique discharges from pieces of cannon, which took them angularly and carried off entire ranks of horses. To consummate the disaster, the artillery of General d'Harville, posted at a distance on the heights of Siply, taking these squadrons for bodies of Hungarian cavalry, cannonaded them in the rear.

XXXVII.

Such was the situation of our attacking columns upon the plains of Cuesmes when Dumouriez arrived there. But, impatient of a halt which, in suspending the enthusiasm of the troops, allowed them time to count the dead, and tempted them to recede, General Dampierre, commandant under Beurnonville, did not wait for Dumouriez to ravish glory or death from him. In a desperate charge, Dampierre roused by gesture and voice the regiment of Flanders, and the battalion of volunteers of the Paris voltigeurs, *enfants perdus*, who brought to the field of battle the theatrical but heroic fanaticism of the Jacobins. He shook with his left hand the tricolored plume in his general's hat, and beckoned with his sword to the battalion, which he preceded by a hundred paces, alone and exposed to the grape of the redoubts, and to the fire of the Hungarians. The cries of victory, and the tricolored banner planted upon the last of the redoubts announced to Dumouriez that Cuesmes was his own, and that it was time to attack a center whose two wings were in retreat and whose flanks could be discovered.

He sped, at full gallop, to give orders to his body of 35,000 combatants to approach at last the fortified heights which connect the village of Cuesmes with that of Jemappes.

At Dumouriez's signal, the whole line was on the move, formed by battalions into three thick and long columns, sung simultaneously the Marseillaise hymn, and traversed in double quick time the narrow plain which separated it from the heights. The 120 cannon of the Austrian batteries vomited, shot after shot, their balls and small bombs upon these columns, who answered only by the hymn of battle. The shots, sighted too high, passed above the heads of the soldiers, and only reached the last ranks.

Two columns began to mount the ascent. The third column, which advanced by the wide and wooded opening of the forest of Flence, charged suddenly by eight Austrian squadrons, stopped, fell back, and sheltered itself behind the houses of the village. This hesitation communicated itself to the columns on the right and left. The ranks were thinned every minute. The heads of the columns receded upon the rear. The young battalions, less firm in awaiting motionless than in advancing to meet death, began to disunite and to form themselves at hazard into con-

fused clusters, the index of an ordinary prelude to flight. Dumouriez, sword in hand, guided by his eye, his gesture, and his voice, the head of the first battalions on the right. To quit his chosen troops, whom his presence filled with enthusiasm, at the moment when they reached the first redoubt, would be to draw them back with him. The entire brigade of General Drouin was cut down, sabered, or dispersed. Clairfayt, from the height of his position, whence he commanded a view of all our attacks, saw the immense reflux which the brigade of Drouin caused in spreading itself upon the plain. He threw there all his cavalry *en masse*. This shock, terrible for the raw battalions, cut them up, scattered them, and made them retreat even to their first line.

All was over with the center, soon drawn altogether nearer and nearer into this current of confusion and terror, when the Duc de Chartres, who fought in advance, returned and saw on his left this rout of his battalions. On the instant, turning the head of his horse, already wounded in the flank, by a piece of small bomb, he threw himself, sword in hand, followed by his brother, the Duc de Montpensier, by the youngest of the sisters Fernig, and by a group of his aides-de-camp, among the enemies' hussars. He traversed the plain, clearing his way with his pistols, and arrived in the thickest of the *mêlée*, in the midst of the shreds of the brigades in retreat.

The voice of the young general, the assurance of victory which beamed on the countenances of the little group which accompanied him, the shame which the intimidated soldiers experienced at seeing a young girl of sixteen years —the bridle in her teeth, the pistol in her hand—reproach them for fleeing from dangers which she braved; the powder and blood which besmeared the face of the Duc de Montpensier; the supplications of the officers, who, throwing themselves, sword in hand, upon the hindmost of their companies, challenging the soldiers to pass over their bodies, suspended the rout, and settled around the staff of the young prince a cluster of volunteers from every battalion. He rallied them in haste, encouraged them, and, heading them, "You shall call yourselves," cried he to them, "the battalion of Jemappes, and to-morrow the battalion of victory, for it is you who have it in your ranks!"

He caused to be placed in the middle of this body the five standards collected from the five broken battalions, the

wrecks of which this column reunited. He raised them amid shouts of "*Vive la republique!*" It was necessary to preserve them, by traversing the plain anew, with a desperate charge of all the cavalry of his center against the Austrian squadrons. The battalion of Jemappes, increased in its course by detachments from the dispersed brigades, approached the intrenchments with the impetuosity of vengeance, and escaladed them over the bodies of the wounded and the dying. The cavalry itself, breaking through the difficulty of the ground, precipitated itself upon the redoubts. The Austrian cannoneers fell at their guns. The approaches of the batteries were slippery with the blood of men and horses. Gradually the different grades of the redoubts were denoted by the number of the slain. The Hungarians, crossing bayonets with the volunteers, opposed a wall of iron behind each wall of fire. The men who rallied from the bottom scarcely sufficed to replace in the ranks those who were laid prostrate by the discharges from the redoubts. The Duc de Chartres and his column did not advance more than a step, and were about to be driven back into the plain, when General Ferrand, debouching at last from the village of Jemappes, which he had carried, advanced at the head of 6000 men and eight pieces of cannon, and took the Austrians between two fires. At the first discharge which the battalions received, the Austrian generals slowly withdrew their troops, abandoning to the Duc de Chartres and to Ferrand the heights and redoubts of Jemappes. At this retrograde movement of the enemy, the Duc de Chartres and General Ferrand reunited, throwing forward their light infantry and their cavalry upon the rear-guard of the Austrians. This compromised wing of the enemy's army had not time to form a junction with the main body, and precipitated itself to the bottom of the hill, behind Jemappes, under the sabers and bayonets of the French. The infantry saved themselves in part, by throwing down their arms, and leaving the prisoners and the dead.

The Austrian cavalry rushed at a gallop into the marshes which bordered the foot of the hill, and precipitated themselves into the confined, deep, and rapid river of L'Haisne, which winds through this morass. Four or five hundred men, and more than eight hundred horses, were drowned in endeavoring to cross it. The abrupt and clayey sides of this stream repulsed the feet of the

horses and the hands of the men, who strained and grasped them in order to ascend the other bank. The river, swelled by the autumnal rains, rolled these bodies of men and horses, and threw them a league thence, upon the mud and among the rushes of this vast morass. Ferrand instantly sent General Thouvenot to inform Dumouriez of the success of his left wing. The Duc de Chartres sent his brother, the Duc de Montpensier, to him, to apprise the general that the fight was renewed, and the redoubts in the center captured.

XXXVIII.

During these divers undulations of his line of battle, and the vicissitudes of so many separate combats, Dumouriez, full of confidence in his principal *corps de bataille*, which he saw thrown forward, scaling the first grades of the redoubts, went over to Beurnonville. Of the five redoubts which flanked the heights of Cuesmes, two only had been carried in the morning, under his eyes, by the bravery of Dampierre. But the Duke of Saxe-Teschen had collected his best Hungarian battalions, and his squadrons of heavy cavalry, at the summit and on the reverse of the plateau which commanded the three other redoubts. This position, which covered at the same time the head of his line and the communication with the town of Mons, was the key of victory or defeat. Latour, Beaulieu, his best generals, his bravest soldiers, defended it. The nerve of his army was there, and Dumouriez returned thither with disquietude. At the moment of his arrival, some of the orderly officers, full of consternation at the hesitation and discouragement of his *corps de bataille* brought him the sorrowful news of the rout of his three brigades in the wood of Flence. Dumouriez felt the necessity of drawing back his two half victorious wings to reattach them to a center which no longer sustained them; and he descended from the hillock he had mounted at a slow step, his head lowered, pensive, and with the resolution of commanding a retreat.

How much this resolution cost his soul was discernible in his countenance. The Revolution and he equally required a victory. It was the first fire our battalions had seen since the sorrowful seven years' war, for Valmy had been only an heroic cannonade; it was the first opportunity of retrieving to his country that renown of military su-

periority which counts for more than an army in the strength of nations; it was the first pitched battle he himself had ever engaged in. Until this period, he had been but a prudent tactician: he had not been yet a victorious general. The Jacobins and the Convention held suspended at this moment over his head the crown of the victor or the blade of the guillotine.

Dumouriez felt that it behooved him to die with his glory, for he could not survive the consequences of a defeat and a retreat before jealous generals, suspicious Jacobins, and the humbled Convention. He drove spurs into the flanks of his horse, and sped to the plateau of Cuesmes.

The first troops which Dumouriez encountered were two brigades of infantry, composed of three battalions of those young Children of Paris who still seemed to play with death, and four thousand soldiers of his old camp at Maulde, whom he had long fashioned to his temper, and fanatically attached to him as children of his fortune. Chance threw them opportunely in his way in this crisis of his life and renown.

At the sight of their general, these disheartened soldiers roused themselves, sounded the butts of their muskets on the ground, threw their hats into the air, and cried out *Vive Dumouriez! Vive notre Père!* Their enthusiasm communicated itself to the battalions of the Children of Paris. The general, moved and affected, passed on, calling the soldiers by name before the front of the two brigades, and swore that he would lead them back to victory. They promised to follow him. Ten squadrons of French cavalry, hussars, dragoons, chasseurs, furrowed from time to time by the balls from the redoubts, were in action at some paces from this, in a hollow spot of ground. Dumouriez flew to the head of these shaken squadrons. He sent his confidential aide-de-camp, Philipe de Vaux, to press the charge of Beurnonville, announcing to him that the general-in-chief was engaged. The Austrians recognized Dumouriez by the movement which he caused around him, by the emotion and shouts of the French, and threw forward, at full gallop, an entire division of imperial dragoons, to disorder and crush this nucleus.

The soldiers of the camp of Maulde, immovable as troops in review, placed the battalions of Paris in the midst of them, awaited at ten paces the charge of this body of dragoons, aimed at the breasts and heads of the horses, and

laid prostrate more than two hundred, who rolled and expired with their riders at the foot of these battalions. Protected by this rampart of bodies, the two brigades fired at these squadrons according as they pivoted or galloped under their fire. Dumouriez, at the head of ten French squadrons, threw forward the hussars of Berchiny, who sabered the already decimated dragoons. This mass of Austrian cavalry flew then upon the road to Mons; and, by the sight of their defeat, threw the column of Hungarian infantry into disorder. Beurnonville arrived, with his reserves, at full speed. He replaced the Austrians upon the plateau which they had just abandoned. Dumouriez, reassured on his part, descended from his horse in the midst of his soldiers, who received him with acclamation in their arms. He formed a column of these two brigades.

He commenced the hymn of the Marseillaise, repeated by all his staff, and strengthened by 1500 voices of the Children of Paris.

At this hymn, which rose above the noise of the cannon, and which excited the soldiers, and even the very horses, the column moved on, precipitating itself without firing, bayonet in hand, upon the redoubts. The Hungarian cannoneers had only time to fire their grape over the heads of the columns. The volunteers and soldiers mounted over the members of their mutilated comrades to escalade the redoubts; they nailed the bodies of the Hungarians upon their gun-carriages. There was no flight, there were no prisoners made; all the Hungarians died upon the discharged cannon, still holding the stocks of their guns and bayonets in their hands.

XXXIX.

Beurnonville, carried away by the excitement of the charge, galloped upon the right flank of the redoubts with the mass of his heavy cavalry upon the steps of the Austrian cavalry. More soldier than general, he advanced his squadrons, and compelled the last platoons of the enemy to return to combat.

XL.

Hardly had Dumouriez triumphed on his right, without giving himself time to consolidate the victory upon this

point, than he sped to restore it to his center, which he considered altogether broken and disbanded. He had just detached six squadrons of chasseurs under the orders of Frescheville, and marched himself with all the speed of horse at the head of this cavalry, to thunder upon the Austrian cavalry from the wood of Flence, when he saw the Duc de Montpensier arrive at a gallop. This young prince came to him to announce the victory of the Duc de Chartres. Soon afterward Thouvenot apprised him of the triumph of his left wing at Jemappes. Dumouriez pressed these two messengers of his fortune in his arms, a cry of joy escaped from the general's bosom and the little group of his confidential officers and friends, repeated by the squadrons of Frescheville, and ran from Cuesmes to Jemappes, from mouth to mouth, along the whole line of heights now occupied by the French. The batteries were silent, the volleys of cannon of the retreating army of Clairfayt and the Duke Albert were only heard at a great distance, less and less audible as that distance increased. It was the most glorious hour of Dumouriez's life, the first also of the great military hours of France. Victory and patriotism had formed an alliance upon the plains of Jemappes.

XLI.

Dumouriez, who desired, and could wrest from the day the greatest results, by cutting off the route to Mons from the Austrian army, and driving it back among the marshes of the Haisne, where it would have been drowned, and the remnants made prisoners, sent aide-de-camp after aide-de-camp to General d'Harville. We have seen that this general commanded the army at Valenciennes. He had been placed by Dumouriez in an auxiliary and detached corps rather than in a line of battle upon the heights of Siply, close to the faubourgs of Mons. Dumouriez the conqueror pressed upon him to traverse in haste the valley which separates Siply from Mount Palisel, to escalade the three redoubts which covered this height, and thus to shut up the road of Mons from the Austrians. The supineness of General d'Harville, the coolness of Clairfayt, the intrepidity of the Hungarians, of the Tyrolese, and of the Austrian cavalry deceived these hopes of Dumouriez. The Duke of Saxe-Teschen and Clairfayt, retiring slowly and in a

threatening attitude, entered Mons without being pursued and closed its gates upon them. The renown of a victory and a field of battle were the only conquests of Dumouriez. He had not lost any of his confidents or friends. Thouvenot, the Duc de Chartres, the Duc de Montpensier, Beurnonville, Ferrand, the faithful and brave Baptisté, the two young and lovely heroines, Félicité and Théophile Fernig, accompanied him on horseback, weeping over the dead, relieving and consoling the wounded. A triple exclamation arose, at the approach of Dumouriez, from the bosom of his brigades, regiments, and battalions. None of the wounded reproached him with their blood; all the survivors paid him the homage of victory and life. The clouds which sullied the morning sky had broken, and, cast to the two extremities of the horizon, by the discharges of artillery, allowed a bright autumnal sun to shine over the space the army occupied. Thick wreaths of smoke of powder broke out here and there upon the flanks of the plain between Cuesmes and Jemappes. Some houses, ignited by the bomb-shells, and some heather lighted by the cartridges in the wood of Flence, still burned. Thirty or forty pieces of forsaken cannon, with their carriages, choked up the redoubts. Four thousand bodies of the Austrians and Hungarians lay weltering in their blood upon the slopes or upon the advanced extremity of the plain of Jemappes. Twelve hundred horses of the Austrian cavalry and artillery expired, the head raised languishingly up, and the bridle still passed over the arms of their dead riders. The river of the Haisne, and the marsh which this river traverses, gave here and there a view of groups of men and horses, struggling in the waters and in the mud: 2000 French bodies, and more than 2000 horses, the breasts or the flanks pierced by cannon-balls, attested the ravages made by the Austrian redoubts in the ranks of the French artillery and cavalry which had approached by this pass. Steps of bodies marked from distance to distance the steps of the battalions, and the spaces left by death between one discharge and another. The surgeons attached to the army remarked that the delirium of those who died of their wounds on the morrow, or the next day of the battle, in the hospitals of Mons, was one of patriotism; that the enthusiasm which had conducted them to the combat, prolonged itself, and survived even in their agony, and that the last words they uttered were some strains of Rouget

de Lisle, and the names of their country and liberty. The thought of the Revolution was incorporated in the army—it there enshrined itself; and if it produced martyrs in Paris, it made heroes at Jemappes.

XLII.

On returning to his tent to give orders for the advance movement which he meditated, Dumouriez was arrested by another procession. It was the body of General Drouin, dying, which his soldiers bore upon a litter covered over with his bloody mantle. Responsible for the disorder which had compromised the center, and for a moment changed the victory into a defeat, Drouin appeared thus to make reparation for the fault of his soldiers. He had offered himself to death. His comrades triumphed—he died.

On the side of the Austrians, the generals, the officers, the soldiers yielded the intrenchments but with life. It was not only for Belgium that the two armies disputed, it was for the reputation of the two nations, and the *prestige* of the first battle. They rent the hill of Jemappes in disputing it. Each contest was a contest body to body. There was no approach but at arm's length. Almost all the Austrian generals were wounded. The Baron de Keïm, who commanded the Hungarian grenadiers, seeing them routed, exposed himself to the fire in front of his troops, in order that the sight of his death might encourage his grenadiers to avenge him.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon. Another hour's daylight alone remained to the conquerors. The French army advanced *en masse*, and occupied the faubourgs of Mons. The Austrians evacuated the town during the night. Dumouriez entered it as a conqueror on the morrow. His presence caused the sentiments of independence and fraternity, which had smoldered under the steps of the Austrian army throughout Belgium, to ignite. The magistrates and inhabitants came to salute victory and the Revolution in the persons of the general and the army. They offered a wreath of oak to Dumouriez and another to Dampierre, to whom likewise the Jacobins of Mons attributed a share of the victory. Dumouriez was justly jealous of the glory which it was thus desired to divide between him and one of his lieutenants, whose subaltern operations had, according to himself, been the greatest check to the victory. The

victory appertained solely to himself, for he had prepared, conducted, re-established it before and during the day. Jemappes belonged to Dumouriez, as the action belongs to the thought which conceives it. His first recompense was to see it disputed by envy, that shadow attendant upon all great men.

BOOK XXXVII.

I.

The French army found in Mons 200 pieces of cannon, and immense stores destined for the imperial army. Dumouriez spent here five days, occupied in organizing the administration of the country, and the service of the commissariat. His design was to allow Belgium to dispose of herself, under the protection of a French army. An independent nation, animated with a hatred to Austria, the daughter of our Revolution, condemned to live or die with us, and obliged, by its own weakness, to become the granary, the arsenal, the place of recruiting, and the field of battle for our armies of the north, appeared with reason, more useful to Dumouriez, as regarded his country, than a conquered province, subjected, oppressed, and ravaged by the commissaries of the Convention, and the propaganda of the Jacobins. He treated the Belgians, in the first instance, as brothers; the commissioners and Jacobins desired to treat them as vanquished.

During this necessary but fatal delay at Mons, the lieutenants of Dumouriez, slowly and feebly executing his design, advanced separately upon the line which had been traced out for them. Valence to Charleroi, La Bourdonnaye to Tournay and to Gand. After a series of contests between the advanced posts, which succeeded each other from the 12th to the 14th of November, the army entered Brussels, the capital of Belgium, which the evening before was evacuated by Marshal Bender.

In one of these encounters between the advanced guard of the French and the rear-guard of the Austrians, one of the young amazons, Félicité Fernig, who bore the orders of Dumouriez to the head of his columns, found herself, accompanied only with a handful of French hussars, sur-

rounded by a detachment of the enemies' hulans. Avoiding with difficulty the sabers around her, she turned her bridle with a group of hussars to rejoin the column, when she perceived a young officer of the Belgian volunteers who had been thrown from his horse by a shot, defending himself with his saber against the hulans, who sought to slay him. Although this officer was unknown to her, Félicité rushed to his succor, killed with two pistol-shots two of the hulans, put the others to flight, dismounted from her horse, relieved the wounded man, confided him to her hussars, accompanied him herself to the military hospital, and returned to rejoin her general. This young officer was named Vanderwalen. Left in the hospitals of Brussels after the departure of the French army, he forgot his wounds, but could never forget the heroine he had met with on the field of carnage. The countenance of that female, in the dress of a comrade in arms, precipitating herself into the *mêlée* to rescue him from death, and leaning afterward over his blood-stained bed in the military hospital, tenaciously kept place in his remembrance.

When Dumouriez had fled to the enemy's lands, and the army had lost all trace of the two young amazons whom it had drawn into its misfortunes and exile, Vanderwalen quitted the military service, and traveled through Germany in search of her to whom he owed his life. Long did he traverse in vain the principal towns of the north, without being able to obtain the slightest indication of the family of Fernig. He discovered them at last, refugees in the heart of Denmark. His gratitude ripened into love for the young girl, who had resumed the dress, the graces, and the modesty of her sex. He espoused her, and brought her home to his own country. Théophile, her sister and companion in glory, followed Félicité to Brussels. She died there while yet young, without having been married. She cultivated the arts—was a musician and a poetess, like Vittoria Colonna. She left poems stamped with masculine heroism, feminine sensibility, and worthy of accompanying her name to immortality.

These two sisters, inseparable in life, in death, as upon the field of battle, repose under the same cypress—in a foreign land. Where are their names upon the marble monuments of our triumphal arches? Where are their pictures at Versailles? Where are their statues upon our frontiers, bedewed with their blood?

The magistrates of Brussels having brought the keys of the town to the French head-quarters, in the village of Anderlecht, "Take back your keys," said Dumouriez to them, "we are not your enemies; be you masters, and do not endure the yoke of the stranger." He confined his troops to the camp of Anderlecht: 4000 Belgian troops passing to the side of the liberators of their country, and mounting the tricolored cockade, ranged themselves, under the banners, and filled up the voids of our army caused by the battle of Jemappes.

II.

Dumouriez, increased in importance by this double triumph—dear to the nation whose independence he had saved at Valmy, dear to his army who to him owed victory, dear to the Belgians, whose freedom he promised to secure—minister, diplomatist, general, and successful negotiator, having attached his name to the first victory of liberty, enthusiasm, and pride of a whole nation, was at this moment the actual dictator of all parties. Madame Roland wrote confidential letters to him, wherein the enthusiasm of glory savored somewhat of the excessive. Gensonné and Brissot pointed out Holland and Germany to him as conquests. The Jacobins crowned his bust in the place of their Assembly. Robespierre was silent, in order not to gainsay, too early, the universal approbation. Marat alone dared first to denounce Dumouriez as a deserter, or as a Cromwell. The Convention received into its bosom the brave Baptisté—formerly his servant, now his aide-de-camp—named him an officer, decreed him arms of honor, and heard from his mouth the recital of his exploits. Danton and Lacroix solicited from their colleagues the mission to go and congratulate the victor at Brussels, and to organize behind him the conquered country. Lastly, the Duc d'Orléans, sending his daughter to Madame de Genlis, at Tournay, himself approached the army where his two sons, pupils of Dumouriez, adorned, head-quarters; in fact, Dumouriez held at his will, in his hand a republic or a monarchy. It was for him the realization of that dictatorship of which La Fayette had only dreamed. Dumouriez had only to allow himself to be borne up by the wave. He did not do so. He himself impeded the onward flow which bore his fortunes. Instead of being, during some

campaigns, the conqueror of the republic, he dreamed too soon of making himself its moderator. Danton comprehended better than Dumouriez himself his military career, and the bold, sudden, unexpected impulse which he might at this moment give to his success. After the proclamation of the republic, peace was no longer possible. It behooved us then to excite war, and surprise those kings who were still in lethargy. Dumouriez relied too much upon his diplomacy at the hour when he ought only to have remembered his sword. He resisted equally the letters of Brissot and the stirring appeals of Danton. He afforded England time to plot, Holland to arm itself, Germany to reflect, Belgium to grow angry, his own forces to cool, his generals to conspire against him. Temporizing, so often advantageous in calm weather, destroys men in active times. Movement is the essence of revolutions. To pause is to be betrayed. Dumouriez's military acumen was at fault.

III.

No doubt considerable caution was required in dealing with the Belgians, and policy forbade that the revolution Dumouriez had fomented among them should be a servile and anarchical imitation of the Revolution at Paris. The two nations, so alike in country and ideas, differ widely from each other in character. Natives of the north, enriched by industry and ample commerce, disciplined by rigid Catholicism, having preserved, even under the sacerdotal despotism of Philip II., the fierce jealousy of their civic and individual rights and privileges, the patrons of the arts, the rivals of Rome herself, possessing on their territory none of those great capitals in which the dregs of the nation ferment—the Belgians had formed ideas of liberty widely differing from ours. The republic they desired was not the triumph of a turbulent people over the more wealthy and enlightened portion of the nation, but the regular distribution of right and power among all classes. In France, liberty was a conquest; in Belgium, a custom: the one needed a convention, the other wished for a senate.

But this was not the moment to deliberate upon the ulterior form of government in Belgium. The only military duty of Dumouriez was to conquer the country, and induce the people and the soldiery to follow and assist in the conquest of Holland and the Rhine.

The Convention, whose finances were managed by Cambon, was unable to pay and provide her army with rations without aid, dispatched commissioners to tax the provinces; and these commissioners treating the provinces and cities rather as conquered than auxiliary countries, transformed into sources of personal plunder the patriotic subsidies they were authorized to demand and employ. The general, in open war on this account with Cambon, Pache the minister at war, and his agents in Belgium, fettered the financial measures of the Convention and the march of his own troops, who, in want of every necessary in the heart of the granary of Europe, murmured, disbanded, and deserted daily. At this juncture, Danton arrived at Brussels with his friend Lacroix. Danton had a twofold purpose in quitting Paris, and visiting the camps. In the first place, he avoided taking any direct part in the open contest between the Jacobins and Girondists; and, in the second, he was near the head-quarters of diplomacy and war; and he could more safely concert with Dumouriez the plans for a dictatorship, which he secretly meditated, and the re-establishment of a constitutional monarchy. The most authentic proofs exist of the real feeling of Danton toward the republic. He did not conceal from his wife or intimate friends his desire of destroying anarchy, so soon as anarchy should be weary of itself; of forming an alliance with Prussia, or at least with England; of restoring the throne, and seating on it a prince no less compromised in the Revolution than himself; and this prince was the Duc d'Orléans, under whose name Danton hoped to reign. It was by his advice that the Duc d'Orléans followed the army, and resided several months at Tournay, under pretense of meeting Madame de Genlis and his daughter.

Without openly deciding the question of the definite union between Belgium and France, Danton and Lacroix fed the fire of Jacobinism at Brussels. They fraternized with the more ardent Belgians, they distributed the spoils and revenues of the churches and convents among their adherents.

Whatever may be the truth of the reports to which the inexplicable prodigality of Danton and Lacroix, and their intimacy with Dumouriez, gave credence, disorder, contradiction, and incoherence marked all the administrative measures of the French since their entrance into Brussels. The army lost strength, the republic influence, the general the

means of strengthening his conquests, and extending them more into the country.

He charged General La Bourdonnaye to capture Antwerp. His advanced guard, under the command of Stengel, left Brussels the 19th, and captured Mechlin, the arsenal of the Austrians, which was filled with necessaries of every kind. Dumouriez himself entered Louvain and Liege: while Antwerp, which had held out againstt he feeble attacks of La Bourdonnaye, surrendered to General Miranda. A month sufficed for the conquest of Belgium and the principality of Liege. Danton, Lacroix, and thirty-two commissioners of the Convention or the Jacobins, followed the army to Liege, and induced the country, like Savoy, to demand a union with the French republic. Dumouriez was opposed to this measure, which forced the Germanic empire to declare war on account of this dismemberment of the German confederation, and it was with equal repugnance that he declared war against Holland by raising the blockade of the Scheldt. The blockade of the Scheldt ruined the commerce of Antwerp, the rival of Amsterdam. The emperor, Joseph II., after having waged war with Holland to obtain the freedom of navigation of this river, had renounced this object of the war, and sold the Dutch the right of closing the Scheldt for fourteen millions of francs (£560,000). France could not respect this disgraceful treaty, which alienated even nature, to the detriment of its new subjects; and the republic reopened the river. This act of France appeared an injury in the eyes of the Dutch and the English, the jealous protectors of Holland; and the opening of the Scheldt contributed, no less than the scaffold of Louis XVI., to decide Mr. Pitt upon declaring war against the republic.

IV.

The French army, although victorious, and occupying winter-quarters, which extended from Aix-la-Chapelle to Liege, was in want of every thing, and diminished daily under the double influence of misery and sedition. But one quarter of its forces were troops of the line; the remainder was composed of the volunteer battalions, brave on a day of battle and without discipline on the morrow. The soldiers, without pay, shoes, or garments, deserted in masses, proud of a victory, but unable to support a winter

campaign. The generals and the officers abandoned their cantonments for the clubs and the pleasures of the cities of Liege and Aix-la-Chapelle. The commissioners of the Convention and the Jacobins fraternized with the German revolutionists, made Liege a demagogical colony from Paris, and by this means deprived the general of all freedom of action and all authority. The Convention, at the demand of Danton, published a decree which changed the war into universal sedition. "The Convention," said this decree, "declares in the name of the French people that it grants fraternity and succor to all those nations who seek to recover their freedom, and orders its generals to defend those citizens who have suffered or may suffer in the cause of liberty." It was no longer a diplomatist or soldier that commanded, but the commissioners. Liege was a prey to their omnipotence and their depredations.

V.

During several weeks, Dumouriez, secluded in the palace of the Bishop of Liege, a prey to anxiety, seeing his renown and his army daily forsaking him, only saw Danton, and did not entirely enter into even his views.

One day he opened a volume of Plutarch at the following passage, in the Life of Cleomenes, "*When the action is not honorable, it is time to see its shame and renounce it.*" These words, which so well corresponded with the state of his feelings, decided him—not to repentance, to wisdom—but to revolt and indignation against his country.

It was the moment when the trial of the king was touching its *dénouement;* when the prince whom he had loved and served was about to mount the scaffold, while he, his servant and friend, held in his hand the sword of France and commanded her armies. This contrast between his situation and his sentiments, wrung from him tears of rage and sorrow, and he secretly sounded his army to ascertain if any feeling in favor of the king yet lurked among them; but the republic alone swayed them, and the recollection of so many years of servitude weighed on their hearts. The party of Robespierre and the Jacobins had emissaries in the army, in the very generals themselves, the rivals or enemies of Dumouriez—La Bourdonnaye, Dampierre, and Moreton conspired against him. The general, despairing of inducing his army to make a movement on Paris *en masse*, con-

ceived the plan of favoring the escape of the prisoners from the Temple by means of a detachment of light cavalry, which he purposed sending, under pretense of a military movement, to the gates of Paris, and which would protect the flight of the royal family to his advanced posts. This was the plan of La Fayette, even more impracticable at the Temple than the Tuileries. He wrote to Gensonné and Barrère, to request them to obtain a decree from the Convention to summon him to the assistance of the Assembly against the demogogical insurrections of the Commune. The Girondists, although bold in language, were not sufficiently daring in action to display a sword to the Convention; and Barrère, a man of foresight, already detached himself from the Girondists to join the party of Robespierre. He made no reply to the general; and Dumouriez started for Paris, after having published a proclamation to the Belgians, urging them to form themselves into primary assemblies, and to nominate a constituent assembly which would organize their freedom.

VI.

On his arrival in Paris, rather as a fugitive than a conqueror, Dumouriez secluded himself in an obscure house in the Rue de Clichy. At this moment, when every man's feelings were excited for or against the king's condemnation, he wished to remain in the background, study the men, and watch circumstances; equally incapable of affecting hypocritical fury against the king, or of declaring alone and unaided in his favor.

Clad in the simplest uniform and wrapped in his cavalry mantle, he went on foot to his appointments at the houses of his friends. The glory which enshrouded him, and the vague hopes which followed the favorite of victory, opened every door to him, and he had access at all times to Gensonné, Vergniaud, Roland, Pétion, Condorcet, and Brissot.

Gensonné still hoped to save the king. Barbaroux was indignant at the ferocity of the Parisians. Vergniaud swore to save his country such infamy, even though he were the only man who dared refuse the people his head. Roland and his wife were the more anxious to save the victims, since they reproached themselves with having surrendered them. Pétion declared that he *loved* Louis XVI. as a man, even while he precipitated him from the throne.

But none of them, except Vergniaud, showed themselves resolved to sacrifice the safety of his head to the safety of the king. None of them showed themselves disposed to try the chance of a revolt against the Commune, even if headed by Dumouriez. Acquainted with Santerre, through Westermann, he lived in secret intimacy during his residence at Paris with the commandant-general, and saw at Santerre's house the leaders of the Commune, and even the Septembrists. He endeavored to gain over Panis, the brother-in-law of Santerre and the friend of Robespierre, and insinuated, through him to Robespierre, that he alone should save the king.

VII.

Robespierre, who already foresaw in Dumouriez another Layayette, refused all contact with him. He wished for no other dictatorship than that of opinion; and only waited until the glory of Jemappes had dissipated itself, to denounce the victorious general as a conspirator. Dumouriez affected republicanism among the Jacobins, but he became more and more convinced that they were an explosive force, which no policy could direct or control, and he resolved to feign their opinions until he had obtained from them the means of governing them.

This intimate connection between the Jacobins and himself rendered Pache and the Executive Council more pliant and submissive to his plans for the conquest of Holland. His popularity increased by his acquaintance with Santerre, Panis, Desfieux; the Jacobins gave him audacity to speak as a ruler, and he was obeyed in the committees of the Convention as in the cabinet of Pache, while Marat alone ventured to abuse him in his journal.

VIII.

Dumouriez, under pretense of indisposition, shut himself up in the Rue de Clichy during the days that preceded and followed the king's execution. He saw no one except Westermann, Lacroix, and Danton. Westermann, threatened with vengeance by Marat, whom he had beaten on the Pont Neuf, smiled at the anticipated humiliation of the demagogues before a victorious army. Danton secretly encouraged these hopes; for he believed that a

desperate conflict was imminent between the Revolution and the thrones of Europe.

IX.

The military and political plan of Dumouriez was to advance from Antwerp with 25,000 men into the heart of Holland, to the canal of Moerdyk, an arm of the sea which covers La Haye, Rotterdam, and Harlem, appeal to the republican feelings of the Dutch, and restore the empire to the enemies of the House of Orange, and the numerous proscribed men whom the last attempt at revolt against the stadtholder had forced to range themselves under the French banner.

The Dutch legion, and two thousand men from Antwerp, would form the advanced guard of this expedition. The conquest achieved, Dumouriez resolved to purge his army of all the volunteer battalions whose presence thwarted his plans, and only to retain those troops of the line and generals devoted to his fate. He would first raise 30,000 men in Belgium, and an equal number in Holland, and thus form an army under his immediate orders. He would then arm the fortresses and the fleet in the Texel, convoke the representatives of the two nations—the Belgians at Ghent, the Dutch at the Hague—constitute them, under the protection of his army, into two allied republics, but independent of each other; make a truce with the empire, and march on Paris at the head of this combined army, to regulate the republic.

X.

Dumouriez, with a rapidity of movement which equaled that of his conceptions, reached Brussels, advanced his columns, surprised Holland, captured Breda and Gertruydenberg, arrived almost unresisted at Moerdyk, and formed a flotilla to destroy it, and achieved the first points of his plan before the procrastination of the Dutch was stirred up to oppose any important resistance to the 12,000 men with whom he was attempting to overturn the kingdom. The state of men's minds in Holland worked in his favor. The Dutch, a German nation, modified by contact with the sea, are half German, half English. Sedate like the one, free like the other, the sea seems to inspire the nations who

dwell near it with the feeling and desire for liberty. The ocean, whose sight sets thought free, seems also to give freedom to people.

While Dumouriez was thus advancing against the Hague and Amsterdam, an order of the Convention arrived to disconcert his plans. The Prince of Cobourg had assembled his army at Cologne, penetrated the French lines in every direction, and, raising the siege of Maestricht, was advancing at the head of 60,000 men to reconquer Belgium. Dumouriez alone could again head the army, and restore that vein of good fortune which his absence had allowed to escape. He hastened to Louvain, full of wrath against the agents of the Convention, to whom he attributed (while he exaggerated) our disasters. He sowed along his path murmurings, contempt, and indignation against them. He tried sedition in words before he put it into practice.

XI.

Danton and Lacroix, anticipating the crisis, had set out again for Paris, in order to deaden the shock which they foresaw between the general and the Convention. The commissaries Camus, Merlin de Douai, Treilhard, and Gossuin, had fallen back on Lille, with the mass of deserters from the army, in order to check and reorganize them beneath the walls of that city. They went to Louvain to meet the generalissimo, and reproached him with his conduct at Brussels, and particularly with his restitution of the silver vessels to the churches. Dumouriez replied in the tone of a man who was master, and only responsible to France and posterity, and not to the Convention. Harsh words ensued on both sides, and on leaving the commissioners, the general wrote a threatening letter to the Convention, in which he insolently reproached it with the destitution of the army, the depredations of the agents, the impolitic reunion of Belgium to France, the profanations, sacrileges, and the rapine which marked the progress of our armies through a friendly country, and threw on it the responsibility of the disasters of Aix-la-Chapelle, Liege, and Maestricht. He exaggerated these charges, excepting from them none but his pupil and friend Beurnonville, who had just replaced Pache in the war department. This general, whom Dumouriez called his *Ajax*, had been nominated through Danton's influence. Dumouriez ended his letter by

the offer of resignation. This was a threat he often hurled at his enemies. The Convention well knew that the confidence and affection of the soldiery were not to be acquired by any other general.

XII.

A thrill of joy ran through the army on again beholding its leader, in whom they again hailed victory. Dumouriez treated his officers and soldiers like a parent restored to his children. The martial severity of his reprimands only added respect to the enthusiasm he so well knew how to inspire. The army consisted of 40,000 men of old and well-disciplined infantry, and 5,000 cavalry of those gallant regiments who had acquired renown in the field. It included, moreover, on its flanks, the line of its operations in the garrisons of Belgium, and the detached body which invaded Holland, nearly 40,000 more. Of the 40,000 men with him, Dumouriez assigned eighteen battalions to General Valence, as many to the Duc de Chartres, and as many to Miranda; a reserve of eight battalions of grenadiers to General Chancel, a strong advanced guard of 6,000 men to old General Lamarche; and, on the 16th of March, Dumouriez, attacking the Austrians at Tirlemont, compelled them to fall back.

The Prince of Cobourg, who received fresh re-enforcements daily, and had upward of 60,000 soldiers under his command, had concentrated his men between Tongres and St. Tron. The three villages of Nerwinde, Oberwinde, and Midlewinde had been left by the Austrian general in advance of his line as the field of battle and prize of victory between the two armies. Dumouriez formed his army into several columns: three on the right, under General Valence, to turn the left of the Austrians and menace St. Tron; two in the center, under the Duc de Chartres, who also commanded the reserve; and three on the left, under General Miranda. He gave the signal for a general attack on the 18th at daybreak. His right columns advanced without any obstacle to the top of St. Tron, but, driven back by masses of cavalry, were compelled to retreat on the infantry in the center. The Duc de Chartres twice carried the village of Nerwinde, but abandoned it a third time after seeing General Desforests, one of his best lieutenants, fall at his side. Dumouriez took the village a

fourth time, sacrificing columns of infantry. The charge of the Austrian masses compelled him again to abandon it. Rallied by the Duc de Chartres and the general-in-chief, at a hundred paces from the village, the infantry and cavalry of the center and right uniting, received several charges from 15,000 of the Austrian cavalry. The battle was, to all appearances, gained, or doubtful, on the right wing, or in the center of the French.

The left, composed of volunteers, and commanded by Miranda, gave way after having lost the greater portion of its generals and officers by the cannonade. Miranda, without informing the general-in-chief, retreated with his division more than two leagues in the rear of the line of battle. The left wing of the army, on which the entire battle pivoted, according to Dumouriez's plan of strategy, failing the center and right, the projected advance on Nerwinde and St. Tron became impossible. The army had no longer a basis. Dumouriez, perceiving toward evening that masses of infantry and cavalry of the enemy were moving from the left to the right of the Prince of Cobourg, began first to suspect the defeat or the defection of Miranda, and instantly galloped toward his positions. He found them abandoned by the troops, occupied by Clairfayt, and only escaped the pursuit of the Austrian hussars by the fleetness of his horse, and, galloping onward alone in the middle of the night, found at the gates of Tirlemont some battalions of volunteers, without artillery or cavalry, by the roadside.

XIII.

These fugitives informed him of the loss of 3000 of their companions, left on the field of battle. The general, astonished at the motionless and careless attitude of Miranda in Tirlemont, reproached him severely, and passed the night in making arrangements for a retreat.

Danton and Lacroix, on hearing of this, reached Louvain at the moment when Dumouriez was again entering that city. They passed the whole night in attempts to persuade him still to keep terms with the Convention. Dumouriez wrote a short note, which somewhat modified, but retracted nothing.

XIV.

Danton had scarcely gone when Colonel Mack, principal officer of the Prince of Cobourg's staff, entered Louvain as negotiator, and concluded a secret convention which regulated the march of the two armies, step by step, to Brussels. The imperialists were to respect the retreat of the French, and confine their hostilities to those insignificant skirmishes necessary to mask from the troops the secret understanding of the generals. Yet Dumouriez could scarcely muster 15,000 men to cover the march of the remainder of his army toward France. He had Miranda arrested, and sent him to Paris as an expiatory victim for the disasters of the affair.

On the same day a last and most injurious conference took place between Colonel Mack and Dumouriez at Ath. The whole of the Orleans party were there represented by its principal leaders consenting to an act by which the republic was to be overthrown, and the constitutional crown be placed on the brow of a prince of this house by the hand of the people and the soldiery. While Dumouriez was to advance on Paris to destroy the constitution, the Austrians were to march as auxiliaries on to French soil, and take Condé as a surety.

XV.

Such was the secret treaty in which folly equaled treason. Dumouriez, who thought to pass the Rubicon, and had incessantly the part of Cæsar before his eyes, forgot that Cæsar had not led the Gauls to Rome.

After this nocturnal conference Dumouriez went to Tournay with his staff. He there assembled around him 6000 cavalry, most devoted to his person; he distributed in the strongly fortified towns of Lille, Valenciennes, and Condé, as well as in the camps of Maulde and St. Amand, the generals and troops whom he hoped the most easily to gain over, and made every preparation for the enormous perfidy with which he proposed to astonish Europe and crush the Convention.

Still as he was compelled at the same time to conceal, yet half disclose, his design, a mysterious rumor got abroad that he meditated treason; and this spread even to Paris, as

the shadow of some great coming crime. Danton and Lacroix kept still, and affected mistrust of a general whom they had seen so haughty and full of irritation. The Girondists, enemies to the very name of Orleans, pointed out to suspicion a general who had in his staff two princes of this house. The Jacobins sent three emissaries, Proly, Dubuisson, and Pereyra, to sound the general, and induce him to support their party against the Gironde. "Do not believe," said Dumouriez, after he had heard them, "that your republic can endure; your follies and your crimes have rendered it as impossible as it is hateful."

XVI.

However, Dumouriez, threatening instead of acting, seemed a prey to that disorder of the mind which seizes on a man in the accomplishment of a crime, and gives to his acts the incoherence and agitation of his thoughts. All his boldness was evinced in words; he gave his army time for reflection, and consequently for repentance. Returning to the small town of St. Amand, with his staff and most devoted regiments, he learned, one by one, the capitulation of the citadel of Antwerp to the Austrians, the destruction of the camp of Maulde, and the patriotic rising of the citizens of the garrison of Lille against General Miaczinsky, whom he had desired to seize on that city.

Dumouriez had about him at St. Amand only the Duc de Chartres, the Duc de Montpensier, his brother, General Valence, Adjutant-general Montjoie, Thouvenot, Nordmann, colonel of the regiment of Berchiny, and the officers of his staff. He had found at Tournay, and conducted to St. Amand, to protect her at once against the Austrians and the Convention, the Princess Adelaide d'Orléans, sister of the Duc de Chartres. This young princess, endowed with noble aspect, precocious mind, energetic spirit, was wandering on the confines of France and Belgium. Rejected by her own country through the laws against emigration—rejected by foreign lands from the aversion inspired by the name of her father—attached to her brothers from an affection which misfortunes, exile, and the throne, in their turn proved and illustrated, she sought in the camp the protection of the army. Her companion was a young girl of her own age, Pamela Seymour, whom public report declared to be the natural daughter of the Duc d'Or-

léans and Madame de Genlis. This young lady, who was singularly beautiful, was educated as a sister of the Princes and Princess d'Orléans, and just married at Tournay to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, son of the Duke of Leinster, who soon after conspired, in order to free Ireland from the yoke of England, and condemned to death as chief of this conspiracy, escaped condign punishment by committing suicide in his dungeon, leaving one more name among the patriots of his country.

XVII.

Madame de Sillery-Genlis was also at head-quarters. A woman still attractive, and remarkable for her mind, she gave by her presence to Dumouriez's conspiracy the apparent approval of the House of Orleans. General Valence was son-in-law to Madame de Genlis; the Duc de Chartres, the Duc de Montpensier, and the Princess Adelaide were her pupils; the Jacobins her persecutors. At her house every evening the leaders of this party assembled, while she sought to attract and influence them to turn against the republic.

In the midst of these exiled females and this society, so much suspected by the republic, Dumouriez waited idly until his army should display a kind of violence toward him, and compel him to lead them toward Paris. From the discontent of an army to the act of turning its arms against its country is as far as from a murmur to a crime. Dumouriez had taken this murmur of the soldiery for an opinion, and insubordination for revolt. It was already known that the Convention had deliberated as to the part to be taken toward the rebel general, and had resolved on calling him to its bar in order to demand an account of his conduct. Danton, Robespierre, and even Marat, fearing to break up the army in presence of a victorious enemy, and refusing to believe in his treason, had with difficulty obtained a suspension of this decision for a few days.

XVIII.

The Convention, however, which had long hesitated, at length passed the decree which summoned the general from his army, and called him to Paris, there to give explanations respecting his grievances and his plans. Dumouriez

did not deceive himself as to the import of this decree. He felt himself too culpable to encounter this examination of his conduct, and saw clearly that, once separated from his soldiers, they would not restore a general to the army who had made the republic tremble: he preferred, then, rather to fall in an armed effort against the oppressors of his country than to go humbly and offer them his head without defense and without revenge. Besides, even the subtilty of his discourses, the boldness of his attitude, and the influence of Danton had absolved him; his absence alone disconcerted all the plans agreed upon between Mack and himself. He was then firmly resolved to refuse obedience to the Convention; and, if he could deceive them longer, he prepared himself to accomplish his last act of rebellion against the commissioners whom they should dare to send to him.

Things were then in this state, when, on the 2d of April, at noon, the arrival of the minister of war himself was announced in the camp. It was Beurnonville, the personal friend of Dumouriez. Beurnonville alighted from the carriage, accompanied by four commissioners—Camus, Lamarque, Bancal, and Quinette. Camus, an austere man, carrying into the Revolution the rigor of Jansenism and the scruples of probity; Lamarque, a garrulous advocate and declaimer, accustomed to vociferate patriotism to the army; Bancal, a prudent and temperate negotiator, adapted to interpose with moderation between the passions of parties; Quinette, in whom the instinct of order balanced the passion of liberty, endeavoring always to arrest theory within the limits of truth, and patriotism within the limits of justice.

Beurnonville, on entering, threw himself in Dumouriez's arms, as if by this action to give evidence to the spectators that he only wished to enchain the general to his country by his sentiments and remembrances. He told him that he himself desired to accompany the commissioners who were the bearers of the decree of the Convention, to add the force of friendship to the power of duty. Camus, to prevent Dumouriez from the embarrassment of a public discussion, and that the confidential intercessions of the commissioners should have more freedom and privacy, supplicated the general to remove the witnesses who constrained the effusion of their minds, or to pass into a more private apartment. A murmur arose at these words among

the generals and other officers present, as if it had been desired to withdraw their general from under the protection of their sight and their sabers. Dumouriez quieted this tumult by a gesture. He conducted Beurnonville and the commissioners into his cabinet; but the generals insisted that the door should remain open that they might watch over, if not the words, at least the safety of the interview. Camus presented the decree to Dumouriez. The general read it with an impassibility approaching to disdain; afterward, returning it to the commissioners, he answered that the execution of the decree would be the dissolution of the army and the loss of the country; that he did not refuse to obey it, but that he desired to obey it at his own time, not when it suited his enemies. He ironically tendered his resignation. The irony conveyed in these words did not escape the commissioners. "But after having tendered your resignation, what will you do?" asked Camus, with anxiety. "What I please," proudly replied the general. "Only, I declare to you, that I will not go to be abased and condemned in Paris, by a revolutionary tribunal." "You do not, then, recognize this tribunal?" asked Camus. "I recognize it only as a tribunal of blood and crime," rejoined Dumouriez; "and as long as I have an inch of steel in my hand I will not submit to it."

XIX.

The other commissioners, fearing that the bitterness of the conversation between Camus and Dumouriez would only produce a scene of violence, interposed as affectionate mediators, and conjured the general to obey, as a matter of form, the order which called him to Paris, promising him, upon their heads, that the Convention satisfied, would restore him immediately to his army. "You will not, then, obey the Convention?" categorically demanded Camus. "I swear to you," said Dumouriez, "that when my country possesses a government and laws I will render her an account of my acts, and will submit to her judgment; at present it would be an act of madness."

The commissioners withdrew into another apartment to deliberate. Dumouriez remained a moment alone with Beurnonville; he endeavored to seduce the minister by showing him the danger he incurred in Paris, and by of-

fering to him the command of his advanced guard. "I know," heroically replied Beurnonville, "that I must succumb to my enemies; but I will die at my post. My situation is horrible; I see that you are decided, that you are about to take a desperate part; I only ask you this boon —to allow me to share the lot, whatever it may be, which you reserve for the deputies." "Do not doubt it," replied Dumouriez; "and I believe that in acting thus I shall serve you and save you."

Dumouriez and Beurnonville returned to the hall, where the staff was assembled.

The colonel of the hussars of Berchiny, Nordmann, whose regiment was in battle-order before the general's quarters, had received orders to hold thirty chosen men of his regiment in readiness at the gate to execute any commands which should to be given to them. These hussars were all Germans or Alsacians. The difference of language guarantied them against the patriotic eloquence of the commissioners: they knew no other voice than that of their colonel.

After an hour's secret deliberation, during which the inflexible Camus combated with intrepidity the means by which his colleagues still sought to avoid this schism in the country, the deputies entered. The calm of resolve, the authority of the law, the manly sorrow of their mission displayed itself upon their countenances. They summoned the general once more to obey the decree. The general again declined obedience. "Well, then," said Camus, "I declare you suspended from all your functions; you are no longer general; I forbid you to be obeyed; I order you to be attached, and I place seals upon your papers."

The hollow murmur of the staff, and the movement of the officers, who laid their hands upon their arms to protect their general, apprised the commissioners that their voice was despised, and their lives perhaps threatened. They had devoted them to their duty. "This is too much," exclaimed Dumouriez: "it is time to put an end to such audacity." And he called, in German, for the hussars to enter. "Arrest these four men," said he to the officer who commanded them, "and see that no harm is done them; arrest the minister of war also, but leave him his arms." "General Dumouriez!" exclaimed Camus, "you destroy the republic!" The hussars led off the commissioners of the Convention, and the carriages, prepared du-

ring the discussion, and escorted by a squadron of hussars of Berchiny, conducted them to Tournay, where they were delivered as hostages into the hands of the Austrian general, Clairfayt.

XX.

As soon as possible after the act which withdrew the last veil from his manœuvers, Dumouriez demanded fresh conferences with the generals of the enemy, to concert his steps with theirs. He mounted on horseback on the morrow, and returned to his camp. There he harangued the soldiers, pointing out to them the event of the previous evening, as an outrage of the Jacobins, who desired to carry off the general from the army, and the father from his children. The troops covered their general with acclamations. The humiliation of the civil law before the saber always rejoices the soldier.

The better to prove his confidence in the attachment of his troops, Dumouriez slept in his camp. His project was to carry his troops to Orchies, whence he would have menaced at the same time Lille, Douai, and Bouchain. He desired thus to assure himself of Condé—the gage which he had promised to deliver to the Austrians. He set out from St. Amand on the 4th April to accomplish this first act of his treason. Fifty hussars were to form his escort, but this escort did not arrive. He mounted his horse, accompanied only by the Duc de Chartres, Colonel Thouvenot, the Adjutant-general Montjoie, his aides-de-camp, and eight hussars of ordnance, and, with thirty horses, took the road to Condé. He had left orders in his camp for his escort to follow the same route when it should be ready. He marched thus in perfect security, and revolving in his mind the desperate chances of his enterprise, when, at half a league from Condé, an aide-de-camp of General Neuilly, who commanded this town, hastened to announce, on the part of his general, the revolt of the garrison, and the difficulty of restraining the troops. They began to feel themselves betrayed. They were indignant at the suspicious treaties between their generals and those of the enemy; they declared haughtily that they answered to the country for Condé, and that they would not allow a single new corps to enter into the place, which might compromise its defense. Dumouriez, dismounting from his horse on the

bank of the road, reflected upon the gravity of an incident which might cause him to fail in his project. At this moment three battalions of volunteers, marching upon Condé of their own accord, with their artillery, passed before him; the officer who commanded them was afterward the Marshal Davoust. Astonished at a march which he had not ordered, Dumouriez sharply interrogated the officers of these battalions, and ordered them to halt.

XXI.

The battalions halted. Dumouriez, retiring a hundred paces from the road, entered into a cottage to write an order, when tumultuous shouts arising from the breasts of the battalions, and a sudden and confused movement of the column, which turned back on the road, warned him that it was time to think of his safety. The volunteers, seized with sudden inspiration at the sight of Dumouriez, and the incoherence of the orders and counter-orders, disconcerted the treason by seizing the traitors. Some of them already mocking the general, threatened to fire if he did not await them. Dumouriez remounting his horse precipitately, fled at a gallop across the fields, with his feeble escort, under fire and imprecations. A canal which bounded a marshy soil, stopped his horse. Already a shower of balls decimated the group which surrounded him. Two hussars were killed. Two servants, who carried the general's portfolio and mantle, fell at his side. Thouvenot had his horse killed under him, and mounted *en croupe* that of the brave Baptiste. The general then abandoned his charger, which rushed terrified among the battalions, and was conducted in triumph by them to Valenciennes. The youngest daughter of M. de Fernig was also dismounted. Her sister Félicité, alighting from her horse, gave it to Dumouriez.

The two young girls sprung with a bound to the other side of the canal, and remounted two horses of the Duc de Chartres's suite. Cantin, the general's secretary, fell in leaping over the ditch, entangled under the body of his horse. Five human bodies, those of eight horses, the clothes and secret papers of the general, remained in the canal. The remainder of the fugitives fled at full speed across the marshes, cut off from the camps at Breuille, which Dumouriez wished to rejoin, and followed even to

the Scheldt by the balls of the volunteers. The two young amazons, who knew the passages, conducted the general to the ferry-boat, in which he passed the river with them and the Duc de Chartres. The horses were abandoned. The followers whom the boat could not hold fled along the Scheldt, and regained the camp at Maulde. Baptiste there spread the rumor of the general's assassination by the insurgent volunteers, and reanimated in Dumouriez's favor the old attachment of the troops of the line. Meanwhile the general, after having traversed the Scheldt, sunk, exhausted by fatigue on foot, amid the muddy soil which borders the river. He knocked at the door of a small chateau, where entrance was at first refused; but, his companions having named him, he received hospitality and nourishment from those same Belgians whom he had conquered but six months before. Baptiste rejoined him at the close of the day. He apprised him of the indignation of the camp again stirred up in his favor. Mack arrived in the night. He gave the fugitive general an escort of fifty imperial dragoons, who conducted him to his camp at Maulde. With the exception of some somber countenances, and some glances wherein suspicion struggled with attachment, every corps received Dumouriez as a still adored chief. Having called around him the regiment of Berchiny's hussars, and some devoted squadrons of cuirassiers and dragoons, he advanced at the head of his cavalry to Rumigies, one league from his camp at St. Amand. He thought he had again acquired a hold on his army, and persevered in the plan of surprising Condé, which had failed the evening previous.

But the artillery of the camp of St. Amand, upon the false rumor of Dumouriez's death, had driven off their generals, put their horses to their cannon, and placed themselves in march for Valenciennes. Entire divisions, deposing or dragging their officers with them, abandoned this camp, where the perfidy of the general-in-chief made them serve as instruments to unknown plots.

At these reports, brought to him one after the other at Rumigies, Dumouriez let fall the pen with which he was dictating orders to his vanished army. He experienced the weakness of a man against a country, of an intrigue against a revolution. He mounted on horseback with the two brothers Thouvenot, the Duc de Chartres, Colonel Montjoie, Lieutenant-colonel Barrois, M. de Fernig, and

his two daughters, and returned without escort to Tournay, where General Clairfayt received him, not as a general of the enemy but as an unfortunate ally. Such was the attachment which Dumouriez had known how to inspire in his soldiers, that the 800 men of the regiment of Berchiny and the hussars of Saxony rejoined him of their own accord at Tournay. These soldiers preferred the shame of the name of deserters to the grief of separation from their general.

A remnant of the French army broken into portions, and rallied with difficulty in the fortresses, remained exposed to the premeditated blows of Clairfayt. The blood of the soldiers was delivered up by the general, but the deserters carried none of the treasure of the army over to the enemy. Dumouriez arrived with empty hands, and confided himself to chance and the gratitude of the coalesced sovereigns. Arrived at Tournay, he had only a few pieces of gold in his purse. His companions in flight were almost all in the same want. The Duc de Chartres, Thouvenot, Nordmann, Montjoie, the faithful Baptiste, and even the two intrepid heroines Fernig, led without crime into a desertion which appeared to them an act of fidelity, joined their friends unknown to Dumouriez, and were the first to give him the bitter bread of exile.

XXII.

Such was the *dénouement* of this long political and military drama, which in three years had raised Dumouriez to the height of the greatest men, to cause him suddenly to descend to the level of the most miserable adventurer. It was because the elevation of his sentiments did not correspond to the greatness of his courage and the expansion of his mind. Nursed in the levity of courts, and too much accustomed, by his life of diplomacy, to view the wrong side of political matters, and to attribute great results to trifling causes, he had not sufficient solidity of mind to comprehend the republic, nor sufficient forbearance to serve it at the risk of his head. He played the great man, but was unequal to the character. His blood shed for liberty upon the field of battle, or scattered upon the scaffold by the ingratitude of the republic, would have cried aloud to posterity for eternal vengeance, and would have been consecrated by all ages as one of the dearest recollections of

the Revolution. His life saved by defection, his treason unmasked, threw the shade of regret over the renown of his campaigns and battles. His name was thus but a brilliant apparition in history, which momentarily dazzled his country. With the head of a politician, the arm of a hero, the heart of an intriguer, it was afflicting not to be able to admire him altogether. But sorrow mingles with enthusiasm in the impression which his name creates. Its pronunciation is avoided among the glorious names of the country; for there is nothing more reproachful to the human mind than the spectacle of great destinies intrusted to little minds, and great qualities destitute of self-respect. The work of the people required men as sincere as the thought which inspired them. Crime in revolutions offends the mind less than levity; more culpable, and more odious, crime is, nevertheless, a lesser evil in human catastrophes.

XXIII.

From this day, Dumouriez, cursed in his country, tolerated in that of the stranger, wandered from kingdom to kingdom without regaining a home. A mark for disdainful curiosity, almost indigent, without countrymen and without family, pensioned by England, he was an object of pity to all parties. As if to punish him further, Heaven, which destined him a long life, had left him all his genius to torment him in his inaction. He wrote incessantly memoirs and military plans for all the wars which Europe made upon France during thirty years; he offered his sword, always refused to every cause. Seated, old and sad, at the hearths of Germany and England, he dared not break his exile, even when France opened her bosom to the proscribed of all parties—he feared that her very soil would reproach him with his treason. He died in London. The nation left his ashes in exile, and did not even raise an empty tomb upon the field of battle, where he had saved his country.*

* Other biographers do not coincide in this bitterness, nor even in the facts and motives ascribed by Lamartine to Dumouriez. It is said, and with every evidence of truth, that he arrested the commissioners as hostages for the safety of the royal family, and refused a command offered to him by the Austrians. When Hamburg (where he resided for many years) was threatened by Napoleon, he removed to England, where he lived very tranquilly until March 14, 1823, when he died in his 85th year, at Turville Park, near Henley-on-Thames, the residence of Lord Lyndhurst.—H. T. R.

BOOK XXXVIII.

I.

The concession of the king's life by the Girondists had not crushed the germ of dissension in the government. The parties were for a moment mingled together, but they had not united. Weakness does not disarm, but rather encourages fresh extortions; and the Girondists had, by surrendering the life of the king, deprived themselves of the only force of opinion which could have assisted them at home and abroad. When once the secret of their weakness was revealed, the last point to which they would resist was known, and it was destined to be demanded from them ere long.

The Jacobins, however, proud of the victory they had gained over their adversaries, afforded them an instant's breathing space; and a certain agreement apparently established itself, between the committees of the Convention and the Commune of Paris, to restrain excesses, and concentrate a great force in the government; and they mutually aided each other to confine within its accustomed bounds the popular torrent which had so recently overwhelmed the throne.

II.

Danton remained in the back-ground with a proud and independent reserve, which seemed necessarily to point him out as the arbiter between the contending parties. Robespierre awaited some new crisis that would bear him on its waves, higher and farther; and neither of them fomented, at that time, the unmeaning tumults and agitations of the multitude. One man disturbed the Convention, and this man was Marat—the very incarnation of anarchy. Danton personified that convulsive force which seeks to save nations by urging them to acts of patriotism that extend even to murder; Robespierre, the obstinacy of that philosophical belief which forces its way through all obstacles, to its end. Marat figured forth those vague and feverish visions of the multitude who suffers, and who agitates at the bottom of every society. A class which, without a

voice to plead its cause, or regular action to make its way, is aroused like the ocean at the breath of every faction, becomes fanatically attached to ruined hopes, changes its deception into fury, and unceasingly destroys thrones, without destroying the triple fetters of labor, oppression, and misery which retain it in its state of degradation. Marat was the representative of the working class—that species of slavery softened by a salary; and he introduced on the political stage that multitude which had hitherto been abandoned to its impotency and its rags. Since the 10th of August, Marat did not content himself with raising his voice from his subterranean abode, but sought every opportunity of appearing at the Jacobins, the Cordeliers, the Hôtel-de-Ville, the sections, and the tumults. He began to free himself from the yoke of Danton, and to contest with Robespierre the applause of the Jacobins. Robespierre promised the people the advent of popular laws, which would more equitably distribute social comfort among all classes. Marat promised the complete overthrow of every thing. The one restrained the people by his reason; the other carried them away by his madness. Robespierre was the more respected, Marat the more feared. He felt this, and spoke of himself in the following terms in the *Ami du Peuple*:—

III.

"I pray my readers to pardon me if I speak to-day of myself, for it is neither through vanity nor fatuity, but a desire of being more serviceable to the public welfare. How can it be a crime in me to show myself in my true colors, when the enemies of liberty unceasingly represent me as a madman, a cannibal, a tiger thirsting for blood, in order to prevent my doing good? Born with a sensitive heart, a fiery imagination, a frank and impetuous character, a right mind, a heart that eagerly drank in all exalted passions, especially the love of glory; brought up in my father's house with the tenderest care, I arrived at manhood without having ever abandoned myself to the fury of my passions. At twenty-one years of age I was pure, and had long given myself up to study and meditation.

"I owe to nature the stamp of my character, but it is to my mother that I owe its subsequent development; and she it was who implanted in my heart the love of justice

and humanity. All the alms she bestowed on the poor passed through my hands, and the accent of interest with which she addressed them inspired me at an early age with pity equal to her own. At eight years of age I could not bear the sight of any ill treatment exercised toward any of my fellow-creatures, and the sight of cruelty and injustice excited my anger as though it had been a personal outrage.

"During my early youth my body was feeble; and I never knew the joy, the *étourdérie*, or the plays of children. Docile and studious, my masters obtained every thing from me by kindness; I never was punished but once—I was then eleven years of age; the punishment was unjust. I had been shut up in my room; I opened the window and sprung out into the street.

"At this age the love of glory was my principal passion. At five years I should have wished to be a schoolmaster; at fifteen, professor; at eighteen, author; at twenty, a creative genius; and I now am ambitious of the glory of immolating myself for my country. Thoughtful from my youth, mental labor has become my only want, even during illness. My choicest pleasures have been found in meditation; in those peaceful moments when the mind contemplates with admiration the spectacle of the heavens, or when it seems to listen in silence, and weigh in the balance the real felicity of the vanity of human grandeur—pierce the somber future, inquire the fate of man beyond the tomb, and consider, with restless curiosity, eternal destiny. I have passed five-and-twenty years in retirement and in the perusal and consideration of the best authors on morals, philosophy, and policy in order to deduce the wisest conclusions. In eight volumes of metaphysics, twenty of physical sciences, I have been actuated by a sincere desire of being useful to humanity—a holy respect for the truth, and the knowledge of how limited is human wisdom. The quacks of the *Corps scientifique*, D'Alembert, Condorcet, Laplace, Lalande, Monge, Lavoisier wish to be alone, and I could not even pronounce the titles of my works. During five years I groaned beneath this cowardly oppression, when the Revolution announced herself by the convocation of the States-General. I soon saw whither things were tending, and I began to entertain the hope of at length beholding humanity avenged, of aiding in bursting her fetters, and of mounting to my right place.

"This was but a bright dream, and it was ready to dissi

pate. A cruel illness threatened to hurry me to the tomb; but, unwilling to quit this life without having done something for humanity, I composed on my bed of pain the *Offering to the People.* Restored to health, I only thought how I could be useful to the cause of freedom; and yet they accuse me of having sold myself—I who could amass millions by merely selling my silence, and I am in poverty and want."

IV.

These lines revealed the secret feelings of Marat—a thirst for glory, a perpetual explosion of vengeance against social inequalities, and affection for the people perverted into hatred for the rich and prosperous.

His life was humble and laborious as the indigence he represented. He inhabited a dilapidated house in the Rue des Cordeliers, and earned his bread by his pen. Indefatigable mental toil, a settled anger, and late hours, inflamed his blood, hollowed his eyes, and gave to his features the restless agitation of fever. Even when confined to his bed by long and frequent fits of illness, he did not cease to write with the rapidity of lightning the sudden ideas awakened in his brain by the heat of his imagination. The printers carried the sheets to the office; and in an hour afterward the public criers and the placards posted on the walls spread them over Paris. He seemed to consider all his ideas as inspirations, and hastily noted them down, like the hallucinations of the Cumæan sybil, or the sacred thoughts of the prophets. The woman with whom he lived looked upon him as an unappreciated benefactor of humanity; and Marat, rough and insulting to every one else, softened his tone and manner when addressing this female, whose name was *Albertine.*

Marat had, like Robespierre and Rousseau, supernatural belief in his principles, and respected himself as the instrument of God. He had written a work in favor of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. His library consisted of some fifty volumes of philosophical works placed on a plank nailed against the wall of his chamber. Montesquieu and Raynal were among those he consulted most frequently. The Gospel was constantly open on his table; and when this was noticed, "The Revolution," returned he, "is the Gospel. Nowhere is the cause of the people more energetically pleaded, or more maledictions heaped on the

head of the rich and powerful of this world. Jesus Christ," continued he, bowing reverentially when he uttered the name, "Jesus Christ is our Master."

The neglected dress of Marat formed a striking contrast with the studied neatness of Robespierre. A dark vest patched and mended, the sleeves turned up like a workman who quits his labor, cotton velvet trowsers stained with ink, blue cotton stockings, shoes tied with pack-thread, a dirty shirt open at the breast, hair cut short on the temples and tied behind in a leathern thong, and a large-brimmed hat—such was the costume of Marat at the Convention. His head, far too large in proportion to his body, his neck leaning to the left, the continual agitation of the muscles, the sardonic smile on his lips, and the insolence of his look and address marked him immediately. The sentiment of his importance increased with his power, and he threatened every one, even his former friends.

V.

During some time, the Convention endeavored, by the organization of its committees, to classify the talents, the aptitude, and the personal devotion of its members, and to intrust to each those functions for which his nature and acquirements seemed best to fit him. The constitution, public instruction, the finances, the army, the navy, diplomacy, the general safety, formed so many committees, in which the different affairs of the government, political economy, and administration were discussed. The Convention thus availed itself of every species of talent by concentrating it on objects the best adapted to it. The Girondists predominated, but rather from their talents than their numbers. Siéyès, Thomas Paine, Brissot, Pétion, Vergniaud, Gensonné, and Barrère were the leaders, together with Condorcet and Danton. Robespierre, who was hated by the Girondists, and suspected of anarchy, was excluded, and felt a degree of humiliation and resentment, which he concealed beneath an affected disdain.

VI.

The committee of public instruction, the most important after the constitution, at a moment when it was necessary to transform the manners of the people as well as the laws,

was composed of the philosophers and artists of the Convention—Condorcet, Prieur, Chenier, Herault de Séchelles, Lanjuinais, Romme, Lanthenas, Dusaulx, Mercier, David, Lequinio, Fouchet, were the principal members. Cambon managed the finances. Jacobin by his passion for the republic, Girondist by his hatred of anarchists, trusty as the hand of the people in his treasury, and correct as the figures his pen traced. The committee of public safety, which was destined to absorb all others, was organized two, and reigned six months later.

While these committees silently prepared the constitution, and plans for education, war, finance, and public benefit, war and the famine constantly urged the people to sedition.

In order to fill the place of gold and silver, which seemed suddenly to have disappeared, the Constituent Assembly had created a paper currency, called *assignats;* but the people were used to gold, and had not confidence in paper. So long as truths are not customary, they seem so many snares in the eyes of the people.

VII.

Hence the government, pressed by necessity, had too suddenly multiplied the new monetary symbol. Hence the depreciation of this symbol, and disappearance of money from the hands of him who possessed or accepted. Hence the severe laws against whomsoever refused to accept. Hence depression of commerce, suspension of exchange, cessation of free labor, disappearance of salary, destitution of the workman. The wealthy lived on the produce of their estates, or sums of money, of which they only expended with a sparing hand so much as sufficed for their immediate necessities. The fields were ill cultivated; no buildings erected; the carriages and horses had disappeared; and the dress of the population bespoke fear, avarice, or want; while the curtailment of every thing but the bare necessaries of life deprived of employment and wages those numerous artisans who live by the factitious wants of society.

VIII.

The merchants of the large towns—those middlemen between the consumer, who desires to purchase at a low

rate, and the producer who wishes to sell at a dear one—further added the usury of their speculations and their accumulations to the price of provisions.

A violent controversy was daily kept up between the low people of Paris and the retail dealers. The hatred toward the grocers, those venders of the little daily consumption of the masses, had become as ardent and as sanguinary as the hatred against the aristocrats. The shops were as violently assailed with imprecations as the chateaux. The streets were troubled with continual uproars at the doors of the bakers, of the publicans, and at the thresholds of the grocery stores. Famished bands at the head of which marched women and children, urged by distress, issued every morning from the most populous quarters, and the faubourgs, to scatter themselves in the wealthy quarters, and stationed themselves before the houses suspected of monopoly. These bands surrounded the Convention, and sometimes forced its doors, crying loudly for bread or the immediate abatement of provisions. These legions of women who dwelled on the banks or in the boats of the river, and who earned their livelihood and that of their children by washing the linen of a large city, came to call on the Convention to reduce the price of soap, the element of their occupation, of oil, of candles, of the wood necessary for their household. Speculation is the soul of commerce; commerce subjected to inquisitorial intervention would cease to provision France—it was the deathblow to all transactions that the people required. These measures, actively opposed by the good sense of the Girondists, by Robespierre, by Hébert, and Chaumette himself, had brought on, in the provisional supplies of Paris, and in the relations between the people and the merchant, the very trouble and scarcity which it had been their object to prevent.

IX.

Marat and his partisans had fanatically adopted this cause of the people. They spurred them by hunger to the taxation and pillage of the rich. The columns of Marat daily sounded the tocsin of famine.

"It is incontestable," said he in *L'Ami du Peuple* of the 23d of February, "that the capitalists, the usurers, the monopolists, the merchants of luxury, the agents of chi-

canery, the ex-gown men, the ex-noble, are, with but few exceptions, the agents of the old régime, who regret the abuses on which they profited, and fattened on the public spoil. In the impossibility of changing their hearts, on account of the inefficiency of the means employed until now to recall them to their duty, and despairing of seeing our legislators take the proper measures to force them to it, I see nothing but the total destruction of this cursed brood which can restore tranquillity to the state. Behold those who augment by their wickedness the starvation of the people by the extraordinary rise in the price of provisions—(the first necessity), and by the prospect of penury! The pillage of the stores, at the gates of which some monopolists should hang, would soon put an end to these malversations, which reduce five millions of men to despair, and which cause thousands to die in misery."

X.

No one could have advocated in more formal terms pillage and assassination. On the following morning the mob, to the 40,000 voices of which the columns of Marat were a judicature, obeyed the signal of their apostle. Starving hordes issued from the faubourgs, from the workshops, from low quarters, spread themselves like an invasion over the wealthy parts of Paris, forced open the doors of the bakers, broke into the stores of the grocers, and scattered themselves, levying the provision most needful, bread, soap, oil, candles, coffee, sugar, and cheese, and afterward robbing some provision stores.

On the morrow Barrère, the organ of the central departments, demanded that the law should be enforced. "As long as I may be a representative of the people," said he, "so long will I make war against those who violate property, and substitute plunder and theft for public morality, shielding these crimes under the mask of hypocrisy."

The Girondist Salles read to the tribune the sanguinary challenge of Marat.

"The decree of accusation against this monster!" cried a host of deputies. Marat rushed to the tribune, amid the applause of friends among the spectators. "The popular movements which occurred yesterday," said he, regarding Salles and Brissot, "are the work of this criminal faction and its agents; they are the parties who sent emissaries into

the sections, there to foment disorder. In the indignation of my soul I have said that it was necessary to pillage the stores of the monopolists, and to hang them at the gates of their own houses, the only efficacious means of saving the people, and they dare demand against me the decree of accusation!" At these words indignation filled almost the whole Assembly. Imprecations stifled the voice of the orator. Marat smiled in disdain at these feeble souls. "*Les imbeciles!*" said he, on abandoning the tribune.

Laréveillère-Lepaux, an honest man, and neutral among all parties, bore witness to the integrity of Roland—cleared him from the calumny of Marat. Buzot demanded ironically, that Marat should be heard. "I am strong enough to defend myself," said the accused, audaciously. "Why," continued Buzot, "will you accuse this man? he writes nothing in his journal but what is told us every day in this tribune: he is but the imprudent organ of calumnies which are incessantly spit against us and our best citizens: he is only the precursor of that anarchy which contains loyalty in its last beams. The decree which you would carry against him would only give importance to a man who acts not for himself, but who is only the instrument of wicked individuals." The murmurs of the Montagne party reprimanded Buzot, and changed the indignation toward Marat into fury against the Girondists. Salles, Valazé, Boileau, and Fonfrède demanded the decree of accusation, Bancal that of expulsion, Pereyres the declaration of insanity. The Convention, standing, divided itself into two unequal groups, from both of which issued shouts, derision, and invective. "An *appel nominal!*" cried Boileau. "Let us know at last the friends of Marat, and the cowards who fear to strike him!" "Let him speak," said they; "he is accused, and he has the right to speak."

Marat, then addressing himself to the Girondists, said—"Here is neither honor nor decency to be found." The Girondists arose as one man, and appeared by voice and gesture to crush the insolence of the orator. One last word of Vergniaud sent back the accusation to the ordinary tribunals, and charged the minister of police to pursue the authors and instigators of pillage. "It is an abomination," exclaimed Marat; and he went out, protected by the applause of La Montagne. While in every way dishonoring the doctrine, La Montagne protected the man. What they adored in Marat was his being an enemy of the Girondists.

XI.

It was only a few days after these disturbances that the disasters in Lyons, and the insurrection, *en masse*, of La Vendée, the first evidences of civil war, became known. These symptoms burst out at the moment when Dumouriez betrayed the frontiers, and when anarchy convulsed Paris; but the attention of the Convention was entirely directed to the frontiers.

There, disaster succeeded disaster. One after the other came the reverses of Custine in Germany, the rout of the army of the north, and the evident conspiracies of Dumouriez. Spain commenced hostilities. The Convention, at the instance of Barrère, replied without hesitation by a declaration of war to the court of Madrid. The Convention, far from concealing its danger from the nation, sought in that "nettle danger the flower safety." Ninety-three commissioners were named upon the instant to bear into the different sections of Paris the news of the defeat of our armies, and of the danger of our frontiers. The Commune caused a black standard, the sign of mourning and death, to be hung out at the spires of the cathedral towers. The theaters were closed. The *rappel* was beaten, as a tocsin of war, during twenty consecutive hours, in every quarter. Strolling orators read in the public places a proclamation of council, which derived its impetuosity from the Marseillaise hymn, "To arms, citizens! to arms! If you hesitate all is lost!"

The sections, of which each one had become an agitating municipality and deliberating convention, voted for desperate measures. They demanded the prohibition of the sale of the precious metals under pain of death; the creation of a tax upon the rich; the deposition of the minister of war; accusation against Dumouriez and his accomplices; in short, the creation of a revolutionary tribunal to judge Brissot, Pétion, Roland, Buzot, Guadet, Vergniaud, and all the Girondists, whose perfidious moderation had lost the country under pretext of preserving it.

XII.

Danton, alternately in the Convention or the camps, rising above both parties by the force of his character

urged by voice and gesture the people to the frontiers, and appeared to command the Convention to peace, in order to concentrate every energy against foreign powers. Robespierre, in the name of the Jacobins, addressed a proclamation to the people, which ascribed all our reverses to the Girondists. He accused them of having been the instigators of pillage, in order to dishonor popular doctrines, and to rank the rich, the proprietors, and the commercialists, on the side of the counter-revolution. He demanded a rampart of heads between the nation and its enemies, and first those of the Girondists.

But beneath this visible movement of the Jacobins, of the Commune, of the Cordeliers, and of the sections, which was active against the leaders of the Convention, a subterraneous conventicle, sometimes public, sometimes secret, was occupied in reuniting and inflaming the elements of an insurrection of the people against the majority of the Convention. This insurrectionary assembly met sometimes in a hall of the Hôtel-de-Ville, sometimes in small numbers at a house in the Faubourg St. Marceau. There might be seen Marat, Dubois-Crancé, Duquesnoy, Drouet, Choudieu, Pache, the mayor of Paris, Chaumette, Hébert, Momoro, Panis, Dubuisson, the Spaniard Gusman, Proly, Pereyres, Dopsent, president of the section of the city, one of the organizers of the prison massacres; Hassenfratz, Henriôt, Dufourny. The secondary agents were for the most part men of the 6th of October, of the 20th June, of the 10th of August, of the 2d of September—a revolutionary phalanx which the Commune had preserved. These restless minds, after having obeyed the instigations of Pétion and his friends, were ready to obey those of Pache, Marat, and Robespierre.

XIII.

Danton, informed by a letter from his brother-in-law, Charpentier, of the illness of his wife, had departed precipitately from Condé, to come and receive the last sigh of the companion of his youth. Death had preceded him. On alighting from his carriage at the door of his house, it was announced to him that his wife had expired. They wished to remove him from this funeral spectacle; but Danton, who, beneath the impetuosity of his political passions, and the debaucheries of his life, cherished a tender-

ness, mingled with respect, for the mother of his children, moved aside the friends who disputed his entrance over his own threshold, and ascending desperately into the chamber, threw himself upon the bed, raised the sheet, and, covering with kisses and tears the half-cold body of his wife, passed all the night in sobs and groans. No one dared to interrupt his grief, or wrest him from this coffin to drag him to sedition. The projects of the conspirators were adjourned; their chief was wanting. In the mean while, Dubuisson harangued the Assembly, and demonstrated to it the urgency of anticipating the Girondists, who spoke every day of avenging the murders of September. "Death," said he, on concluding, "to these hypocrites of patriotism and virtue!"

XIV.

Uplifted arms, and the gestures of death, formed the silent applause of this discourse. The names of twenty-two Girondist deputies were discussed, and their heads devoted. This sum of twenty-two heads corresponded, by a sort of requital, to that of the twenty-two Jacobins whom Dumouriez had promised, as was said, to deliver to the vengeance of his army, and to the wrath of the stranger. Some proposed to hang Vergniaud, Brissot, Guadet, Pétion, Barbaroux, and their friends, to the branches of the trees of the Tuileries; others, to conduct them to the Abbaye, and there renew upon them the deadly justice of September. Marat, whose name had nothing to dread from farther forfeit, and for whom glory was but the luster of crime, dispelled these scruples. "They call us drinkers of blood," said he: "well, let us merit the name by drinking the blood of our enemies. The death of tyrants is the last right of slaves. Cæsar was assassinated in the public senate; let us treat the traitorous representatives of the country in the same manner—let us slay them upon their benches, the theater of their crimes."

Mamin, who had borne the head of the Princess Lamballe on the point of his pike, proposed that he, and some others of his fellow-murderers, should assassinate the Girondists in their own houses. Hébert inclined to this proposal. "Death dealt without noise in the darkness will as well avenge the country of traitors, and will show the hand of the people suspended at all hours over the heads of conspirators."

This plan was adopted, without excluding, however, the

idea of Marat, should the opportunity of a more solemn murder present itself, in the midst of the tumult, or in the assault which the people might make on the Convention. Money was distributed to arouse the agitators; and the night of the 9th to the 10th of March was appointed for its execution.

XV.

While the conspirators of the insurrectional committee recruited their forces, a fortuitous revelation informed the Girondists of the nature of the conspiracy planned against their lives. The hair-dresser, Siret, with the habitual babbling of his profession, had confided to the president of the section of L'isle St. Louis, Mauger, that on the morrow, at noon, the Girondists would have ceased to exist. Mauger, a friend of Kervélégan, the deputy of Finisterre, and one of the firmest and bravest of Roland's faction, went at nightfall to Kervélégan's, and conjured him, in the name of his personal safety, not to go on the morrow to the sitting of the Convention and not to sleep in his house during the night of the 9th to the 10th. Kervélégan, who expected that very evening the principal chiefs of the Gironde to supper, transmitted Mauger's advice to them, and sent to warn all the deputies on the same side to refrain from presenting themselves at the Convention, and to absent themselves from their homes during the day and following night. He ran himself to Gamon, one of the inspectors of the hall, to urge the necessary measures for the safety of the Convention. He went afterward to awaken the commandant of the federal battalion of Finisterre in the barracks, and placed this battalion under arms. Already some groups were on the road.

Louvet, the courageous accuser of Robespierre, still lodged in the street St. Honoré, not far from the club of the Jacobins. He knew that on the first revolt of the people, he would be selected as the earliest victim. He led, from the first, the life of an exile, never going out but to present himself in the Convention, always armed, soliciting an asylum under different roofs wherein to pass the night, and only frequenting his own dwelling furtively to visit a young woman who was devoted to him. It was that of Lodoiska, whose beauty, courage, and love he has immortalized in his recitals. This woman, whose eye

watched incessantly the least symptoms, heard, at the commencement of night, an unusual tumult in the street, and shouts which proceeded from a more numerous body than usual at the door of the Jacobins. She ran there, penetrated into the hall, above the tribunes, where women were admitted; she was present, unknown, at the sinister preliminaries of the outrage reserved for the night. She saw the conspiracy break out, arrange its plans, give the word of order, proffer the oath, extinguish the flambeaux, and draw their sabers. Immediately, mingling with the crowd, she escaped to warn her lover. Louvet, leaving his retreat, ran to Pétion, where some of his friends had met. They quietly deliberated on the projects of the decrees which were proposed to be presented on the morrow. Louvet persuaded them with difficulty to abstain from going to the nightly meeting of the Convention. Vergniaud refused to believe in the crime; Pétion, indifferent to his fate, preferred awaiting it in his house to flying from it. The others dispersed, and went to demand safety from the hospitality of others until daylight. Louvet ran from door to door in the night, to warn Barbaroux, Buzot, Salles, and Valazé to withdraw in haste from the pikes of the assassins. Brissot, already informed, had gone to instruct the ministers and animate them by his intrepidity.

XVI.

While the Girondist deputies thus escaped from their enemies' hands, parties of Cordeliers, armed with pistols and sabers, went to the printing-house of Gorsas, the editor of the "Chronique de Paris," forced the gates, tore the papers, and pillaged the workshops.

Another column, about a thousand of the people, coming from a civic repast under the pillars of the markets, marched to the Convention, and defiled in the hall amid cries of "*Vivre libre ou mourir!*" The empty benches of the Girondists disconcerted the projects of their enemies. The former, braving the yells and menaces of the mobs and the tribunes, were on the following day at their post. An assemblage of about 5000 men from the faubourgs filled the Rue St. Honoré, the court of Manège, and the terrace of the Feuillants.

Sabers, pistols, pikes were shaken over the heads of the deputies amid cries of "*Mort à Brissot et à Pétion! Four-*

nier l'Americain, Varlet, Champion, and other well-known declaimers of the mob demanded the heads of three hundred moderate deputies. They went in a deputation to the council of the Commune, to exact that the barriers of Paris should be closed and insurrection proclaimed.

The council rejected these demands; Marat himself disclaimed and abused Fournier and his companions.

The Convention was as tumultuous as the mob itself. Insult and provocation emanated from all sides.

Barrère, undecided between the Girondists and the Montagnards, and, in consequence, tolerated by the two parties, lulled for a moment the general fury, by diverting their attention to patriotic and vague discourses, and protesting at the same time against the aristocracy of the Girondists, against the anarchy of the Montagnards, and against the municipal insurrection of Paris. "They talk," said he, "of cutting off, this night, the heads of the deputies! Citizens, the heads of the deputies are perfectly safe; the heads of the deputies are placed upon every department of the republic; who then dare touch them?" Unanimous applause greeted the voice of Barrère, and appeared to guaranty the lives of the representatives of the nation against the poniards of the people of Paris. Robespierre tendered, as a remedy to the evil, the concentration of the executive power in the assemblies. He caused them to desire an assembly of public safety, that is to say, a dictatorship without the interference of the Convention. "Behold, citizens," said Danton, with a countenance which displayed a prophetic foresight of the public safety, "behold, citizens, the splendid destiny which awaits you! What! you, a nation with reason for your support, have not yet overthrown the world! (Applause suspended for a moment the transport of his enthusiasm.) Under circumstances of the greatest difficulty, when the enemy was at the gates of Paris, I told those who then governed: Your discussions are miserable; I know no one but the enemy—let us attack him. (Renewed clapping of hands.) You who fatigue me with your private contests," resumed he, regarding by turns Marat, Robespierre, and the Girondists, "in lieu of occupying yourselves with the safety of the republic, I look upon you all as traitors; I place you all in the same rank. Ah! what signifies to me my reputation? Let France be free, and my name blemished!"

Cambacères demanded the organization of a revolutionary tribunal. Buzot exclaimed that he desired to draw France into a state of darker despotism than that of anarchy itself. He protested against the reunion of every power in a single hand. "He did not protest," murmured Marat, "when all power was vested in the hands of Roland."

XVII.

The Convention decreed that the members of this revolutionary tribunal should be named by itself.

This decision, which gave a power of life or death in the Assembly, visibly disquieted Danton. They were about to close the meeting—he sprung upon his bench, and rushed to the tribune; his imperious gestures forced the deputies, already standing, to reseat themselves.

"I summon," said Danton, in a commanding tone, "all good citizens not to quit their posts. (All the members silently resumed their seats). What, citizens," said he, "you would not part without taking those great measures which the safety of the republic demands! I feel how important it is to ordain judicial measures to punish the counter-revolutionists; it is for them that the tribunal is necessary; it is on their account that this tribunal should take the place of the supreme tribunal of the people's vengeance. Deliver them yourselves from the popular fury; humanity commands it: nothing is more difficult than to define a political crime, but is it not necessary that extraordinary laws placed without the social institutions should terrify rebels and overtake the guilty? Here the public safety demands great means and terrible measures. I do not see a middle path between the ordinary forms and a revolutionary tribunal.

"The moment is come; let us be lavish of men and money. Remember, citizens, you are responsible to our armies for their blood and for their funds. I demand, then, that the tribunal be organized in full assembly. I require the Convention to judge my reasoning, and to despise the injurious qualifications which they have dared to apply to me. This evening the organization of a revolutionary tribunal, the organization of an executive power; to-morrow a military movement; let your commissioners set out to-morrow; let all France arise, fly to arms,

and march against the enemy! Let Holland be invaded, let Begium be free, British commerce ruined; let the friends of liberty triumph in this country! Let our arms, victorious every where, bring deliverance and happiness to the people, and let the world be avenged!"

XVIII.

The national heart of France seemed to beat in Danton's breast; his impassioned words echoed in the mind like the charge of battalions on the soil of the country. He descended from the tribune into the arms of his colleagues of La Montagne. That evening the revolutionary tribunal was definitively decreed. Five judges and a jury named by the Convention, a public accuser also appointed by it, death and confiscation of wealth to the profit of the republic—such was this tribunal of state, the only institution thought capable of defending the republic in such a moment against anarchy, a counter-revolution, and Europe. The Girondists dared not refuse this measure to the public impatience and the urgency of necessity. By a strange perversion of human affairs Barrère, who objected to this law, himself made the most sanguinary use of it: and Danton, who sought it, paid to it the forfeit of his head.

XIX.

The people, aroused by public danger and the Assembly of insurrection, again besieged the Convention. A second project of the murder of the Girondists in their houses was planned in the conventicle of the Faubourg St. Marceau. Danton, aware, through his agents, of all these plots, formed and broken at his will, warned the menaced deputies a second time to quit their dwellings.

But the pride of the Girondists suffered under this superiority of Danton's position; they answered his information with contempt, they followed Robespierre even in his silence, they attributed to these two men all the madness of Marat, all the delirium of anarchy.

The members of this party, united in council at Roland's, decided at last upon profiting by the indignation which the insurrection of the people against the Convention had excited among the citizens of Paris to regain the ascendency which had escaped them. Vergniaud, who had long been

silent, yielded to the solicitations of his colleagues, and prepared a discourse to demand the vengeance of opinion against the poniards of Marat. But division was already introduced into the faction of the Gironde. Vergniaud, beloved and admired by all the Girondists, no longer expressed the policy of his party; he affected the post of moderator, and thus approached Danton. These two men who thus clashed had only the blood of September between them. Vergniaud spoke as follows: "Incessantly assailed by obscure calumny, I have abstained from the tribune as long as I thought my presence there would excite passion, and I could bring there the hope of being useful to my country; but to-day, when we are all—I believe so, at least—reunited by the feeling of a danger become common to us all—to-day, when the National Convention entirely finds itself upon the brink of an abyss where the least impulse would precipitate it and liberty forever; now, when the emissaries of Catiline not only present themselves at the gates of Rome, but have the audacity to come into this assembly to display the symptoms of insurrection—I can no longer keep silence, which would become a real treason. I will tell the truth without dread of the assassins; for assassins are cowards, and I know how to defend my life against them.

"A portion of the members of the National Convention have regarded the Revolution as the finale of a day, when France was constituted a republic, when they thought it was necessary to arrest the revolutionary movement, to restore tranquillity to the people, and promptly to make the necessary laws, that this tranquillity may be durable. Other members, on the contrary, alarmed by the dangers with which the coalition of kings menaces us, have thought that it behooved them to perpetuate commotion. The Convention had a grand process to judge. Some saw in the appeal to the people, or in the simple confinement of the gultiy, a means of avoiding a war which would cause the effusion of billows of blood and a solemn homage rendered to the national sovereignty. Others saw in this measure the seeds of intestine wars, and a submission to the tyrant; the first were called Royalists, they accused the second of not having been so anxious to decapitate Louis as to place the crown upon the brow of a new tyrant. From that time the fire of passion was kindled in the heart of this assembly; and the aristocracy, putting no limits to its

hopes, conceived the infernal project of destroying the Convention by itself." After having denounced all the facts which revealed a plan of insurrection and assassination on the days of the 9th aud 10th of March, "Citizens," pursued Vergniaud, "such is the depth of the abyss which has yawned beneath your steps. Has the veil at last fallen from your eyes? Have you learned at last to recognize the usurpers of the title of friends of the people? And you, most unfortunate and unhappy people, will you be any longer the dupes of hypocrites, who prefer obtaining to meriting applause?

"The counter-revolutionists deceive you with words of equality and liberty. A tyrant of antiquity had an iron couch on which he caused his victims to be stretched, mutilating those that were longer than the bed, painfully dislocating those who were too short to reach the end. This tyrant loved equality, and behold that of the wretches who would tear you to pieces by their fury? The equality of social man is no longer that of rights; it is no more that of fortune than that of height, that of force, of mind, activity, industry, and labor; it is the license which is represented under the guise of liberty; it has, like the heathen gods, its Druids who desire to nourish it with human blood. May these cruel priests undergo the fate of their predecessors! May infamy seal forever the dishonored stone which will cover their ashes!

"And you, my colleagues, the moment is come; you must choose at length between an energy which saves you and the weakness which loses all governments; if you yield, the sport of every faction, the victims of all the conspirators, you will soon be slaves. When people first prostrated themselves before the sun, to call him the father of nature, do you suppose it was veiled by destructive clouds, which bore the tempest on their wing? No; doubtless, brilliant with glory, it advanced into the immensity of space, and spread fecundity and light over the universe. Well, let us dispel by our firmness these clouds which envelop our political horizon; let us thunder against anarchy, which is as much an enemy of liberty as despotism; let us found liberty upon the laws and upon a wise constitution—you will soon see thrones crumble, scepters break, and the people stretching forth their arms, proclaim in joyful cries, 'Universal fraternity!'"

This eloquent discourse, which gained the orator vast

applause, only produced a fruitless sound which shook the mind of the Assembly without giving it any direction.

Marat succeeded the orator of the Girondists. The cynicism of his countenance said plainly that he despised eloquence, and that he did not pretend to it.

"I do not present myself," said he, "with a flowery discourse, with parasitical phrases, to sue for applause. I come forward with some luminous ideas, formed to dissipate all this vain juggling which you have just heard. No one is more grieved than myself to see here two parties; one of which does not desire to save the Revolution, the other of which knows not how to save it." At these words, the hall and the tribunes broke out into applause, as if to strike into the souls of the Girondists the dart which Marat had hurled. The Assembly, already divided into two equal parties, each of which were desirous that the victory should be forgotten, that it might not appear defeated, voted for the printing of the discourse of Vergniaud as well as that of Marat. Such approbation was so like an insult that Vergniaud, offended, declared that his speech was extempore and had escaped his recollection.

Danton, at this epoch, had frequent conferences with Guadet, Gensonné, and Vergniaud, and evidently inclined toward the party of these men, who, by their talents and eloquence, promised the republic a government less anarchical at home, more imposing abroad. Constantly attacked by Brissot, Valazé, Louvet, Barbaroux, Isnard, Buzot, and all the young Girondists, who were urged on by the virtuous indignation of Roland and his wife, Danton bore their assaults in silence, and, either through magnanimity or prudence, restrained his anger and refused the conflict which the Girondists unceasingly offered him. But in spite of the reiterated attempts of the moderate Girondists, a reconciliation could never be effected. The past life of Danton branded his genius with sterility, and his connection with the Septembrists pursued him, and in him pursued the republic.

XX.

It was at this period that, at the suggestion of Isnard, the first committee of public safety was formed: the members were impartially chosen, and consisted of Dubois-Crancé, Pétion, Gensonné, Guyton de Morveau, Robes-

pierre, Barbaroux, Ruhl, Vergniaud, Fabre d'Eglantine, Buzot, Delmas, Guadet, Condorcet, Bréard, Camus, Prieur (of the Marne), Camille Desmoulins, Barrère, Quinette, Danton, Siéyès, Lasource, Isnard, Cambacères, Jean Debry, Treilhard, Aubry, Garnier (de Saintes), Lindet Lefèbre, Laréveillière-Lepaux, Ducos, Sillery, Lamarque, and Boyer-Fonfrède. The forces of the parties balanced each other, and redoubled energy marked the acts of the governments and the Commune during this brief reconciliation. The danger of the country turned every thought toward war; the tocsin sounded in Paris, the drums beat, and the sections flew to arms. Santerre was at the head of 2000 armed citizens. The Convention ordered, and the committee of public safety directed. The Commune made domiciliary visits to arrest conspirators, disarm the aristocrats, and banish from the capital the suspected nobles and priests. The revolutionary tribunal began to sit, and the guillotine was erected on the Place de la Révolution, as an institution of the republic; but the Girondists turned the edge of the knife upon the heads of the *émigrés* and aristocrats, and did not venture to strike at their real enemies.

XXI.

Since the retirement of her husband, Madame Roland despaired of liberty. The ingratitude of the people obliterated glory, and of all the promises of the republic, Madame Roland had seen none realized but crime and desolation. Calumny, which was unsparingly heaped on herself and her husband, terrified her far more than the scaffold. She still retained the friendship of Barbaroux, Pétion, Louvet, Brissot, and Buzot, and she prepared to leave Paris with her husband and her child for her house at Beaujolais.

But the agitation of the moment, and the increasing dangers of every day delayed her departure from week to week. Divided between her affection for Roland and her child, her anxiety for her friends and her grief for the misfortunes of her country, she suffered all the agony of a wife, a mother, and the leader of a party; and her dwelling, situated in a dark street of the Quartier du Panthéon, contained as much trouble and sorrow as a palace.

BOOK XXXIX.

I.

Events followed each other, in rapid succession: the influence of the Girondists in the departments, artificially supported by the journals in the pay of Roland, increased every day. The commissioners of the Convention hastened from town to town, installing or overthrowing the local authorities, as they favored the Jacobins or the Girondists. The majority of the Convention, decided by the Plain, followed Barrere. Robespierre quitted Danton, who was suspected of complicity in the treason of Dumouriez. Legendre undertook to reconcile them.

II.

Danton and Robespierre met at his table. Danton, who possessed the frankness and placability of force, advanced toward Robespierre, and held out his hand; Robespierre did not extend his own, and remained silent until the conclusion of dinner, when he uttered a few words which, without directly designating Danton, expressed his mistrust and contempt for those men who only looked upon revolutions as bloody paths for fortune, and as victories only to be valued by the spoil. This was a pointed allusion to the suspicions already entertained against Danton, and the latter replied by some sarcasms on those men who deem their pride virtue and their cowardice moderation. The two rivals separated, bitterer foes than before; Danton again sought the Girondists, and humbled himself so far as to request forgiveness for the past.

One day a deputy from Danton's party, named Meilhand, having met him in the Convention, entered into conversation with him; Marat passed, whispered a few words in Danton's ear, and walked away. "The wretch!" said Danton to Meilhand: "blood, blood, always blood. Let us leave this place: these men horrify me;" and he led Meilhand to the garden of the Tuileries. Meilhand, seeing his friend weighed down with remorse, and ready to listen to the counsels of moderation, pointed out to him

that Marat dishonored his policy, and that Robespierre, after having destroyed his popularity, would threaten his very life. He also pointed out to him the necessity of a strong hand to direct the republic, which would curb the populace, impel the nation forward, direct the Convention, and crush, like vile reptiles, Marat in his blood, and Robespierre in his pride. "You are this man," added he; "declare in our favor: we will forget the past and follow you, and your ambition will be the safety of the country." Danton listened attentively, and then, with the accent of a desperate resolve, "Do not let us speak any further," said he. "It is impossible; your friends have no confidence in me; I should ruin myself for them, and they would then surrender me to our common enemies. The die is cast, let death decide."

Danton was avoided by the Girondists on account of his violence, and by Robespierre on account of his immorality. The terror he inspired alone protected him against contempt, and he openly braved his infamous reputation.

He had purchased and furnished a country-house, on the banks of the Sèvres, and there, like Mirabeau, he retired with his intimate friends to meditate over some new *coup d'état.*

Since the death of his wife, Danton had felt keenly his isolated position, and a young and beautiful girl of excellent family, named Louise Gély, had won his heart. Although she was only sixteen, Danton wished to marry her, and his wife on her death-bed had named her as the fittest mother to her orphan children. He was himself but thirty-three, and wished to retire from the tumult of the Revolution into the repose of conjugal happiness.

III.

The father of Mademoiselle Gély had been a *huissier audiencier* of the parliament, and Danton had appointed him to a lucrative post in the office of the minister of naval affairs. The family entertained a grateful sense of this action; but if the name of Danton created *prestige*, it also carried horror with it, and the mother of the young girl for a long time refused her consent. She bitterly reproached Danton with his conduct during the days of September, and his vote on the king's trial; Danton confessed he had acted wrongly in the first crisis of the Revolution, but at-

tributed it to the impetuosity of his patriotism and his youth; expressed sincere regret for having voted for the death of Louis XVI., but attributed this vote to the pressure of circumstances, and his conviction of the impossibility of saving the king.

The frankness and regret of these confessions softened Madame Gély, and the hand of Louise was given to Danton.

IV.

The affection of Danton for his bride induced him to consent to give their union the religious character required by the pious habits and tenets of the family into which he was about to enter. At the moment when the ceremonies and ministers of the Catholic religion were most proscribed and persecuted, Danton caused his marriage to be celebrated in the chamber, and by the ministry of a non-juring priest, M. de Kéravanen, who was afterward curé of St. Germain des-Près. Previous to the ceremony Danton went into the next room and confessed to the priest.

The stories of the immense fortune he possessed, said to be the result of his peculations in Belgium, were apparently refuted by the scanty dower he settled on his wife, consisting of 30,000 francs, in assignats, which soon after were worth only 12,000. He gave his wife a purse containing fifty louis d'or as the wedding present.

It was at this moment that Danton brooded most deeply over the restoration of the monarchy in the Orleans family by means of the army. Some days after his marriage he asked his wife if she had spent the fifty louis he had given her. "No," replied she. "I reserved them to return to you on some urgent occasion," "Give them to me," replied Danton, "I need them for a purpose which I can only reveal to you." He then told her that a plot to modify the republic was ripe, and that a movement in Paris, coinciding with a movement of the army, would soon summon the Duc d'Orléans to the throne; that the duke's consent was alone wanting, that a discreet and trusty agent must be sent to sound him, and that he had chosen his secretary Miger, and the fifty louis were destined to pay his expenses.

The Duc d'Orléans, however, refused his sanction to a movement which appeared to him culpable or premature, and Danton adjourned the execution, but not the design.

Some days after the desertion of Dumouriez, Lasource, one of the friends of Roland, insinuated in a speech that Lacroix and Danton were participators in the treason of their friend, with the design of re-establishing royalty. "This is the cloud we must pierce," said Lasource, pointing toward Danton. "I demand that a commission be named to discover and punish the guilty. The people have seen the throne and the capitol, let them now behold the Tarpeian rock and the scaffold. (Applause.) I demand, moreover, that Egalité and Sillery be arrested; and to prove to the nation that we will never make terms with a tyrant, I demand that we all swear the death of him who shall attempt to make himself king or dictator." The whole assembly rose and repeated the oath of Lasource. The suspicions which had lurked in every breast seem to have at length found vent by the voice of Lasource.

V.

The attitude of Danton, during the speech of Lasource, revealed what was passing his mind, and never had his features so perfectly expressed, in so few minutes, all the changes of which the human physiognomy is capable. When Lasource had descended from the tribune, Danton rose, and passing in front of the benches of La Montagne, where he sat, leaned toward the friends of Robespierre, and said to them, in an under tone, pointing with his hand toward the Girondists, "The wretches, they would cast their crimes upon us!" The Montagnards comprehended that Danton, at last forced from his long hesitation, decided for them, and was about to crush their enemies. Every eye followed him to the tribune. He turned himself, bowing with proud deference toward the Montagne, and with a voice whose gravity ill concealed his emotion, said, "Citizens," indicating by gesture, that he addressed the Montagnards alone, "I must commence by rendering homage to you. You, who are seated upon that Montagne, have judged better than I. I have long thought that, whatever was the impetuosity of my character, I ought to temper the feelings which nature has implanted in me, to employ, under the difficult circumstances in which my mission has placed me the moderation which events appear to me to require. You accused me of weakness—you were right: I acknowledge it before all France. It is we

who are accused; we, formed to denounce imposture and wickedness; and they are the men whom we respected, who to-day assume the attitude of denunciators!"

His loud voice resounded like a tocsin above the murmurs of the Girondists, and the anticipated applause of La Montagne. After having justified, by contradictions and affirmations, his conduct in his relations with Dumouriez, he paused a moment, as if to judge the effect of his justification, to feel the ground on which he trod, and gather wrath, afterward resuming—

"And now," said he, "because I have been too wise and too circumspect; because it has been artfully circulated that I had a party, that I desired to be dictator; because I have not chosen, by answering my adversaries until now, to produce violent dissension, nor to form divisions in this assembly—I am accused of despising and reviling the Convention. Abuse the Convention! and who, then, more than myself has sought to raise its dignity, to fortify its authority? Have I not spoken of my enemies themselves with respect? And why have I abandoned this system of silence and moderation? Because there is a term to prudence; because by those even who ought to applaud my circumspection, it is permissible to attack in my turn, and to overstep the limits of patience! Do we desire a king? It is they who had the baseness to wish to save the tyrant by an appeal to the people, who have been justly suspected of desiring a king! it is they only who have manifestly desired to punish Paris for its heroism, by raising the departments against her; it is they only who have supped clandestinely with Dumouriez when he was at Paris; yes, it is they only who are the accomplices of this conspiracy." At each of these direct insinuations against Lasource, Vergniaud, Barbaroux, and Brissot, La Montagne answered by shouts of applause, which interrupted the apostrophes and shrill voice of Marat. "Name those to whom you allude," cried Gensonné and Guadet to the orator. "Well, then, hear me;" answered Danton, turning toward the Girondists. "Listen," repeated Marat, "to the names of those who desire to murder their country." "Will you hear one word which comprises all," resumed Danton. "Yes, yes," reiterated all sides. Danton then, with the accent and gesture of a man who throws off all caution, said, "Well, I believe there is no further truce between La Montagne and the patriots who desired the death of

the tyrant, and the cowards who, in wishing to save him, have calumniated us through all France."

La Montagne, accepting this sign of separation between itself and the Girondists, rose as one man and uttered vehement exclamations.

VII.

Danton entered into some details for his own justification, and afterward turning again toward La Montagne, "I shall prove that I am an immutable revolutionist—that I will resist all attempts against it; and I beg you, citizens, to accept this augury." La Montagne, from their elevated benches, opened their arms to Danton as if to embrace their new chief. "Rally yourselves," resumed he, finally, in a voice which seemed to rend the Montagne from its base; "rally yourselves, you who have pronounced the arrest of the tyrant, against the cowards who wished to spare him! Close up your ranks, call the people to crush our common enemies within! Confound, by the vigor and imperturbability of your character, all those wretches, all the aristocrats, all the *modérés*, all those who have calumniated you in the departments. No more peace, no more truce, no further transactions with them!" The fury of his soul seemed to have passed to the party of La Montagne. "I march to the republic; let us march together; we will see whether we or our foul detractors first attain the goal. I demand that the commission of Six, whom you have just named on the proposition of Lasource, examine not only the conduct of those who have calumniated us, and who have conspired against the indivisibility of the republic, but of those also who have sought to save the tyrant." Danton descended into the arms of his colleagues of La Montagne. This discourse broke down the dike between the two parties; wrath and blood must flow.

VIII.

In his turn, Marat accused every one. Santerre announced that the hundred battalions, formed by Carnot and himself, had left Paris to fill the void which treason had made on our frontiers in the north. Custine wrote that he had commenced his retreat. The Cordeliers, the Jacobins, the commune, the sections, redoubled their energy,

and burst forth in imprecations against the Girondists, who scattered division between Paris and the departments, and who, incapable of directing the republic, plotted in Roland's private meetings the destruction of the best patriots, and the re-establishment of royalty.

IX.

The necessary acts for the public safety apparently perplexed, during some days, the acts, the votes, and the speeches in the Convention; all minds appeared unanimous, but they were silent, sure of the ambition and hatred which only awaited an opportunity to break forth. After Danton's speech, Marat's party, certain of so redoubtable a support, became daily more audacious.

Pétion denounced to the Convention one of those addresses which provoked the murder of a party of the national representation: "Who better merits the scaffold than this Roland?" said this address; "and yet he breathes. In whatever direction we cast our eyes, we see none but traitors. Legislators terrify them by the penalty of death. Mountain of the Convention save the republic! or if you do not feel powerful enough to do this, dare to say so with frankness; we will charge ourselves with doing it." Danton, overstepping all bounds, proposed an honorable mention of this address. He rushed to the tribune, with Fabre d'Eglantine and many members of the Montagne, to precipitate Pétion from it. "Remain, Pétion," cried Duperret to him; "we have children—they will avenge us." "You are wretches," answered Danton. Cries of "*A bas le dictateur!*" arose from the Plain. The deputies descended from their benches, and cast themselves in two different torrents about the tribune. A Girondist drew a poniard from the scabbard. A Montagnard placed the barrel of a pistol to Duperret's breast. The president put on his hat. Pétion continued to comment on the address, and to demand vengeance for the outrages directed against the members of the national representation. Murmurs and shouts of laughter interrupted him at every word.

Danton succeeded Pétion. "Have we a right to expect more wisdom from the people than we show them ourselves? Have not they a right to feel the effervescences which conducted them to patriotic delirium, when this tribune seemed an arena of gladiators? Have I not been

hourly assailed myself in this place? Have I not been told that I desire to be a dictator? I am going to examine coolly the proposition of Pétion. I shall mix up no passion therein. I will preserve my equanimity whatever sentiments of indignation may oppress my bosom. I know what the result of this great drama will be. The people will be the end. I desire the republic; I will prove that I proceed constantly to that end. The constitution will be so much more beautiful for having been born amid the storms of liberty. Thus did the ancients construct their walls, holding the trowel in one hand, and the sword which must defend them in the other; let no one then again bring us exaggerated denunciations as if we feared death! It becomes you well to rise against the people, because they have told you energetic truths! I demand that the motion of Pétion be disregarded."

Fonfrède indignantly arose and supported the motion of Pétion.

"Citizens," said in his turn Guadet, "the republic is lost if you suffer these wicked men to tell you with impunity that the Convention is corrupted." Robespierre arose. "Those who pretend," said he, "that the majority of the Convention is corrupted are fools; but those who would deny that the Convention may be sometimes annoyed by a coalition composed of some men profoundly corrupt, would be impostors. I am going partly to raise the veil."

At these words, Vergniaud was greatly excited, and demanded himself that Robespierre might be heard. "Although we have not," said he, "an artificial discourse prepared, we shall know how to answer and confound these wretches."

X.

Robespierre accused Vergniaud and his party with the greatest vehemence. He concluded by demanding judgment against them. The Montagne applauded the conclusion of this discourse. Vergniaud ascended the tribune after Robespierre, and could with difficulty obtain a hearing.

XI.

"I shall dare to answer Robespierre," said he, "who, by a perfidious romance written in the silence of his cabinet,

and in cool irony, propagates fresh discord in the bosom of the Convention, I will hazard answering him without meditation. I have no need of art, like him; my soul suffices me. My voice, which has carried terror more than once from this tribune to the palace, where its aid was given to precipitate the tyrant, will convey it also into the souls of those wretches who would substitute their tyranny for that of royalty. In vain they seek to exasperate me; I will watch over myself, I will not second the infamous projects of those who strive to murder us, like the soldiers of Cadmus, to deliver our vacant places to the despots they prepare for us. Robespierre accuses us of being opposed in the month of July to the fall of Louis Capet. I answer that I myself was the very first in this tribune who spoke of the overthrow of the 3rd of July; and I will add that perhaps the energy of that discourse did not a little contribute to the ruin of the throne. In the commission of the Twenty-one, of which I was a member, we desired neither a new king nor a new regent; we desired a republic; and it was I who, after having presided all night of the 9th to the 10th of August, at the sound of the tocsin came, while Guadet presided amid the firing of cannon, to propose the republic in the name of the Legislative Assembly. I ask, citizens, is that having compounded with the court? is it to us it owes the debt of gratitude? or rather to those who, by the persecutions which they have inflicted on us, avenge it so well for the evil we have done it?

"Robespierre accuses us of having inserted in the decree of suspension an article purporting that he should be named governor to the prince royal. On the 17th of August I quitted the president's chair, toward nine in the morning, to arrange in ten minutes the decree of abdication. But when I had hastily put in order the project of the decree, victory floated uncertainly between the people and the palace. This nomination of a governor to the prince royal, in the case of the victory of the tyrant, removed constitutionally the son from the father, and thus delivered a hostage to the people against the vengeance of the court. Robespierre accuses us of having hired La Fayette and Narbonne. It was Guadet and myself who, in spite of the murmurs of the Legislative Assembly, attacked La Fayette at this bar, when he endeavored to play '*le petit César.*'

"Robespierre accuses us of having declared war against Austria. The question was not to know, then, whether we would have war—the war was, in fact, already made. The courage of the French has answered this accusation for us. We have, say they, calumniated Paris. Robespierre alone and his friends have aspersed this celebrated city. My thoughts have always recoiled with horror from the deplorable scenes which have stained the Revolution; but I have constantly maintained that they were the work, not of the people, but of some wretches gathered from all parts of the republic to live on pillage and murder in a town whose size and commotions offered a grand arena for their crimes. And who is it who calumniates the people? the man who maintains their innocence of the crimes of some foreign brigands? or he who obstinately imputes to the whole populace the odium of these scenes of blood?" "They were a national vengeance," shouted Marat.

Vergniaud continued without regarding him. "We desired to fly from Paris, Robespierre tells us—he who wished to fly to Marseilles. As regards myself, I declare that if the Legislative Assembly left Paris, it would only be as Themistocles issued out of Athens—that is to say, with all the citizens, leaving no conquest to our enemies but rubbish and ashes, and fleeing before them only the better to dig their graves. Robespierre accuses us of having voted the appeal to the people. Do I owe to him the sacrifice of an opinion which I thought good, and which might prevent the nation from a fresh war, the calamities of which I dreaded? And we are intriguers and machinators," pursued Vergniaud; "but did they see us on the 10th of August propose to take the ministers into the bosom of the Legislative Assembly? Why we are *modérés*, Feuillants? We *modérés!* I was *not* such on the 10th of August, Robespierre, when you were concealed in your cave! *Modérés!* No, I am not so in that sense, that I would desire to extinguish national energy. I know that liberty is always as active as the flame; that it is irreconcilable with a perfect calm, which belongs but to slaves. Since the abolition of royalty, I have heard revolutions often discussed; I have said to myself, 'There are only two things possible: one that of property, or the agrarian law; and the other that which will lead us back again to royalty.' I have formed a firm resolution to oppose both; if this is to be a *modéré*, why, then, I am one.

"I have also often heard insurrections spoken of; and I avow I have lamented it, whether insurrection has an object or not. In the last case it is a convulsion for the political body, which, not being able to do it any good, must necessarily do it harm. If insurrection have a determined object, what can it be, if it be not to wrest power from the national representation to transfer it to the head of a single citizen?

"I have desired also terrible measures, but against the enemies of the country only—punishment, not proscription. The patriotism of some appears to consist in tormenting, in causing tears to be shed; I would wish patriotism to render every one happy. It is sought to consummate the Revolution by terror; I would desire to consummate it by love. In short, I have never thought, like the priests and savage ministers of the Inquisition, who spoke not of their merciful God, but by the glare of funeral piles, that we ought to discuss liberty in the midst of daggers and executioners."

After having then replied to all the chief points of Robespierre's accusations, Vergniaud, examining Pétion's petition, thus resumed: "You have ordained by your decree that the guilty of the 10th of March should be returned before the revolutionary tribunal; the crime is avowed. What heads have fallen? None! What accomplice has been arrested? None. You have ordered that the guilty should be restored to liberty, that they may be heard as witnesses; it is but little better than if at Rome the senate had decreed that Lentulus should bear evidence in the conspiracy of Catiline. You have ordered the members of the central committee of instruction to appear at your bar? Have they obeyed you? have they come? Who are you, then? In the petition of the Corn Hall opprobrium is cast in unmeasured terms upon the National Convention; it is not a petition they are about to submit to you, but orders—they are about to dictate; they insolently propose to you the order of the day. Citizens, if you were not private individuals, I should say to you: Are you cowards? Well! abandon yourselves to the chance of events, await in stupor until you are driven away or murdered, and declare that you will be the slaves of the first brigand who would enchain you! You seek for accomplices of Dumouriez; behold them! behold them! it is they who formed the central assembly of insurrection; it is they who

provoked the criminal address signed by some wicked intriguers in the name of the section of the Corn Hall; all these men desire, like Dumouriez, the annihilation of the Convention; all these men, like Dumouriez, desire a king, and it is we who are called the accomplices of Dumouriez! It is, then, forgotten that we incessantly denounced the Orleans faction. We the accomplices of Dumouriez! It is, then, forgotten that in the midst of the storm of an eight hours' sitting, we rendered a decree which banished all the Bourbons from the republic! We the accomplices of Dumouriez! It is, then, forgotten who they were (pointing with his finger to Robespierre) who reported this decree! What! Dumouriez conspired for a Bourbon; we struggled to obtain their banishment, and it is we who have have been accused! I have answered to all, I have confuted Robespierre; I shall await tranquilly the judgment of the nation between me and my enemies! May this day be the last that we lose in dishonoring debates."

XII.

This discourse revealed Vergniaud's mind, and rallied round him a numerous party of the *modérés*. Paris and the whole of France resounded for some days with his eloquence. The Girondists resolved to profit by this return of public favor to crush their enemies; but their power lay only in discourse—Danton and Robespierre had the people in their hands.

Pétion afterward delivered a speech which seemed like a cry of despair for his lost popularity. Guadet succeeded him and defended himself, like Vergniaud, from all complicity with Orléans and Dumouriez. "It is true," said he, "Dumouriez came to Paris: he was preceded by his reputation as a great general; he was surrounded by the *éclat* of his victories. I never sought after him; I saw him sometimes in the Assembly, of which I was a member. I saw him likewise in a three-storied house, where a *fête* was offered him, to which I was invited, and to which I went, out of friendship to him who gave it, Talma. I remained there only half an hour. He stayed many days in Paris; I know not where he lodged; but who was seen assiduously at Dumouriez's side in all the spectacles of Paris? who was incessantly at his parties? Your Danton!"

At these words Danton started up, as if out of his sleep. "Ah! you accuse me; me! You do not know my power. I will answer you; I will prove your crime. At the opera, I was in a box at Dumouriez's side, but not in his box; you were there also—you!" Guadet resumed: "Yes, Danton; Fabre d'Eglantine and General Santerre formed the court of General Dumouriez; and you, Robespierre, accuse us of communication with La Fayette. But where were you, then, concealed on the day when he was seen, in all the *éclat* of his power, carried from the Chateau of the Tuileries, even to this bar, in the midst of acclamations, which were heard upon this terrace, as if to impose upon the representatives of the people? I alone, I presented myself to the tribune, and I accused him, not mysteriously like you, but publicly; he was there, and, nevertheless, eternal calumniator as you are, you accuse me of corruption; you say that the conspiracy of which we formed a part was a chain, whose first link was in London, its last in Paris; and that this link was of gold. Well! where are, then, these treasures? Come, you who accuse me, come to my house; there behold my wife and children nourishing themselves with the bread of poverty; come there and see the honorable economy in which we live. Go into my department, and there see if my slender domains are enlarged; behold me arrive at the Assembly; am I drawn there by superb coursers? Who, then, would profit by the treason of Dumouriez? D'Orléans. Well! it is not to-day, it is not in confidence that I told D'Orléans what I thought of him. I accused him here one evening of aspiring to royalty. On the morrow morning, at seven o'clock, I saw D'Orléans enter my house. My surprise was great. He protested that his renunciation of royalty was sincere. He asked me if I had heard him alluded to; he begged me to explain myself frankly. 'You beg me to explain myself frankly,' replied I; 'you have no occasion to do so; I know your imbecility, and if there were only yourself, I should not dread you; but I see behind you men who have need of you, and I fear them.'"

Guadet read to the Convention an address of the Jacobins to their brethren of the departments. "To arms!" said they, "to arms! we are betrayed! Your greatest enemies are in the midst of you; they direct your operations, they dispose of your means of defense. Yes, brethren and friends, it is in the government, in the National

Convention; it is there, in the center of your security and confidence, that the criminal representatives hold the threads of the plot which have warped with the horde of despots who come to slay you; but indignation already inflames you. Let us go; republicans, let us arm ourselves."

XIII.

"It is true," cried out Marat. At these words, the right side and the center arose, seized with sudden indignation, and loudly demanded that Marat should be placed in accusation. Marat, supported by the firmness of La Montagne and by the encouragement of the tribunes, braved the anger of the majority and rushed to the tribune. "Why all this buffoonery?" said he, insolently; "and for what good? The suspicion of a chimerical conspiracy is thrown among us to stifle a conspiracy which is too real." "The decree of accusation against Marat!" cried three hundred members with one voice. Marat endeavored to make himself heard. The same shouts drowned his voice.

Danton then descended from the Montagne, and came to cover Marat, not with his disdain, but with his protection.

Boyer-Fonfrède insisted that Marat should be placed in accusation.

XIV.

The Convention put the accusation of Marat the next day to the vote. It was decreed by two hundred and twenty voices against ninety-two. The Jacobins uttered a cry of indignation. The ostracism of Marat commenced his triumph.

XV.

Marat, surrounded by numerous Cordeliers, on issuing from the hall was neither arrested nor conducted to the Abbaye. He escaped without obstacle, and an immense crowd escorted him on the morrow to the bar of the Convention.

The Convention, forgetting its dissensions in order to face Europe, directed to the people an address compiled by Condorcet. It was an appeal to a general insurrec-

tion. The discussion on the articles of the constitution was resumed.

Robespierre continued to develop every evening to the Jacobins the theory of social philosophy, of which he on the following day demanded the introduction into the constitution. The Jacobins became thus, through him, the instigators of the Convention. The declaration of rights, which had served as a basis for the constitution of '91, might, in enlarging itself under the hands of Robespierre, serve as the basis to the new constitution. It was the popular decalogue, which should contain all the social truths whose consequences flowed in the institutions. The people had thus the means of comparing the principles of his philosophy with the dispositions of his laws, and the practice of his government. These social axioms, arranged by Robespierre, mingled, like those of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the natural instincts of the man with the legal rights created and guarantied by society.

Robespierre forgot that a state of nature was the absence or the anarchy of every right; that society, alone, triumphing from age to age, over the brute force of each individual, created slowly, and by retrenching something of right to each isolated being, that vast system of information, of rights, faculties, guaranties, and duties, which compose the social right which society distributes and secures afterward to its members.

Robespierre preserved the traditions of ancient society in the new. He went as far as reform could go. He stopped at Utopia. He gave God as the source and guaranty of every right. It was felt even in his first words, that he had referred to supreme truth, thence to distill his secondary truisms.

To refute his doctrines it was thus necessary to commence by refuting God. "The National Convention," said he, "proclaims to the face of the universe, and under the eye of the immortal legislator, the following Declaration of the Rights of Man, and of the Citizen:—

"Art. 1. The aim of every political association is the maintenance of the natural rights of man, and the development of all his faculties.

"Art. 2. The principal rights of man are those that relate to the preservation of his life and liberty.

"Art. 3. These rights belong equally to all men, whatever be the difference of their moral and physical forces;

the equality of rights established by nature and society, far from infringing on them, only protects them from the abuse of force, which renders them illusory.

"Art. 4. Liberty is the power by which every man possesses the right of exercising all his faculties at will. Liberty possesses justice for a guide, the rights of others for limits, nature for a principle, and the law as her defender.

"Art. 5. The law can only prohibit that which is hurtful, and order that which is useful to society.

"Art. 7. Proprietorship is the right every citizen possesses of enjoying the property secured to him by the law.

"Art. 8. Society is bound to provide for the subsistence of all its members, either by procuring them occupation, or assuring the means of existence to those who are unable to work.

"Art. 12. The succors needed by indigence are a debt contracted by the rich toward the poor; and it is for the law to determine in what manner this debt shall be discharged.

"Art. 13. Those citizens whose means are only sufficient for their support are exempted from contributing toward the public expenses; the rest are bound to contribute proportionately to their fortunes.

"Art. 14. Society is bound to aid, by every means in its power, the progress of reason, and to place instruction within the reach of all citizens.

"Art. 16. The people is the sovereign, the government is its work and its property, and the public functionaries are its servants. The people can at pleasure change its government, and revoke its mandates.

"Art. 18. The law is equal for all men.

"Art. 19. All citizens are admissible to every function, without any other distinction than that of virtue and talent.

"Art. 20. All citizens have an equal right to a voice in the election of the delegates of the people, and the formation of the law.

"Art. 21. In order that these rights be not illusory, and equality a chimera, society is bound to pay public functionaries, and take measures to enable those citizens who live by their labor to attend the public assemblies to which the law summons them, without compromising their existence or that of their families.

"Art. 25. Resistance to oppression is the consequence of the other rights of the man and the citizen—the whole social body is oppressed when any one of its members is injured.

"Art. 34. All men are brothers, and the different nations should aid each other as citizens of the same state.

"Art. 35. He who oppresses one nation is the enemy of all.

"Art. 37. Kings, aristocrats, and tyrants are slaves who have revolted against the sovereign of the earth, *the human race;* and against the legislator of the universe, *Nature.*"

XVI.

This declaration was rather a collection of maxims than a code of government, and yet it revealed the idea of the movement which had just been accomplished. That which renders the Revolution so mighty, amid its storms, anarchy, and crisis, is, that it is a doctrine. Its authors were, at the same time, its apostles; and its dogmata were so holy that, if the impression of the bloody hand which had signed them were effaced from this code, they might have been drawn up by the genius of Socrates, or the charity of Fénélon. It is for this reason that the revolutionary theories, which were for a moment rendered unpopular by the pangs which followed their birth, revive, and will revive more and more, in the aspirations of men; they have been sullied, but they are divine; efface the blood, and the truth remains.

XVII.

The Girondist plan of constitution, drawn up by Condorcet, although equally democratic in its mechanism, was less popular in its spirit than the constitution of Robespierre. It confined itself to establishing the sovereignty of the people in its most indefinite acceptation, and restoring to each citizen the largest share of liberty compatible with the collective action of the state. The unity of society was equally its base, but in the minds of the Girondists this unity was national unity, in the mind of Robespierre it was the unity of mankind. The Girondist constitution was a French institution, the constitution of the Montagnards was a universal institution.

XVIII.

Democracy, constituted into a government, formed itself into popular institutions, and the popular spirit animated all the proposed laws. With respect to public education, Robespierre demanded still more, by rendering this primary education obligatory on all families; and by forming in the same mold the whole generation, from five to twelve years, he established the community of children, and community of ideas.

Labor, according to this theory, should form part of this education; the schools were workshops, and the cultivation of the soil was the first of these toils. Robespierre, following the example of the legislators of antiquity, considered labor applied to the earth as the most moral and social of all the labors of mankind; because it most directly nourishes the laborer, excites the least cupidity of gain, and creates less vices and miseries than the labor of the manufacturer. The infant was, in addition, to learn to read, write, and cipher, mensuration, and his preceptors were carefully to inculcate the principles of universal morality, which have passed into dogmata, to teach him the laws of his country, and develop his mind by the recital of the most striking passages of philosophy, poetry, and eloquence bequeathed by genius to future ages.

As for religion, the child was to choose one for himself, when education had sufficiently developed his intelligence and reason, in order that the religion of the man should not be a careless habit of infancy, but the deliberate choice of an intelligent being.

XIX.

Robespierre, to defray the expenses of these establishments, proposed a tax, to be called the children's tax (*taxe des enfants*). He also demanded a tax for the poor, by the aid of which the communes would support the aged and infirm poor. The rich man gradually stripped of his superfluous wealth, the poor gratuitously educated, brought up, and established in life, every thing in this scheme of Robespierre's evidently tended to the community of property and conditions.

These equal divisions of the faculties and gifts of Nature is evidently the legitimate tendency of the human heart. Poets, sages, and philosophers have eternally cherished this idea within their breasts, and have eternally displayed it in their paradises, their dreams, and their laws as the perspective of humanity.

But the sublimer an idea, the more difficult to realize it upon earth. Up to the present time, the difficulty has been to reconcile, with the equality of possessions, the inequality of virtues, faculties, and ideas which form so wide a distinction between men.

The equality of property between the active and the idle man would be an injustice, since the one creates and the other wastes.

Human wisdom has found it more easy, more wise, more equitable, to say to man, "Be thine own judge, and reward thyself by thine own wealth or misery." Society has instituted the possession of property, and proclaimed the freedom of labor.

The *possible* is the condition of our miserable human wisdom. Without pretending to award at once justice to beings imperfect as ourselves, it is to correct unceasingly, yet never to render perfect. In the designs of God, time appears an element of truth; yet, to demand from a single day the definite truth, is to ask of nature more than she can afford. Impatience creates illusions and ruins in the place of truth; deceptions are but truths plucked ere they are ripe.

XX.

Truth is evidently the Christian and philosophical community of property on the earth, and deceptions are the violences and systems by which we have vainly hoped to establish and organize this truth. The social leveling—the law of justice appears to be as equally and logically the plan of Nature in political order, as the leveling of the globe in material order. The mountains, in the opinion of many geologists, will one day glide into the valleys, and the valleys will become plains, owing to the effect of the winds, waters, and other causes. This change, if effected in a moment, would crush all the living creatures on the face of the earth; if effected by slow and imperceptible degrees, it would re-establish the equality of the level, and

of fertility, without crushing a single insect. To discover the law of God in society and conform it to the laws of the legislator without forestalling the truth by chimeras, and time by impatience—this is wisdom; to mistake the desire for the realization, and sacrifice the real to the imaginary and unknown—this is folly. To grow furious at obstacles and at Nature, and to crush whole generations beneath the ruins of imperfect institutions, instead of guiding them in security from one stage of society to another—this is crime.

These three tendencies were, in the minds of the Convention—an idea really and practically feasible; chimeras, which faded into thin air when attempted to be put in practice—and fits of rage that strove to force by torture the realization of a state of things for which human nature was not as yet fitted. The purest desires, the vainest Utopias, and the most atrocious means—such were the elements of this Assembly, placed between two civilizations, seeking to exterminate the one and outstrip the other. Robespierre typified these tendencies better than any of his colleagues; his plans, religious in their ends, chimercial in their dispositions, became sanguinary the moment they clashed against the impossibilities of their execution. He adhered as obstinately to chimeras as to the truth. Had he been more enlightened, he would have been more patient; but he wished to be the leader of a social regeneration. Society resisted; he seized the sword, and deemed that it was permitted man to constitute himself the executioner of God. He communicated, partly through fanaticism, partly through terror, this feeling to the Jacobins, the people, and the Convention; and hence arose the contrast of an Assembly, leaning with one hand on the revolutionary tribunal and the guillotine, and with the other writing a constitution which reminded every one of the pastoral republics of Plato and Telemachus, and in every page of which breathed God—the people—justice and humanity. Never was truth so dripping with gore; and it is the work of history to wipe out the stains, and not to reject justice to mankind, because seas of blood have "incarnadined" the dogmata of liberty, charity, and reason.

BOOK XL.

I.

These discussions, in opening to the Convention the prospects of human felicity, appeased for some days these irritated minds. Divided for the present, Vergniaud, Robespierre, Cordorcet, Danton, and Pétion were to meet at a future time. The countenances of the Girondists, the Jacobins, and the Cordeliers, were calm, and presented to the spectators in the Assemblies all the characters of serenity. Danton himself, the least chimerical of the statesmen, seemed to repose upon the future his views of the blood he had caused to be spilled with indifference. "This consoles me!" said he, with a sigh, on leaving the Assembly. "One does not know how much the triumph of a doctrine costs the hearts of those men who bequeath it to posterity."

II.

These principles of Robespierre's school were developed by Saint-Just, in a discourse wherein this young orator rendered himself the oracle of his master's theories. "Social order," said Saint-Just in this oration, "consists in the nature of things itself, and only borrows from the human mind the care of combining its mechanism: man is born for peace and truth; bad laws corrupt him. To find for him laws conformable to the nature of his heart, is to re-establish him in his happiness and in his rights. But the art of government has generally produced monsters, and the people have lost their path. Our design is to recover it for them. The social state is the true relation of the people to the people. The vice of governments is that they employ, to oppress the citizens within, the force with which they were armed, and which they require to defend the nation against enemies without. Divide, then, that power, if you wish liberty to exist. The executive power encroaches little by little upon the freest government in the world; but if this authority deliberates and executes at once, it soon becomes paramount. Royalty is not in the name of the king: it consists in every power which delib-

erates and executes at the same time." This series of incoherent maxims, and the cloud in which Saint-Just enveloped his ideas, scarcely allowed it to be discerned whether he wished to attack or defend the unity of power of the Convention.

III.

Marat, Hébert, and Chaumette alone availed themselves of the bait of community of wealth to flatter and render fanatic the people. Community was still, in their opinion, rather the violent removal than the destruction of property. Property and family had so passed by custom and right into men's minds of every condition, that an attempt at *le loi agraire* would have appeared a blasphemy against mankind. This principle, purely speculative, would serve as a text to some chimerical dissertators. It could not rally a single faction. They disavowed it all, not to startle opinion. The programmes of the parties always commenced by an act of faith and a profession of respect for property. They lavished death without rendering themselves unpopular—they husbanded means. Modern man holds faster to riches than to life itself; for riches are at first his life, afterward the life of his wife, of his children, of his posterity. In dying to defend his wealth, he dies to defend himself at the present moment and for the future. The French Revolution was framed to render property more equal and more accessible to all men, and not to destroy it.

IV.

While the Convention adjourned the struggle by these philosophical digressions and by these popular institutions, the Commune, the Jacobins, and the Cordeliers profited by the interval to excite the faubourgs against the Girondists; the only obstacle, according to their orators, to the happiness of the people and the safety of the country. To compel the departments to submit to the yoke of opinion in Paris—to subject the national representation by terror—to make the Convention a passive and vile instrument of the Commune—to govern the Commune itself by the sections, and the sections by a handful of agitators under the orders of two or three demagogues, among whom the peo-

ple might select an implacable director to remedy its own anarchy: such was the confused plan of Marat, of Chaumette, of Hébert, and their partisans.

Robespierre and Danton adopted this plan with repugnance. Trusting both of them to the instability of public favor, and to their profound contempt for the idol of the day—Marat—they thought with reason that power itself must fall from this ignoble and insensate head; and that the Girondists once destroyed by Marat, and Marat destroyed by himself, the nation would have to choose between themselves, to save it from itself and from its enemies. Each of them thought himself secure of an easy conquest over his rival: Danton by the superiority of courage, Robespierre by the superiority of mind. They both feigned a hatred toward the Girondists, which they really felt, and for the cause of "*l'ami du peuple*" professed an interest for which they blushed in secret. As to the people, the expulsion of Marat from the Convention, his being placed in judgment, his flight, his doctrines, the mystery which surrounded his asylum, and, lastly, the reports spread of the malady he had contracted through labor, and in the caves, to serve the cause of the oppressed —every thing raised almost to idolatry the passion of the multitude for him whom they considered their avenger. Marat issued from his retreat, and appeared, on the 24th of April, before the revolutionary tribunal. The audacity of his attitude, the defiance he hurled at his judges, the crowd who escorted him to the tribunal, the acclamations of the people, who pressed in crowds around the place of justice, gave beforehand to the judges the order to recognize his innocence. It was proclaimed. A cry of triumph burst from the middle of the tribunal, and, prolonged by groups even to the gates of the Convention, apprised the Girondists of the acquittal of their enemy. The Cordeliers and the faubourgs, who had commanded the judgment, had prepared the triumph beforehand. Marat, acquitted, was raised upon the arms of four men, who lifted him above their heads to show him to the crowd. These men carried "*l'ami du peuple*" upon a plank, surmounted by an old seat, similar to a throne. It was the buckler of sedition, on which the *prolétaires* inaugurated the king of indigence. The women of the hall and the flower-market encircled his head with numerous crowns of laurel. Marat allowed himself to be decorated without resistance. "It is

the people," said he, "who crown themselves on my head. May all heads who would pass beyond the level of the people soon fall at my voice!" The cortège marched toward the Convention amid cries of "*Vive l'ami du peuple!*" The troop composed of men in tatters, women, children, and beggars, advanced slowly by the quays and by the Pont Neuf toward the Rue St. Honoré, augmented in its progress by the innumerable crowd of workmen of all trades, who had suspended their labor to defend and to honor the representative of the working classess. The bearers relieved each other. Deputations from the different trades awaited Marat upon the bridges, in the public places, and at the entrance of the principal streets. At each station these groups joined the column of people who preceded or followed the litter. The windows of the houses were adorned with women, who let fall a shower of ribbons, crowns, and flowers, upon the head of the conqueror. They shouted and huzzaed in such a manner that his progress from the Palais to the Manège was one continued scene of applause. "My friends," called out Marat, "spare me, spare my insensibility. I have done too little for the people: I can only acquit myself henceforth by giving them my life."

V.

In the middle of the Rue St. Honoré the market women of Paris, united to associate at this fête, arrested the cortège, and covered with heaps of bouquets the shield, the throne, and "*l'ami du peuple.*" Marat, his forehead loaded with crowns, his shoulders, arms, body, and legs enchained with festoons of foliage, disappeared, as it were, under the flowers. His patched black coat, his dirty linen, his open breast, and his hair floating over his shoulders, were hardly perceptible. His arms were constantly expanded, as if to embrace the crowd. The hideous filth of his costume contrasted strangely with these garlands and festoons. His pale countenance and wild features—the smiles petrified upon his lips, the balancing of the litter on which he was borne, the jerking agitation of his head, and the gesticulation of his hands, gave to his whole person something of mechanism and constraint which resembled insanity, and which left the spectator undecided as to its being a triumph or a funeral procession. It was a

vulsion of the people personified in Marat, more adapted, from the intoxication of the crowd, to disgust, than to render Danton and Robespierre jealous.

A little farther on, the men of the halls and the quays of Paris, to the number of two or three thousand, harangued the deputy, and broke out with their stentorian voices into prolonged cries of "*Vive l'ami du peuple!*" These shouts shook the vaults of the Convention. The cortège broke open the doors; Marat alighted from his seat, but, raised upon the arms of the people, entered the hall, his forehead still crowned with laurels. The crowd insisted on defiling into the center, and scattered themselves confusedly among the deputies on the benches of the Convention. The sitting was interrupted.

Marat, carried even to the tribune by his admirers, amid the applause of the center and of the galleries, endeavored in vain for a long time to appease the clapping of hands which stifled his voice. At last, having obtained silence: "Legislators of the French people," said he, "this day renders to the people one of its representatives, whose rights have been violated in my person. I stand before you at this moment a citizen who has been inculpated, and who has just been acquitted. He will continue to defend, with all the energy of which he is capable, the rights of mankind and those of the people."

At these words, the crowd waved their hats and bonnets in the air. A unanimous cry of "*Vive la republique!*" broke out from the center, and from the tribunes; and was repeated and prolonged among the assemblage which crowded the walls of the Convention. Danton, feigning to partake of the enthusiasm of the mob for the idol whom he despised, demanded that the cortège of Marat should receive the honors of the Assembly, by defiling into the center. Marat, holding his crown in his hand, went, and seated himself on the highest bench of La Montagne, at the side of the fierce Armonville. "Now," said he, in a loud voice, to the group of deputies who congratulated him, "I hold the Girondists and the Brissotites; they will go in triumph also, but it will be to the guillotine!" Afterward, addressing himself to the deputies who had issued the decree of accusation against him, he called them by their names, and apostrophized them in opprobrious terms. "Those whom you condemned," said he, "the people have acquitted: the day is not far off when they will ren-

der justice to those whom you now respect as statesmen." The ferocity of Marat's apostrophes only excited a smile of contempt in the hall. Robespierre shrugged his shoulders, in token of disgust. Marat threw a glance of defiance toward Robespierre, and called him "*lâche scélérat.*" Robespierre pretended not to hear him. Marat, having left, was again marched in triumph upon his palanquin through the principal streets of Paris. "Marat is the friend of the people; the people will be always for him," cried the crowd, who accompanied him. A popular banquet was offered to him under the pillars of the halls. They conducted him afterward to the club of the Cordeliers.

VI.

There Marat harangued the crowd for a long time, and promised them blood. Even joy was sanguinary in this exterminating work. The cries of "*Mort aux Girondins*" were the seasoning of his triumph. After the Assembly, the Cordeliers and the people, who awaited him at the gate of the club, conducted him with flambeaux to his house. The windows and roofs of the street of the Cordeliers and of the neighboring streets had been illuminated, as if for the entry of a savior of the people. "Behold my palace," said Marat to his friend Gusman, ascending the obscure stair-case of his lodging; "and behold my scepter," added he, smiling, and showing his pen, which he dipped into a leaden inkstand: "Rousseau, my compatriot, had never any other. It is with that, however, that I have transported the sovereignty of the Tuileries into this den! The people belong to me, because I belong to them. I will not abdicate this sovereignty until I am avenged."

Such was the ovation of Marat. But already did the fire of his soul consume his life. This day of glory and dominion for him, by irritating his blood, kindled the fever which consumed his body. Illness did not check his labors, but often confined him to his bed. The approach of death, and the concentration of ideas did not in the least appease his disposition to murder.

This modern Tiberius sent his orders to the multitude from the depth of his indigent Caprea. His vigils cost blood the next day. He only appeared to regret in life the want of time to immolate the 300,000 heads which he incessantly demanded for the vengeance of the nation.

His door, by night and by day besieged by informers, received, like the iron mouth of Venice, the notices of suspicion. His hand, already frozen by death, constantly added fresh names to the list of proscriptions, always open on his bed.

VII.

This day, in showing to the people his force, to the Convention his devotion, and to the Girondists their weakness, encouraged the most extreme enterprises against the last. The progress of the Vendeans, who had repulsed the republicans on the whole of the left bank of the Loire, the division of France, which the generals and plenipotentiaries of powers openly deliberated upon in a council of war held at Antwerp; Custine, who retreated under Landau before 100,000 German confederates; Mayence blockaded, and paralyzing within its walls 20,000 chosen soldiers of our army of the Rhine; the first shock between the army of the Pyrenees and the Spanish army; Servan, who there commanded our troops, attacked at once in his three camps; Lyons, where the sections, all royalists, resisted the installation of a revolutionary *régime*, and threatened an imminent insurrection; Marseilles, indignant at the outrages of the Parisians to its *fédérés* and to Barbaroux, raising fresh battalions to avenge her sons; Arles, Nismes, Toulon, Montpelier, Bordeaux, declaring themselves enemies of La Montagne, and swearing, in their addresses, to send their youth against Paris; the reciprocal accusations of federalism and anarchy incessantly sent from the Montagnards to the Girondists, and from the Girondists to the Montagnards; the scarcity at the bakers' shops; the people without other employment than that of perpetual commotion in the streets; the clubs in obullition, the public newspapers written with gall; factions in constant struggle, the prisons already filled; the guillotine inoculating the multitude with a taste for blood, in place of satiating it—all inspired the people of Paris with that tremor of terror which is the precursor of the last excesses. Despair is the counselor of crime. The people, who felt they were perishing, sought to sacrifice others to save themselves.

The Jacobins turned all their hatred against the Girondists. The robbery of the Garde-Meuble, the millions and

diamonds of which had passed, it was said, into the hands of Roland, and into the jewel-cases of his wife, impressed still further upon the popular irritation a character of personality, of insult, and of murder.

Brissot, Girey-Duprez, Gorsas, Condorcet, the principal Girondist journalists, propped by the rich, and sustained by the commercial world and the citizens, spared, on their side, neither calumny nor bitter irony against Marat, Robespierre, Danton, and the Jacobins. These columns, read at the meetings of the clubs, were there torn, burned, and crushed under foot. They swore to bathe these lines in the blood of their authors. Marat dared insolently to demand, in Robespierre's face, that all those pieces, and all informations of the citizens against the ministers, should be sent to him to be judged of. He boldly personified the people in himself. Robespierre, who was present, scarcely dared to murmur. Marat, thus constituted himself, alone, after his triumph, the plenipotentiary of the multitude. He assumed this dictatorship which he had twenty times conjured the people to give to the most determined of its defenders. His policy had, for its theory, death. He was the man of circumstances; he was the apostle of assassination *en masse*. Every time he left his dwelling, in the costume of an invalid, his head enveloped in a dirty handkerchief, to appear before the Jacobins at the Convention, Danton and Robespierre yielded the tribune to him. He there spoke as the master, not as the counselor of the nation. One word from him cut all discussion, as a dagger would sever a knot. The applause of the tribunes placed him under the protection of the people. Groans and hisses interrupted those who attempted to discuss with him. It was the multitude paramount.

VIII.

Already, in the Convention, discussions were changed into a war of words. On the occasion of the funeral honors rendered by the Commune to Lajouski, one of the conspirators of the club of the archbishopric, Guadet, having dared to say that posterity would one day be astonished that a national apotheosis should have been decreed to a man convicted of having been at the head of plunderers, and of having wished to march, in the night of the 10th of March, to dissolve the Convention, Legendre rushed for-

ward to answer Guadet. Murmurs, from the center, disputed the tribune with him. "I will yield the tribune to those who speak better than I do," said Legendre; "but should I occupy the post of a stove, to heat the iron which will mark you all with ignominy, I will occupy it! Should I be your victim, I make a motion that the first patriot who dies under your blows be carried into the public places, as Brutus carried the body of Lucretia, and that they shall tell the people, 'Behold the work of your enemies.'"

IX.

On the following morning, young Ducos essayed to make the Convention comprehend the danger of fixing a maximum upon the price of grain; the stamping, the gestures, and the vociferations of those present drowned his voice, and forced him to descend from the tribune.

"Citizens," exclaimed Guadet, "a national representation debased no longer exists! Any palliative to assure its dignity is an act of cowardice. The authorities of Paris do not desire that you should be respected. It is time to put an end to this quarrel between an entire nation and a handful of factious individuals, disguised under the name of patriots. I demand that the National Convention decree that, on Monday, its sittings be held at Versailles." At this proposition of Guadet, all the Girondists, and a part of La Plaine, arose, and cried, "Let us go! let us bear off all that remains of dignity and liberty in the national representations, from the outrages and poniards of Paris." Vigée, an intrepid young man, who extracted, like André Chénier, heroism from danger, exposed himself alone, in the tribune, to the vociferations, gestures, and invectives of La Montagne and the spectators. "To adjourn until Monday," said he, "would be to afford the factious time to prevent our removal by a revolt, or by assassination. I demand that on the first summon of the tribunes we depart from this circle, wherein we are captives, and withdraw ourselves to Versailles."

Marat, who was present on this day, at the summit of La Montagne, descended from it with the sovereign gesture of a pacificator. He feared that the proposition of the Girondists would deprive the Convention of the direct and imperative weight of the multitude, of whom he was the king. He desired to make a diversion in the emotion

which drew the Girondists without the hall. "I propose a great measure," said he, "calculated to remove all suspicion. Let us put a price upon the heads of those Bourbons, who were fugitives and traitors with Dumouriez. I have already demanded the death of the Orléans: I renew my proposition, to the end that *les hommes d'état* place the cord around their necks, as regards the fugitive Capets, as the patriots did, in voting the death of the tyrant."

X.

Thus the victims sacrificed mutually between the two parties were the only gages of reconciliation in the eyes of Marat. "I do not support or combat this motion of Marat," replied Buzot. "They wish to divert us from the proposal of Guadet. Let us examine, citizens, how posterity will judge of our situation. There is not an authority in Paris, not a club which is not superior in authority to ourselves. The Jacobins are masters every where. In the armies, in the ministry, in the departments, in the municipalities—where do they not rule? In the public places, which touch upon our center—in our avenues—at our doors—what do we hear? Furious cries! What do we see? Hideous figures—men covered with blood and crime! Nature has ordained thus: that he who has once dipped his hands in the blood of his fellow-man is a monster, who can no longer live in regular society. He requires blood, always blood, to drown his remorse. You all deplore the situation in which we are. I am convinced of it. I appeal to your hearts. I cite history to prove it. If you have not punished these great delinquencies, it is because you have not been able to do so. Behold, likewise, the result of impunity! If you demand the cause of these disorders, they laugh at you. If you appeal to the execution of the laws, they deride you and your laws. Would you punish one of yourselves, they bring him back in triumph to mock you. Look at this ever-celebrated society (the Jacobins); there remain not thirty of its real founders. You can see none but men steeped in debt and in crime. Read the journals, and see if, as long as these abominable haunts exist, you can remain here." At this crushing apostrophe, in the face of Robespierre, of Marat, of Danton, Collot d'Herbois, Billaut-Varennes, and Bazire, La Montagne arose in a body against Buzot. "We are

all Jacobins," exclaimed with one voice two hundred members. Durand-Maillane braved the storm. He announced to the Convention that, on the arrival of the last courier of the Jacobins of Paris at the club of Marseilles, that club put a price on the heads of five deputies of Marseilles, who had demanded an appeal to the people upon the judgment of the king—ten thousand francs to the dagger of the first assassin. "This department," added Durand-Maillane, "is in a state of anarchy and confusion." The tumult in the assembly was redoubled. Some demanded the vote on the proposition of withdrawing to Versailles, others that the order of the day should pass, with contempt at the cowardly alarm of the Girondists.

Danton, who, for some time past, appeared to swerve from any extreme measures, as if he saw from afar the abyss, and dreaded his own passions, ascended the tribune, and desired to allay the emotion by some pacific remarks. "We all agree," said he, "and the national dignity demands that no citizen should show disrespect to any deputy who maintains his opinion. We are all agreed that want of respect has been shown, and that justice ought to be done; but it ought only to fall upon the guilty. You desire to be severe and just at the same time? Well, then—"

The impatience of La Montagne, the indignation of La Gironde, would not permit Danton to finish. Unanimous dissent interrupted his speech, and compelled him to descend from the tribune. But Danton made, in descending, an intelligent gesture to the spectators. At this sign, the public tribunes were emptied. The voluntary absence of the guilty took away all pretext to discussion, and all opportunity of chastisement. Camille Desmoulins published, some days afterward, one of his most cutting pamphlets. Roland, Pétion, Condorcet, Brissot were therein distorted by hatred. Madame Roland herself, already wandering and persecuted, travestied into a sanguinary courtezan, was delivered up to the sarcasm of the multitude. Ambition, extortion, secret and permanent conspiracy against liberty, intrigue, treason, complicity with strangers, and desire for the re-establishment of a royalty, of which they should form the ministry—such were the crimes, the proofs of which Camille Desmoulins sought, in false anecdotes, betrayed confidence, and intercepted correspondence, in chimerical meetings, and imaginary orgies, the recital of

which was envenomed by the causticity of his pen. This history of the Brissotites, read by Camille Desmoulins to the Jacobins, was there adopted as the manifesto of La Montagne against the rulers of the Convention. Printed at the expense of the society, to the number of more than a hundred thousand copies, it was distributed profusely in the streets of Paris, and addressed to all the affiliated societies of the departments. It held up proper names to the suspicion of the people.

This pamphlet, in pointing out its victims, held up also the idols of opinion. Robespierre, Marat, and Danton were there offered as an example to patriots. Camille Desmoulins, sufficiently intelligent to admire the Girondists, envious enough to hate them, but too timid to imitate them, made himself the organ of those base passions which harass superior men. The character of this writer, inferior to his wit, was compelled like the reptile, to crawl and bite at the same time. He fawned on Danton, Robespierre, and Marat; he tore Roland and Vergniaud to pieces. It was thus, by adulating and abandoning by turns the powers of the day, he had passed from the cabinet of Mirabeau and the intimacy of Pétion, to the suppers of Danton, and the domesticity of Robespierre. To hate and to flatter—such was this man. Dumb in the Convention, under the powerful voice of Vergniaud, he raised the voice of calumny in the street, and instigated death to avenge himself of genius.

XI.

The accusation of Orléanisme was at this moment the mortal insult which the two parties exchanged between them. Camille Desmoulins accumulated all the true or false circumstances which could present the Girondists as accomplices of Orléans. He made this imaginary conspiracy go back even to La Fayette, the most incorruptible enemy of this faction. He gave a seeming to these suspicions, by anecdotes calculated to throw upon this pretended plot the half-light which ancient historians spread over the dark combinations of great conspirators, as if to make public curiosity divine more mystery and crime than dared be exposed to its eye.

"One fact," said he, "perfectly convinced me that in spite of the apparent hatred between La Fayette and

D'Orléans, the great family of usurpers rallied itself against the republic. We were alone, one day, in Madame de Sillery's drawing-room. The elder Sillery had himself rubbed the floor, for fear the feet of the charming dancers should slip. Madame de Sillery had just sung some lines to her harp, wherein she praised inconstancy. Her daughter, and her *élève*, the beautiful Paméla and Mademoiselle de S., danced a Russian measure, of which I have forgotten the name, but so voluptuously, and executed with so much seduction, that I do not believe the young Herodias could have danced one in her uncle's presence more calculated to intoxicate him, when she desired to obtain the head of John the Baptist. What was my surprise, at the moment when the '*gouvernante magicienne*' operated with the greatest force upon my imagination, and when the door was shut to the profane, to see enter—whom? an aide-de-camp of La Fayette, who had come there expressly, and whom they compelled to sit down by me, to convince me that La Fayette had become the friend of the house. And was it not also the height of art in the Girondists," added Camille, "while they worked secretly for the Orleans faction to have sent us on La Montagne the inanimate bust of Philippe, the automaton of whom they are the sons, to make it move, sitting and standing among us, and make the people believe that if there were an Orleans faction it was among ourselves? Was it not by a stroke of the same tactics that the Girondists were the first to demand the banishment of Philippe? As to Orléans, I have not lost sight of him for four years past, and I do not think in one single instance did he ever differ in opinion from the summit of La Montagne, so I called him, whether sitting or standing, a Robespierre. He was no more sparing than ourselves in imprecations against Sillery, his old confident; he actually assailed the Girondists, to a degree that I have sometimes said to myself, it would be very singular if Philippe d'Orléans were not of the Orleans faction! But the thing is not impossible: the faction still exists, and keeps its seat on the right side with the Girondists."

XII.

The people, who credit evil on report, who are the more suspicious in proportion as they are more ignorant, rejoiced to find at last, in the ranks of the Girondists, the one

guilty of all their evils. The Duc d'Orléans, whom they persecuted, partook of their unpopularity.

The hour of ingratitude had already sounded for this prince. Offered by the Girondists to the suspicion of the people, delivered up by the Montagnards, who feared that his presence on La Montagne would affix the same suspicion upon them, they unanimously proscribed him, without even naming his crime. The pretext of his ostracism was the flight of his son, drawn by Dumouriez into his attempt and defection. At the voice of Barbaroux and Boyer-Fonfrède, the Convention had decreed that Sillery, father-in-law of General Valence, lieutenant of Dumouriez, and Philippe Egalité, the father of the young general, should be watched, with the liberty to go wherever they wished in Paris only. Sillery, sacrificed by his friends, the Girondists, did not address a single reproach to them. "When it is in agitation to punish traitors," said he, turning toward the bust of the first of the Brutuses which decorated the hall, "if my son-in-law be guilty, I am here before the image of Brutus." And he inclined his head as a man who accepted an example and knew his duty. "And I also," exclaimed the prince, stretching out his hand toward the image of the Roman judge and murderer of his son, "if I am guilty I ought to be punished; if my son be guilty, I behold Brutus!" He obeyed the decree without a murmur. Whether he had foreseen the price of his services, whether he had comprehended his false position in a republic which he disturbed in bowing to it, or whether his mind, wearied with agitation, had attained that impassibility of minds without resource, the Duc d'Orléans displayed neither astonishment nor weakness before the ingratitude of La Montagne. He held forth his hand to his colleagues; they refused to touch it, as if they feared the suspicion of familiarity with this great proscribed. He surrendered himself, escorted by two gendarmes, to his palace, now become his prison. Innocent or culpable, the Duc d'Orléans embarrassed the two parties. He was soon afterward transferred to the prison of L'Abbaye, and from that to Marseilles, to the fort of Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde, with the young Comte de Beaujolais, his son, the Duchess of Bourbon, his sister, and the Prince of Conti, his uncle. One single exception was made in this decree in favor of the Duchess d'Orléans, long separated from her husband. Pity and public veneration protected her against

his name, and she was permitted to reside at the Chateau of Vernon, in Normandy with her father the Duc de Penthièvre, whose last days she consoled.

XIII.

The Duc d'Orléans found, on arriving at the fort of Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde, his second son, the young Duc de Montpensier, who had been arrested under the colors of the republic, in the army of Italy, on the same day as his father. The father and the two sons embraced each other in a prison, one year from the day on which they had been united in the camp of Dumouriez, after the victory of Jemappes. The Duc de Chartres alone was wanting in this spectacle of the vicissitude of fortune; but he was already himself a wanderer, under a borrowed name, in the land of the stranger. The only daughter of the Duc d'Orléans, separated from her mother, and without any other protectoress than Madame de Sillery-Genlis, a women suspected by all, wandered on the banks of the Rhine, reached German Switzerland, and took refuge in a convent there, under a fictitious name.

The Duc d'Orléans, at fort La Garde, contemplated the dispersion of his relatives and his own fall as a spectacle to which he was really a stranger. Whether it were from a feeling that great revolutions devour their apostles, or whether a species of philosophy without hope and without regret caused him to receive as an inert being the shocks of destiny, his sensibility was only aroused by the paternal feelings which seemed to survive last in his heart. He inhabited at first the same apartment as his two sons; he had the liberty of walking with them upon the terrace of the fort, whence his eyes, free at least, cast themselves from the height of the rock over the vast horizon of the Mediterranean, and down upon the motion and turmoil of Marseilles. On the fourth day of his detention administrators and the officers of the national guards entered his chamber at the moment when he was at breakfast with his two children.

They intimated to him the order of separation from the Duc de Montpensier, whom they removed alone to another stage of the fortress. "As to the youngest of your children," said the officer charged with the execution of this order to him, "he is permitted, from his tender age, to

remain with you; but he will not be able to see his brother more." The prince in vain protested against the barbarity of this order. The Duc de Montpensier was torn, bathed in tears, from the arms of his father and brother, and dragged to another floor in the fortress.

Transferred, after a first interrogatory, to the fort St. Jean, a darker prison, at the extremity of the fort of Marseilles, their captivity, still more harsh, was deficient in air, prospect, and exercise. Three dungeons, placed one over the other in the thick walls of the same tower, confined the prince and his two sons. The youngest, the Comte de Beaujolais, was permitted to inhale the air outside for some hours in the day, under the surveillance of two guards. In descending to his promenade, the child passed before the door of his brother, which was situated below his own. The Duc de Montpensier pressed his face against the door, and the two brothers exchanged some rapid words across the fastenings and bolts. The sound of each other's voices afforded them a moment's joy. One day, the Comte de Beaujolais, in reascending, found the Duc de Montpensier's door open. The child escaped with a bound from his guards, and rushed into the arms of his brother. The sentinels had some difficulty in separating them. For two months the brothers had never seen each other. Measures were taken against these surprises of tenderness, as if against a conspiracy of malefactors. The one was thirteen, the other eighteen years of age.

Their father, lodged upon the same stair-case, could neither see nor hear them. The desire of beholding closely a prince of the blood, the author and victim of the Revolution, now wearing the chains of the people he had served, continually attracted fresh visitors to the threshold of his cell. The prince, upon whom solitude weighed heavier than captivity, and who found no society worse than his thoughts, sought not to withdraw himself from either the looks or interrogations of the curious. Each of them appeared to relieve him partly from the weight of heavy hours.

One day, having heard the voice of one of his sons, "Ah! Montpensier," said he, from the depth of his cell; "is it thou, my poor child? How much good the sound of thy voice does me?" The son heard his father, who rushed from his litter toward the grating, and supplicated the jailer to let him at least see his children; but this mercy was re-

fused him, and the door by which the father and the son had exchanged a sigh, was closed forever.

XIV.

This sacrifice to concord or to suspicion, made by La Gironde and La Montagne, had only been a diversion to the hatred which animated the two parties against each other. This phantom of a king or of a dictator, raised in the midst of the Convention and the mutual accusation of treason, rung in the debates and in the journals. Saint-Just, Robespierre, Guadet, Vergniaud, and Isnard discussed some constitutional theories. "Let us conclude the constitution," said Vergniaud in the meeting of the 8th of May; "it is by that, that this Draconian law, and this government of circumstances, commanded no doubt by necessity, and justified by two memorable treasons, will disappear; they weigh upon good citizens as well as on bad, and if they are perpetuated, will found tyranny under the pretext of liberty. Let us hasten, citizens, to reassure the farmers, merchants, and proprietors who are alarmed at the dogmata which they hear resounding here. The ancient legislators, to make their works respected, had recourse to the intervention of some god between them and the people. We, who have neither the pigeon of Mohammed, nor the nymph of Numa, nor the familiar demon of Socrates, we ought only to interpose reason between ourselves and the people. What republic do you desire to bestow upon France? Will you proscribe to her riches and luxury, which, according to Rousseau and Montesquieu, destroy equality? Will you create an austere government, poor and warlike as that of Sparta? In that case, let us, like Lycurgus, divide the land among the citizens; proscribe the metals which cupidity tears from the bowels of the earth; burn even the assignats; disgrace with infamy every useful art; leave nothing to the French but the saw and the ax; let those men to whom you would have accorded the title of citizens pay no more duties; let other men to whom you would refuse that title be tributaries and alone contribute, by their forced labor, to your necessities; have strangers to transact commerce; have Helots to cultivate your lands, and make your subsistence depend upon your slaves! It is true that such laws are cruel, inhuman, absurd; it is true that the most terrible of levelers, death,

will soon sweep over your fields; and I conceive that the league of kings would cause the explosion of a system which would reduce all the French to a level of despair and the tomb.

"Do you desire to found, as at Rome, a conquering republic? I will tell you, as history, that conquests were always fatal to liberty, and, with Montesquieu, that the victory of Salamis lost Athens, as the defeat of the Athenians lost Syracuse. Besides, what do we want with conquests? Do you desire to render yourselves oppressors of the human race? Lastly, would you make the French people neither agriculturists nor merchants, and apply to them the pastoral institutions of William Penn? But how would such a people exist in the midst of nations almost always at war, and governed by tyrants who know no other right than that of force!"

Vergniaud concluded against all these theories of ultra-democratic constitutions for France, and insisted that institutions should be appropriate to the geographical situation, to the national character, to the industrious activity, and to the state of virility and civilization to which the Convention desired to give its laws. He decried ancient Utopia, and invoked only the inspiration of good sense. But the republic, on account of the Girondists, neither answered to the enlightened imagination of the people, nor to the supernatural dreams of the Jacobins, for the complete transformation of society.

Isnard, foreseeing the delay which the Convention would use in the establishment of the constitution, and desiring to place the lives of the legislators themselves under the guaranty of inviolable right, proposed to decree a social pact, previous to discussing the details of the constitution. La Montagne, who desired no other constitution than the will of the people, and the dictatorship of circumstances, received Isnard's proposition with dissent. Danton, a man of expedients, repelled it. He affected a superb disdain for ideas and words, and incessantly adverted to the one fact—the safety of the country.

XV.

Robespierre, the man of general ideas, spoke on the morrow upon the constitution. His discourse, profoundly meditated on, and arranged in the style of Montesquieu,

was the act of accusation of a philosopher against the tyranny and vices of all anterior governments. To compound with this tyranny, to agree with these vices, appeared to him a weakness unworthy of truth and reason. The austerity of his principles of government contrasted with the lenity of the Girondists.

"Until now," said Robespierre, "the art of governing has been but the art of despoiling and subjecting the majority to the profit of the few. Society has for its end the conservation of the rights of man and the improvement of his being, and society every where degrades and oppresses mankind. The time is arrived to recall it to its true duty. The inequality of conditions and rights, that forced fruit of our education depraved by despotism, has outlived even our imperfect revolution. The blood of 300,000 French has already flowed, the blood of 300,000 others is about perhaps yet to be shed, to enable the simple laborer to take his seat in the senate by the side of the rich merchant, the artisan to vote in the assemblies by the side of the merchant and the advocate, and the poor, intelligent, and virtuous man to enjoy the rights of man in the presence of the rich and corrupted imbecile. Do you believe that the people, who have conquered liberty, who shed their blood for the country, while you slept in luxury or conspired in the dark, would allow themselves to be thus reviled, enchained, hungered, degraded, and murdered by you? No! Tremble! but the voice of truth which thunders in corrupted hearts resembles the sounds which reverberate in the tombs and which awake not the dead.

"Do not seek the safety of liberty in a pretended balance of power. This balance is a metaphysical chimera. What signify to us these counterpoises which balance the authority of tyranny! It is tyranny itself that we must extirpate; it is the people we must place in the position of their masters and tyrants! I do not like the Roman people to retire to the Sacred Mount; I desire that they remain in Rome, and drive their oppressors out of it. The people ought only to have one tribune—that is, themselves."

Robespierre made allusion in this discourse to the new hall of the ancient palace of the Tuileries, where the Convention that evening had transported its sittings. The republic appeared to take definite possession of the supreme power, in entering with the Convention into the palace, where, on the 10th of August, they had expelled royalty.

The entire edifice had been appropriated to the new destination which it received. From the hall of the Convention, even to the council chambers of the ministry, and the bureaus of the great public services, the Tuileries contained the whole of the government, and became truly the palace of the people. Popular names had been bestowed upon the gardens, the courts, the pavilions, and the mass of buildings inclosed within its vast circumference. The republic had substituted every where the attributes of the people for those of the king, the symbols of liberty for those of tyranny. The pavilion of the north was called the pavilion of liberty, the pavilion of the south that of equality, the pavilion of the center the pavilion of unity. The hall of the Convention occupied the whole space comprised between the pavilion of unity and the pavilion of liberty! The ascent was by the grand stair-case.

The inferior halls were devoted to the different posts of troops who guarded the deputies. This hall of the Convention, more spacious and better appropriated to the functions of a sovereign assembly, had been decorated by the republican painter, David. The remembrances of the Roman forum were revived there, in the tribune, in the forms, and in the statues. The aspect was majestic and austere, but it inspired the people with less respect than the halls composed of the *états généraux* and the National Assembly; it was not the hall of the first popular commotion; it had not, like the Tennis Court at Versailles, echoed the oath of three orders; it had not, like Le Manège, resounded to the voice of Mirabeau.

XVI.

In the mean time, the dangers of the republic hourly increased. La Vendée was in arms under the counter-revolutionary flag. Santerre took the command of the Parisian battalions who departed to check the civil war there. Custine having fallen back on Landau, scarcely covered the line of the Rhine. Wurmser and the Prince de Condé invested Mayence. Marseilles, Bordeaux, Toulon, Lyons, and Normandy were in a state of agitation.

The citizens, the bank, the principal merchants, the men of science, the artists and proprietors, were almost all for that party which desired to moderate and restrain anarchy.

They promised the orators of La Gironde an army against the faubourgs.

The two parties, almost equally sure of a triumph, longed for a decisive day, which might deliver them from their enemies. Bordeaux, by a menacing address, gave La Montagne and La Gironde an opportunity of competing and comparing with each other in the sitting of the 14th of May. "Legislators," said the orator of Bordeaux, "La Gironde has her eyes upon the perils of her deputies. She knows that twenty-two heads of the representatives are devoted to death. National Convention! and you, Parisians, save the deputies of the people, or we will rush upon Paris! The Revolution is not for us anarchy, disorganization, crime, and assassination. We will all perish sooner than submit to the reign of brigands and murderers."

The Assembly heard these threats in trembling. La Montagne recognized therein the inspiration of Guadet and of Vergniaud. The president dared to answer to the petitioners in language which appeared to invoke avengers for the proscribed Girondists. "Go," said he to them, "reassure your compatriots; tell them that Paris incloses still a vast number of citizens who watch over the wretches who are paid by Pitt to oppress the National Assembly! If new tyrants desired to-day to raise themselves upon the wreck of the republic, you yourselves should, in your turn, seize upon the liberty of commencing an insurrection, and indignant France would rise with you."

Legendre revolted "against a petition from perfidious deputies, who complained that one desired to kill them, without having a scratch to show." "Citizens," said Guadet, "I do not ascend the tribune to defend the Bordelais: the Bordelais do not require to be defended! If you do not send to the scaffold this handful of assassins who plot new crimes against the national representation, the departments will burst upon Paris!" "So much the better," murmured some voices upon La Montagne; "we desire nothing else!" "Yesterday," continued Guadet, a motion was made at the Jacobins to exterminate us all before setting out for La Vendée, and this motion of the assassins was loudly applauded. A division of the republic is spoken of! Ah! assuredly Paris will soon recognize it herself; it is impossible that this can last much longer thus. Those who desire a division are those who would dissolve the Convention, and who devote a part of its members to the

poniard. Do you believe that the departments would see their representatives fall under the dagger with impunity? And we are asked first to show our wounds! But it was thus that Catiline justly answered Cicero. 'They desire your life,' said he to the senators, 'but you are all breathing!' Well! Cicero and the senators fell beneath the steel of assassins on the very night when this traitor entertained this discourse."

The Convention oscillated with every speech. Isnard was named president by a strong majority. His nomination redoubled the confidence of La Gironde in its force, and was considered by La Montagne as a declaration of war, and by the *modérés* themselves as a defiance. Isnard, a man extravagant in every thing, had in his character the fire of his language. He was the exaggeration of La Gironde—one of those men whose ideas rush to their head, when the intoxication of success or of fear urges them, themselves, to rashness, and when they renounce prudence, that safeguard of party. Vergniaud, whose moderation equaled his power, saw this choice with anxiety. He felt that the name of Isnard would drive back many wavering men to La Montagne. The sangfroid of Vergniaud always tempered his most eloquent improvisations. He knew the power of reason over the masses, and even his enthusiasm was always clever and reflective. He would have desired to form, between the two extremes of the Convention, a majority of good sense and patriotism which might deaden the blows which the two great factions were about to inflict on each other.

Every day of the presidency of Isnard was marked by a storm, and ended in a catastrophe.

On the first day, during the sitting of the 9th of May, the sections of Paris implored the release of one named Roux, who had been arbitrarily imprisoned by order of the revolutionary assembly of the section of Bon Conseil. "It is the faction of the *hommes d'état*," exclaimed Marat, "who desire to protect, in this man, the counter-revolutionists." "Are we, then," replied Mazuyer to him, "a free republic, or a popular despotism? What! may a citizen be torn at midnight from his hearth, without judgment and without mandate, and shall we suffer it?" His liberation was ordered. Legendre arose, and demanded that the decree be passed by the *appel nominal*, to the end that the people might know the names of those who pro-

tected conspirators. The *appel* was demanded by fifty members of La Montagne. The president opposed it, and interrupted the sitting by putting his hat on. Two hours passed in tumultuous agitation, without appeasing the shouts of La Montagne and of the tribunes.

Vergniaud demanded that the meeting should be adjourned, and *procés-verbal* sent to the departments. Couthon, Robespierre's second, desired to speak from his place. The Girondists opposed it. Couthon represented that the malady which paralyzed his legs prevented him from ascending to the bureau. The Girondists did not even compassionate his infirmity. It was then the deputy Maure, an athletic man, took Couthon in his arms, and carried him to the tribune. The spectators applauded. "It is said that I am an anarchist," said Couthon, "and that I have placed my department in a state of tumult. Ah! if they who are here the sole authors of the troubles which rend you, were as pure and as sincere as myself, they would come on the instant to this tribune, and would provoke the judgment of their department by tendering, with me, their resignation." Couthon was carried back to his bench in the midst of applause.

Vergniaud, who had long been silent, arose. He re-established facts, and proved that the arrested individual had been imprisoned contrary to all law. "As regards the doctrine of Couthon," added Vergniaud, "upon majorities and minorities, he deceives himself. As for the rest, I do not recognize a permanent majority; it is every where with me where there are reason and truth; it has no marked place, either on the right or on the left; but wherever it may be it is a crime to revolt against it. Couthon says, 'Let us suppose a perverse majority;' and for myself, I say, 'Let us suppose a perverse minority;' this supposition is, at least, as likely as the other; let us suppose a minority ambitious of power, of domination, and of spoil; let us suppose that it desires to found its power upon the disorder of anarchy; is it not evident that, if the majority have not the means of saving liberty from oppression, one might, from minority to minority, arrive at decemvirs, at triumvirs, and even to a king! Couthon demands that those who are suspected of being the causes of our dissension tender their resignation. Citizens, we are all chained to our posts by our oaths, and by the dangers of the country. Those who would retire to escape the

suspicion of calumniators would be cowards!" Night interrupted the storm.

In the following sitting it recommenced. La Montagne persisted by their clamor, in the right of demanding the appeal by the minority, upon all questions. "When they wished to dissolve the long parliament in England," said Guadet, "they took the same measures; they exalted the minority above the majority, in order to make the lesser number rule over the greater. Do you know what happened? Why, that in effect the minority found means to place the majority under oppression. It called to its succor the *patriotes par excellence* (it is thus that they qualified themselves), a scattered multitude, to whom they promised pillage and the division of lands. The butcher Pride (alluding to Legendre) executed, in their name, this purging of the parliament. One hundred and fifty members were turned out, and the minority, composed of sixty patriots, remained masters of the government. These *patriotes par excellence*, the instruments of Cromwell, were, in their turn, driven out by him. Their own crimes served as a pretext to the usurper. He entered the parliament one day, and addressing himself to these pretended saviors of the country, 'Thou!' said he to one, 'thou art a thief! Thou!' said he to another, 'thou art a drunkard! Thou, thou hast swallowed the public moneys; thou, thou art a frequenter of bad places. Go! yield the place to honest men.' They departed, and Cromwell reigned! Reflect, citizens! is it not the last act of the history of England that they seek to make you play at this moment?"

XVII.

A tumult of women in the tribunes interrupted Guadet. Marat pointed out a writer of the *parti modéré* named Bonneville, who attended the meeting. "That is an infamous aristocrat—he is the mediator of Fouchet!" he exclaimed.

"This denunciation of Marat is an assassination," answered Lanthenas, the friend of Madame Roland. "It is thou," added he, showing his fist to Marat, "who art an aristocrat: for thou never ceasest pressing for the counter-revolution by preaching up murder and pillage!" "Citizens," said the president Isnard, in a passionate and solemn voice, "that which has passed has opened my eyes. People

—legislators—hear me. These hired tumults are a plan of the aristocracy of England, Austria, and of Pitt! (Murmurs arose.) They are only enemies of the country who can interrupt me. Ah! if you could open my heart, you would there see my love for my country. And should I be slain upon this chair, my last sigh would be for it, and my last words, 'God pardon my assassins, but save the liberty of my country!' Our enemies, unable to conquer us but through ourselves, project an insurrection of the people. The insurrection is to commence by the women. The dissolution of the Convention is desired. The English will profit by this moment to dissolve the Convention, and the counter-revolution will be established. This is the project—it has been revealed to me this morning. These agitations confirm it. I owed the declaration to my country, I have made it; I await the event. I have acquitted my conscience."

The Assembly, *en masse*, applauded this insinuation against the abettors of trouble. Vergniaud demanded that the declaration of Isnard should be printed and placarded in Paris. "Let us declare," exclaimed Meaulde, "that we will not quit each other, and that we will die together." "Yes, yes," replied the Convention, with one voice. Gamon, one of the inspectors of the hall, declared that the committee charged with the guardianship of the tribunes, warned of the disorders which the women excited there, had caused many of them to be seized and interrogated.

Guadet profited by all this emotion and indignation. "While virtuous men lament over the dangers of the country, the wicked agitate to lose it. 'Let them speak,' said Cæsar, 'and I will act.'" Guadet related to the Assembly the plans for the dissolution of the Convention, the reunions of the conspirators at the Marie, at the archbishopric, at the Jacobins, the threats of assassination proffered against the Brissotites, the Rolandists, and the *modérés*; and, in fine, the tumult raised by the women in the tribunes, to give the pretext and the signal of slaughter—"Until when will you sleep thus, citizens, upon the edge of the abyss? Hasten to counteract the plots which surround you on all sides. Up to the present, the conspirators of the 10th of March have remained unpunished. The evil is in anarchy, in this kind of insurrection of the authorities of Paris against the Convention—anarchical authorities, which must—" The fury of the tribunes, filled with agents of the Commune, did not permit the last word of

Guadet to be heard. La Montagne broke out into apostrophes and gestures of rage. The impassible Guadet read, amid profound silence, the three projects of decrees premeditated by the Girondists to attack the Commune boldly, and bring back the empire to the laws. "The authorities of Paris are destroyed; the municipality will be replaced in four-and-twenty hours by the presidents of the sections; in fine, the plotters of the Assembly will unite at Bourges to form there a National Assembly under shelter of the violence of Paris, and concentrate the power of the republic as soon as they can hear of an outrage on the liberty of the Convention."

XVIII.

On the reading of these decrees, Collot d'Herbois exclaimed, "Behold, then, the conspiracy laid bare by its authors!" Barrère, a man of duplicity, spoke as a reporter of the committee of public safety: "It is true," said he, "that there exists a plan of conspiracy in the departments to destroy the republic; but it is the work of the aristocracy alone. It is true that Chaumette and Hébert have applauded, in the Commune, the projects of the dissolution of the Convention. It is true that electors unite, to the number of eighty, at L'Archevêché, treat there of measures to purge the National Assembly. We have warned Pache, the mayor of Paris, of this. It is further true that men, assembled in a certain place, deliberate upon the means of cutting off twenty-two heads of the Convention, and to make use of the hands of women for the purpose. All this merits your attention as it excites your vigilance." The right side applauded. But Barrère, turning himself forthwith toward La Montagne, healed with one hand the blows he inflicted with the other. "Does Guadet," said he, "propose to you to destroy the authorities of Paris? If I desired anarchy I would support this proposition. (Applause, in turn, from La Montagne.) You have placed me in a situation to scan these authorities closely. What have I seen? A feeble and pusillanimous department of independent sections, ruling themselves like so many small municipalities. A general council of the Commune in which there is Chaumette, whose civism I know, but who denies having been a monk; I have seen a commune interpreting and executing the laws according to his caprice,

and organizing a revolutionary army. What remedy has this state of things? The committee of public safety sees no other than the creation of a commission of twelve members chosen among you, and empowered to take the necessary measures for the public tranquillity, and to examine the acts of the Commune."

XIX.

These ambiguous words calmed the storm, by adjourning in appearance the propositions of Guadet, but leaving, nevertheless, to the Girondists the certainty of triumph in selecting the twelve commissioners from among their party. As it always occurs in extreme cases, the choice of the Girondists threw aside the *modérés*, such as Vergniaud, Ducos, and Condorcet. The members of the commission of Twelve, were Boileau, Lahosdinière, Vigée, Boyer-Fonfrède, Rabaut-Saint-Etienne, Kervélégan, Saint-Martin-Valogne, Gomaire, Henri Larivière, Bergoing, Gardieu, and Mollevault. The suspicion of royalism was written upon the greater part of these names, in the eyes of La Montagne and of the people. They were the *materiel* which forms *coups d'état*. The commission of Twelve had the temptation without having the power.

Hardly was this victory of the Girondists known in Paris, than a cry of alarm was raised in all the sections and in all the clubs. The Commune reunited on the 19th. The most extreme measures were loudly debated. The Convention was there declared under subjection, and incapable of saving the country; the arrest of the suspected was proposed; the twenty-two heads of the Girondists, the rulers of the Convention, were demanded, and they dared to present the nocturnal assassination and individual murder of twenty-two tyrants as a legal act of urgency and public safety. St. Bartholomew's day was cited by an orator as an example. "At midnight," said he, "Coligny was at court, and at one o'clock in the morning he no longer existed." They separated without deciding upon any thing, if it were not the resolution of vengeance.

XX.

The mayor, Pache, placed between the law and the people, to deceive the one and flatter the other, acquitted him

self with duplicity in this double *rôle* of magistracy and sedition. He openly opposed the excessive measures which he covertly encouraged. Interposed by his formidable functions between the Convention and Paris, he was at once the agent of the one and the instigator of the other. Guadet, in demanding the dismissal of Pache, had struck anarchy to the heart. The commission of Twelve could only inspect his plots, without the power of preventing their effect.

Pache blamed openly, encouraged secretly. Robespierre contented himself with lamenting to the Jacobins. At the Cordeliers, Marat, Varlet, and even women, demanded the death of twenty-two tyrants! The crowd, which pressed every evening into the center and the avenues of the club, seemed ripe for disorder.

The commission of Twelve, instructed hourly as to the motions of the clubs, and the state of their minds, sought means to strike down with one blow the spirit of insurrection. These measures vanished under their hands. It demanded report upon report from the mayor, Pache, and prepared itself a report to the Convention, to compel it to courage through the medium of fear. But in similar circumstances, bodies who deliberate, timid and undecided in their nature, wish force to be brought to them, and not that they should be asked to invoke it. They sanction force always—after its success. Before, or during the combat, they are only calculated to frustrate the victory.

XXI.

Vigée, in the name of the commission of Twelve, read this report, on the 24th, to the Assembly. Each word was a tocsin knell to call the Convention to the aid of its members.

"You have instituted an extraordinary commission," said the reporter, "and you have invested it with great powers. You felt that it was the last plank thrown in the midst of the tempest to save the country. (Jeers, on the side of La Montagne, commenced at these words.) We have, in consequence," resumed Vigée, "sworn to save liberty, or to bury ourselves with her. From the first step we have discovered a horrible plot against the republic, against your lives. Some days later the republic would have

been lost, you would have been no more. (Incredulous laughter redoubled on the benches of La Montagne.) If we do not prove what I say, we devote our heads to the scaffold." The center and right benches applauded. The reporter read a series of measures of police rather than of policy, rigorous in appearance, but powerless in reality. "The Convention takes good citizens, the national representation, and the city of Paris under their safeguard. The citizens will be bound to render themselves punctually at the rendezvous of their company. The post of the Convention will be re-enforced by additional men. The assemblies of sections will be closed at ten in the evening. The Convention, in short, charges the commission of Twelve to present to it constantly those great measures which are requisite to insure public tranquillity."

XXII.

Such were these propositions—puerile, if the danger was extreme—oppressive and vexatious, if no danger existed. It was provoking without fighting, threatening without striking. The Girondists knew very well that there was not, with the exception of Marat, either a Cromwell or a plot of assassination in the Convention; that Danton and Robespierre held themselves apart from the subaltern plots of Pache, of Chaumette, and of Hébert in the Commune, and the combinations of the club of L'Archevêché; but they desired, like all the parties, to transform their suspicions into crimes, and to throw upon their enemies in the Convention the public horror suggested to the good citizens by the projects of the wicked. Vigée had scarcely finished speaking, when Marat demanded that they should allege the motives of these measures, founded, he said, upon chimerical fears and upon pure fable.

The Assembly wavered in its decision. A member of La Montagne declared that a citizen had come to reveal to him that a member of the commission of Twelve had said that before a fortnight all the Jacobins would be exterminated. "And I," replied Vergniaud, "have been written to from different parts of the republic, to inform me that emissaries have reported every where that my friends and myself would cease, ere many instants, to exist." The assertion of Vergniaud being contested by La Montagne, Boyer-Fonfrède, designed from the first by his friends of

the commission of Twelve to sustain the report and press the decree, advanced to the tribune.

XXIII.

"Where are we, then, citizens?" said he. "Have you lost your memory since yesterday? Have you not again just now decreed that the sections of Paris who came to denounce the danger had deserved well of their country? Has not the mayor of Paris himself denounced to you those individuals who resemble men but in their form, who desire to slay you? Have you not the bureau covered and your hands full of these denunciations? And is it not desirable that we should be permitted to provide for the safety of the citizens of Paris and your own? Ah! those who oppose themselves thereto, do they not fear being offered to indignant France, covered with the blood of their colleagues? Our decree calumniates Paris! But is it not with the citizens of Paris that we ask you to surround yourselves? Are they not the citizens of Paris whom we wish to arm against the brigands? Our conspiracies are but a chimera! say Marat and Thirion. Citizens! those whom they have devoted to death devote themselves voluntarily to calumny. They will watch over liberty. They breathe still, and it is for it. Ah! save Paris! Save the republic! Look at our departments! They are up! they are in arms! The republic is dissolved if you alone in France want courage! Yes, if the colleagues whom I have cherished should perish, I desire life no longer after them! If I do not partake their honorable proscription, I shall at least have merited to perish with them! On the very day of this wicked attempt I shall proclaim from this tribune an unhappy division, abhorred even to-day, fatal perhaps to all, but which the violation of all that is most sacred on earth will have rendered necessary. Yes! I shall proclaim it; the departments will not be deaf to my voice, and liberty will yet find an asylum." This despairing allusion to the federation of the departments against Paris elicited cheers from three fourths of the hall. "Citizens!" continued Fonfrède, whose attachment to his friends seemed to lift him above the surface of the tribune, "the names of our proscribed colleagues would flee away well accompanied! The list of proscriptions was drawn up! Ten thousand citizens of Paris were now to be arrested and

murdered! Citizens of Paris, awaken! Protect your selves!"

XXIV.

The Assembly, led away by this torrent of eloquence and courage, was ready to vote the first article. Danton mounted the steps of the tribune at a slow pace, and concealed under a feigned impartiality the indecision which agitated him. To deny the danger of the representation was impossible. To support the Girondists was to render himself unpopular; to lose them was to throw the dictatorship to Robespierre, whom he dreaded, or to Marat, whom he despised. "This article," said he, "has nothing bad in itself. Without doubt the national representation requires to be under the guardianship of the nation; but this is written in all laws. To decree that which is proposed to you will be to decree fear! Can the National Convention announce to the republic that it allows itself to be ruled by fear? Paris is calumniated. Pache, whom you accuse of not having rendered a due account, came to inform the committee of public safety. The laws suffice. Be cautious of yielding to fear. Let us not be carried away by our passions. Let us tremble, that if after having created a commission to inquire into the plots which are planned in Paris, you are not required to create one to prove the crimes of those who lead astray the spirit of the departments!"

XXV.

Danton ceased. Vergniaud arose. "I will not speak," said he, "with less indifference than Danton, for I am personally interested in the conspiracy, and I desire thoroughly to convince the men who project my assassination that I do not fear them! Danton tells you that we must fear to calumniate Paris by giving credence to these plots. If this imputation be addressed to the Convention *en masse* it is an imposition.

"Danton tells you—do not betray a terror unworthy of you. Let us distinguish, citizens. As men we ought not to think of our lives; but as representatives you owe to your menaced country extraordinary precautions. It is proposed to you to act with moderation because your per-

sonal safety is concerned; and I answer, it is because your personal safety is concerned that it is incumbent to act with promptitude and vigor. If you do not dissipate by your courage the dangers which surround you—if you do not secure, not only your lives, but still further your independence, you betray your country, you deliver up the people, and you lose the unity of the republic. It is not he who defends himself against an assassin who fears; it is the man who punishes the crime who fears; it is he who allows it to triumph and to reign. Save by your firmness the unity of the public. Have you not the courage to do it? Abdicate your functions, and demand from France successors more worthy of her confidence."

XXVI.

The Assembly, electrified by these words, voted the decree proposed by the commission of Twelve. The Girondists hastened to avail themselves of the arms they had wrested from their adversaries. At nine o'clock in the evening, Hébert, one of the substitutes of the council of the Commune, received orders to appear before the commission. The council of the Commune was permanently assembled. Hébert flew there before rendering himself to the orders of the Convention. He essayed to arouse the indignation of the Commune against this new tyranny. He recalled to his colleagues the oath which they had taken to amalgamate their cause, and to consider themselves all as smitten when one among them received a blow; and declared it was not for himself he adjured their remembrance, for he was ready to lay his head upon the scaffold. He went out, re-entered and embraced Chaumette as a man who marched to his death.

The president and the members of council pressed Hébert in their arms. Chaumette announced, a moment afterward, that Michel and Marino, two administrators of police, had just been arrested by order of the commission of Twelve. The intimidated council wavered between consternation and revolt. The deputations of the sections succeeded each other at the Hôtel-de-Ville, and came to fraternize with the Commune and to swear vengeance against their enemies. Hour after hour the council sent deputations to the commission of Twelve to inform themselves of Hébert's fate, and that of his arrested colleagues.

At midnight it was announced that Hébert was under interrogation; at two o'clock that he had undergone his interrogation; at three o'clock they were apprised of the arrest of Varlet, one of the most fiery orators of the Cordeliers; at four o'clock a cry of general indignation arose on the intelligence of the definitive arrest of Hébert, whom the commission of Twelve had caused to be conducted to the Abbaye.

The journals of the morrow prolonged through all Paris, the cry of vengeance which had issued from the council of the Commune. They published a letter from Vergniaud to his fellow-citizens of La Gironde, dated "*de Paris, sous le couteau.*"

XXVII.

The publication of this letter, the deliberations of the sections, the sinister news which arrived during the night from La Vendée and from the frontiers, the manœuvers of Pache, the exasperation of the Jacobins, of the Cordeliers, and of the Commune, raised the fever of the populace to its highest pulsation. The Commune decided that a petition should be presented to the Convention to demand the immediate judgment of Hébert. This petition, hawked from section to section, became there the cause of the most exasperating debates; some signed it, others tore it, the great majority adhered to it, and swore to join the train of citizens who should dare carry it to the bar.

At the first words pronounced by the orator of the deputation, the right benches murmured, Danton, imploring silence energetically, affecting to cover the petitioners with his protection. "We come," said the orator of the Commune, "to denounce the outrage committed upon the person of Hébert."

The Girondists resented this word "outrage." "Yes," continued the orator, "Hébert has been torn from the bosom of the Hôtel-de-Ville and conducted to the dungeon of the Abbaye. The general council will defend innocence to the death. We demand that he be restored to us. Arbitrary arrests are for honest men but civic crowns." The tribunes and La Montagne broke out into applause. Isnard rose, and repressed them by an imperious gesture. "Magistrates of the people," said he to the petitioners, "the Convention, which has made a declaration of the

the rights of man, will not suffer any citizen to remain in irons if he be not guilty. Believe me, you shall obtain speedy justice; but hear, in your turn, the truths which I shall tell you: France has placed in Paris the dépôt of the national representation; Paris must respect it. If ever the Convention was abased, if ever one of those insurrections which since the 10th of March are renewed incessantly, and of which your magistrates," added he, making allusion to Pache, "have never warned the Convention"—(Violent murmurs from La Montagne. La Plaine applauded.)

Isnard, inflexible, continued; "If, by these insurrections constantly regenerating, it happened that a blow was brought home to the national representation, I declare to you, in the name of all France—" "No—no—no," exclaimed La Montagne. The rest of the Assembly rose to support the president; and 300 members exclaimed at once, "Yes—yes—yes." "Speak in the name of entire France." "Yes, I declare it, in the name of the whole of France," resumed Isnard, "Paris will be annihilated." These last words were instantly drowned by imprecations from La Montagne, and by the hisses and stamping of the tribunes.

The Girondists and their friends supported these menaces of the president, by repeating them with outstretched hands, as if taking an oath. "Descend from the chair!" vociferated Marat: "you dishonor the Assembly; you protect the *hommes d'état.*" The president, without regarding Marat, finished his sentence. "And you would soon have to search upon the banks of the Seine whether Paris had existed." Danton rose as to a blasphemy, and demanded to speak. Isnard continued: "The blade of the law, which drips yet with the blood of the tyrant, is ready to strike the head of whosoever dare to raise himself above the national representation."

XXVIII.

Isnard resumed his seat. Danton succeeded him. "Sufficiently, too long indeed, has Paris been calumniated *en masse.* What is this imprecation of the president against Paris? It is very strange that the devastation of Paris should be considered here by the departments, if this city were indeed guilty." "Yes, yes," answered the Gi-

rondists, "they will do it." "I also have some knowledge of oratorical figures," replied Danton. "There is in the answer of the president a tone of bitterness. Why suppose that the existence of Paris should one day be sought for on the borders of the Seine? Far be such sentiments from the mouth of a president of the Convention! It appertains to him only to present consoling images. It is good that the republic should know that Paris will not deviate from her principles—that, after having destroyed the throne of a tyrant, she will not again rise to seat a new despot upon it! I know the insolence of the enemies of the people. They will not long enjoy their advantage. I desire not to exasperate any one, because I feel my force in defending reason. I defy any one to find a crime in my whole life. (A hollow murmur pervaded the ranks of La Grionde.) "I demand to be the first sent before the revolutionary tribunal, if I am found guilty. I have rendered my account!" "That is not the question," exclaimed the right side.

Danton resumed the thread of his ideas. "It is necessary to rally the departments; care must be taken not to provoke them against Paris. What! Paris, which has broken the iron scepter—would violate the sacred covenant of the national representation which is confided to her! No! Paris loves the Revolution! Paris merits the embrace of entire France! The French people themselves will save themselves. The mask once torn from those who act patriotism, and who serve as a rampart to aristocrats, France will raise herself and level her enemies." This threatening allusion to the Girondists, in the mouth of Danton, afforded a glimpse into the future, more or less approaching to another September.

XXIX.

Neither Danton nor Robespierre, however, meditated the murder of their adversaries in the Convention. Danton wavered, without siding with any party. Robespierre, in silence, observed (as before the 10th of August) the events, without urging or repressing the people. The assemblies of the Jacobins, almost deserted since the quarrels of parties concentered in the Convention, rarely heard his voice.

It was only on the eve of the insurrection, and when

victory was certain, that Robespierre broke out in menaces against the commission of Twelve. His speech confirmed the sections in their, as yet, undecided idea. The leaders of the Commune reunited, and took the name of the Central Club, or the Republican Union. They decided that they would summon the Commune to rise in revolt, to call to them the armed force, and to close the barriers of Paris until the Convention had done justice to the people. Henriot, named general-commandant in place of Santerre, answered them by their bayonets. Henriot was one of those men who raise themselves on the surface of the dregs of society, when they are in agitation. Born in the precincts of Paris, mixed up at the commencement of his life with all the suspicious professions of a capital, at first a dishonest valet, afterward a charlatan, after that a spy of the police, the revolution of 1792 opened to him the gates of the Bicêtre, where he was confined for some offenses. He came forth from it, like filth from the common sewer, to dirty and infect the town. Of a bold front, but cowardly at heart, he paraded in the ranks of the assailants on the day of the 10th of August, pillaged after the victory, and murdered in the prisons. In default of exploits, his crimes signalized him to the multitude. He excited rather than headed the army of the sections. He disciplined them for anarchy.

XXX.

The minister of the interior, Garat, was alone charged with the guardianship of Paris and the safety of the Convention. But Garat, deposed in the days of the crisis, was one of those men who bend to the blast. A friend to the Girondists at heart, but guiding himself so as to secure also the favor of Danton, of Robespierre, and of La Montagne, his acts and words were always impressed with that suavity which left hopes to the two parties, and which, at the vital moment, betrayed the most just for the most fortunate.

XXXI.

During the sitting of the 27th, Pache answered for the tranquillity of the capital and the safety of the Convention.

At the sequel of this discourse, which threw the Girondists into consternation, Marat demanded the suppression

of the commission of Twelve, as useless and inciting insurrection. "And it is not only against the commission of Twelve that I make war. If the entire nation were witness of your libertine conspiracies," said he, addressing himself to Vergniaud and to Guadet, "she would have you conducted to the scaffold." Deputations having come to claim the citizens who were arrested, and insolently to demand that the members of the commission of Twelve should be sent to the revolutionary tribunal, "Citizens," answered Isnard, the president, to them, "the Assembly pardons your youth." La Montagne, at these words, arose indignantly: Robespierre precipitated himself into the tribune, where the cries of the majority drowned his voice. "You are a tryant, an infamous tyrant," shouted Marat to Isnard. "They want to murder all the patriots in detail," added Charlier. "The tyrants to the Abbaye! l'Abbaye!" was heard from every quarter. The Convention, divided into two camps, spoke only by gesture, and all these gestures appeared to bear defiance and death from man to man—from party to party.

The voice of Vergniaud checked the tumult for a moment. "No more speeches; let us have action," said he. "Let us put it to the vote, to know if the primary assemblies shall be convoked; it is the only remedy for the condition in which we are. France alone can save France." The Girondists, at the voice of Vergniaud, arose, and congregated together, showing by their attitude and their cries that they adhered to this desperate proposition. Legendre and the young Montagnards accepted the challenge of the people, and cried also, "The *appel!*" The president agreed to put it to the vote.

Trembling lest they should bestow victory upon the Girondists, La Montagne and the patriots of the tribune broke out into imprecations against Vergniaud. "Raise the Assembly," cried out the *modérés*. Isnard put on his hat. The voices, hoarse with clamor, were hushed. Danton, to all appearance unmoved until then, turned toward the Girondists. "I declare to you," said he, with a voice which resembled the roaring of the cannon of the 10th of August, "I declare to you, so much impudence begins to oppress us." These significant words in the mouth of the man of September were covered with clapping of hands from the tribunes. It was demanded by La Montagne that they should be inserted in the *procés-verbal*, not as the

motion of an isolated member, but as the idea of a whole party. Danton demanded it himself, and ascended the tribune, impelled by the impatience of his soul, and by the hands of his friends. The silence which Robespierre had not been able to obtain was restored at the sight of Danton. Robespierre was but the mouthpiece of the people: Danton was their upraised arm. Every one awaited the blow he was about to strike. "I declare," said Danton, "to the Convention and to the French people, that if we persist in retaining in fetters those citizens whose only crime is an excess of patriotism—that if we refuse speech to those who would defend themselves—I declare, I pronounce it, that if there were only one hundred good citizens here, we would resist them." "Yes, yes," responded La Montagne, with one voice. "I declare," added he, "that the refusal of speech to Robespierre is a base tyranny! The commission of Twelve turned the arms which you placed in their hands against the best citizens! The French people shall judge."

Danton descended. Thuriot succeeded him, and loaded with invectives the act and the words of the president. "It is he," said he, "who threatens this capital with annihilation." "President," exclaimed Lanjuinais to Isnard, "do not condescend to reply." The *appel nominal*, or the judgment of the people, was begged for on both sides. Bazire rushed forth, and ascended the steps of the staircase which led to the president's chair. Some of the Girondists stopped him, and protected Isnard with their bodies. "I will wrest from his hand," said Bazire, "the signal of civil war, which is written in his response to the petitioners." "And I," said Bourbon de l'Oise, "if the president is audacious enough to proclaim civil war, I will assassinate him." The *appel* commenced. It was interrupted by the pressure and the noise of the immense crowd, which the gravity of the measure caused to flock into the avenues of the Convention. "I have in vain wished to leave," said the deputy Lidon: "the point of a saber has been presented to my breast."

La Montagne accused the Girondists of having called around the hall parties devoted to their faction. The Commandant Raffet was interrogated. He declared that he marched by order of his superiors, and that at the moment when he endeavored to re-establish order in the avenues, Marat, pistol in hand, advanced toward him, and placing

the barrel of his weapon on his temple, had threatened to fire if he did not withdraw. "I averted the weapon, and did my duty," said the officer. Marat denied the fact. The tumult redoubled. The applause of La Plaine avenged the Commandant Raffet for the outrages of Marat. They admitted him to the honors of the Assembly. The feeling of indignation leaned evidently toward La Gironde.

XXXII.

The Assembly was in that crisis of oscillation when one word might draw from the large audience the most decisive measures. The minister of the interior, Garat, entered the hall with Pache. All eyes were turned toward them. Garat obtained leave to speak. He excused the sections and conspirators. These excuses and these apologies of Garat irritated the right benches, who reproached him for entering into discussion in lieu of limiting himself to rendering account. La Montagne took part with the minister. Legendre rushed upon Guadet with upraised arm. The friends of Guadet surrounded and protected him; cries of "assassin" arose from La Plaine.

The president interrupted the deliberation for the third time by the signal of distress. This gesture re-established silence. Garat aggravated his insinuations against the commission of Twelve. "I attest to the Convention," said he, "that it has not the slightest risk to run, and that each of you may retire in peace to his home. I take the responsibility on my head."

Silence and consternation seized the benches of the Girondists at these words of the minister, which delivered them to their enemies. Garat descended from the tribune, covered with applause from La Montagne, and reseated himself in the midst of the Girondists. By this attitude of false generosity, Garat affected to partake of the perils of his friends, at the very moment when he betrayed them.

Danton succeeded him. "I flatter myself," said he, with a bright countenance, "that truth will issue from this great contest as the thunder-claps restore the serenity of the air! It is from men," added he, with an accent of fierce bitterness, regarding Vergniaud and Guadet, "it is from men who can not divest themselves of resentment! For myself, though naturally impetuous, I am free from hatred." He appeared thus to offer, for the last time, his

neutrality to the Girondists. They refused it. The Girondists wished to raise the sitting. Fonfrède descended from the chair. Herault-de-Séchelles replaced him. Welcome to the people of the tribunes, from his handsome countenance and from his youth, agreeable to La Montagne, by the exaggerated republicanism he affected, sold from the first to all popularity by his ambition, Herault-de-Séchelles was received in the chair by applause from the whole hall. His presence alone was the signal for concession. Many retired, not to be witnesses of outrage to the national representation. The Montagnards spread themselves upon the deserted benches.

The orator, in the name of the twenty-eight sections of Paris, redemanded Hébert from the Convention. "We groan," said he, "under the yoke of a despotic committee, as we groaned not long since under a tyrant. Render us the true republicans. Deliver us from a tyrannical commission, and may the existing assembly—" "Yes, yes," cried out the members of La Montagne. Herault-de-Séchelles hardly allowed the orator of the sections to finish his phrase.

"Citizens," answered he to the petitioners, "the force of reason and the force of the people are the same thing. Rely upon the national energy which you see manifesting itself in all directions. Resistance to oppression is as sacred as hatred for tyrants in the human heart. Representatives of the people, we promise you justice, and we will give it to you."

These words of the president, repeated from mouth to mouth, from the foot of the tribune even to the gardens and the courts, apprised the people of their triumph. In some hours the majority, personified in the three presidents of the Assembly, changed three times under the pressure which the exterior movement exercised upon the hall; resolved at first and implacable in Isnard, moderate and conciliatory in Fonfrède, seditious and an accomplice in Herault-de-Séchelles. Encouraged by this reception, other orators of the sections redoubled their audacity and invectives against the Twelve. "When the rights of man are violated," again replied Herault-de-Séchelles, we must declare for reparation or death."

This provocation to insurrection, from the height of the tribune, from the mouth of the president in the name of the majority, became a mandate. The demands of the pe-

titioners, converted by Lacroix into decrees, were voted by the Convention.

The petitioners joined the deputies in filling up the voids left by La Gironde, and voted with them. Hébert, Varlet, and their accomplices were restored to liberty. The commission of Twelve was suppressed. At midnight the Convention raised the sitting, and the satisfied populace retired amid shouts of "*Vive la Montagne!*" and "*Mort aux vingt-deux!*"

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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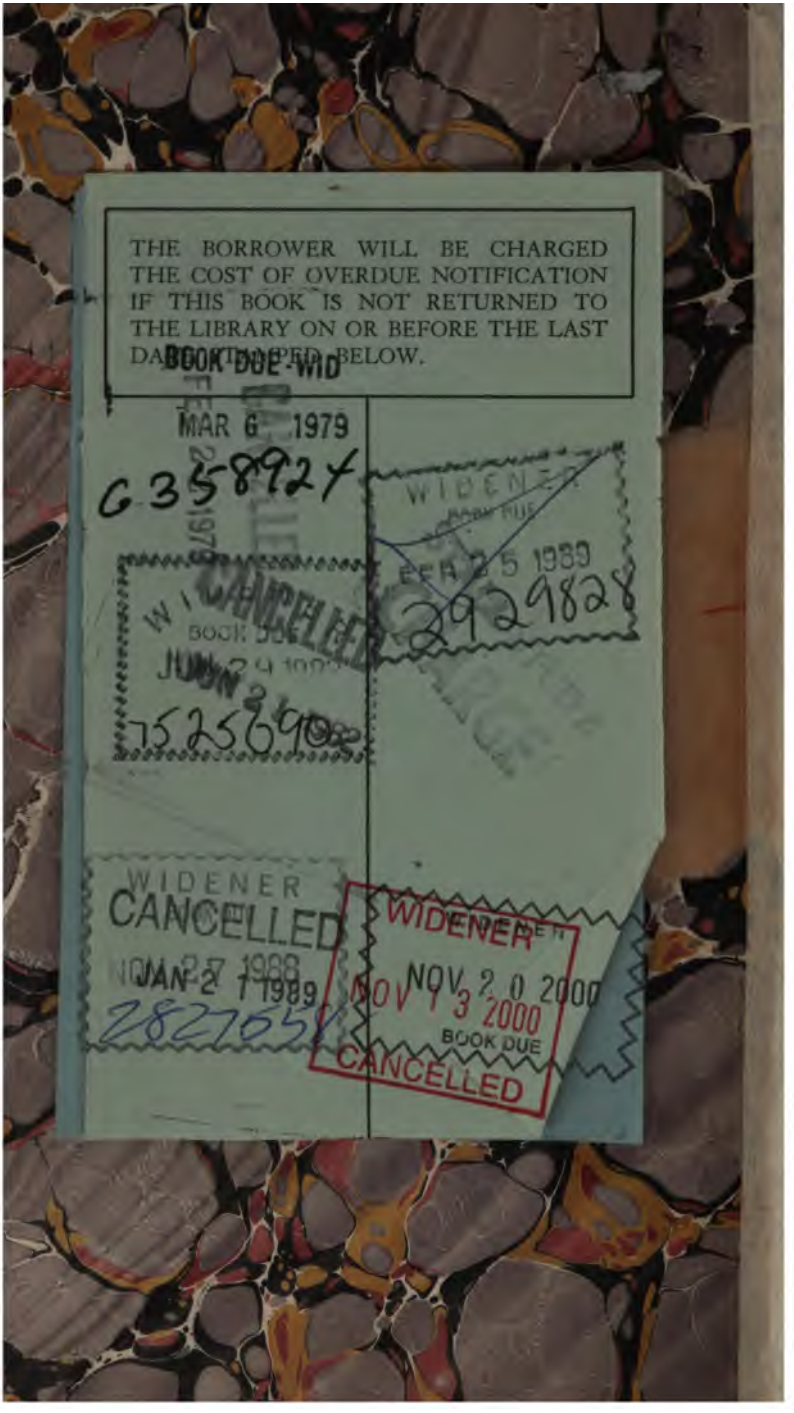

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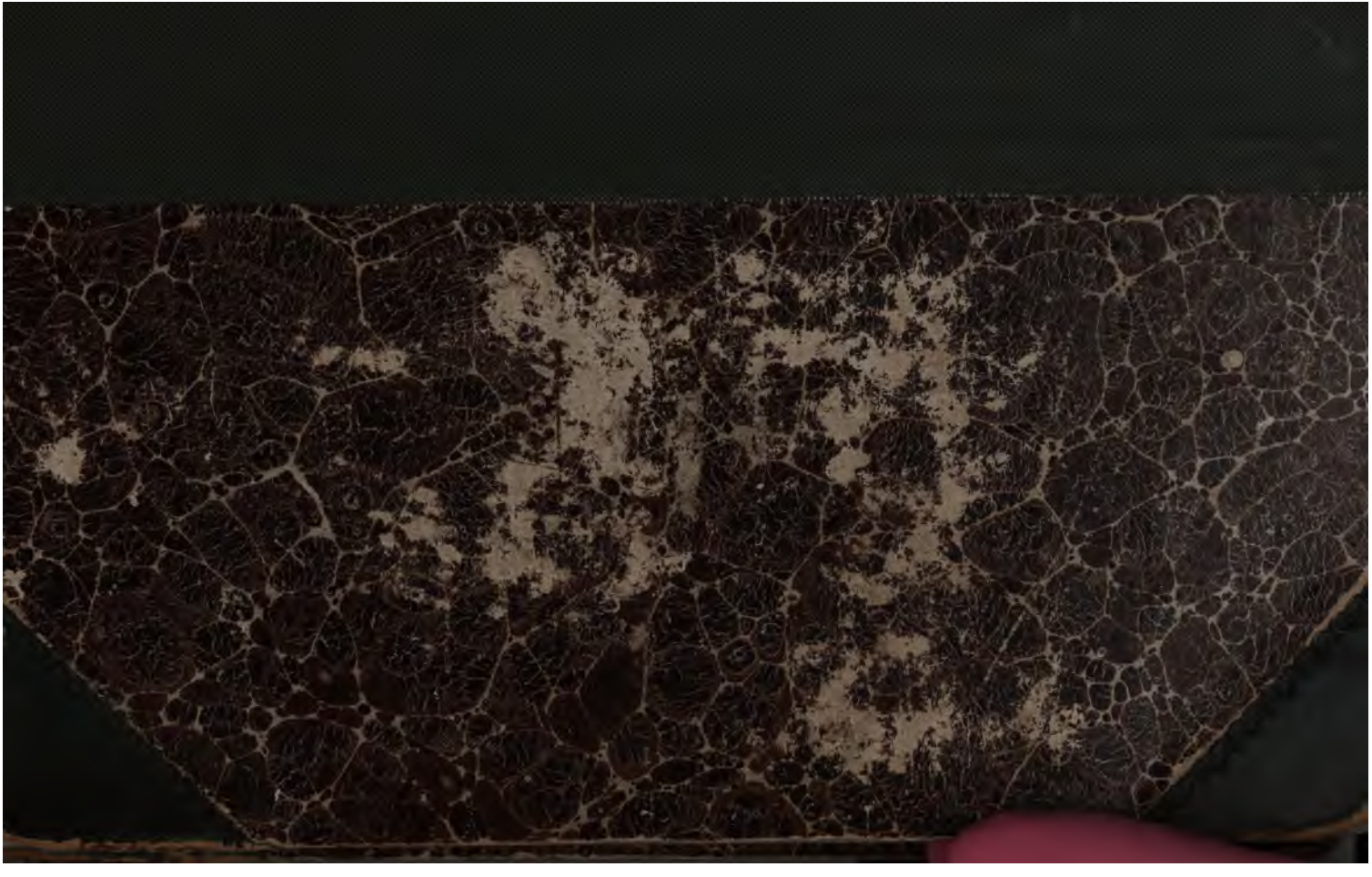
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